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Editors: DeWitt Wallace and J. La Acheson Wallace *Managing Editor:* Kenneth W. Payne.
Associate Editors: Marc A. Rose, Robert Tuttle, Henry Morton Robinson, Charles W. Ferguson,
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JANUARY 1940

The Reader's Digest

"An article a day"
of enduring significance, in condensed, permanent booklet form

NINETEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 36, NO. 213

Prayer for Peace

By

Anne Morrow Lindbergh

*"I would have gone to my lord in his
need,
Have galloped there all the way,
But this is a matter concerns the State,
And I, bring a woman, must stay.*

*I may walk in the garden and gather
Lilies of mother-of-pearl.
I had a plan would have saved the State.
— But mine are the thoughts of a girl.*

*The Elder Statesmen sit on the mats,
And wrangle through half the day;
A hundred plans they have drafted and
dropped,
And mine was the only way."*

THIS POEM, which I found the other day in a book of Chinese lyrics, was written in 675 B.C. The translator, Helen Waddell, who must also be a poet, adds as her only comment another quotation: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, 'See, this is new'? It hath been already of old time, which was before

us." "Of old time" — since time immemorial this has been the attitude taken about women when they interfere in the affairs of the State, when they talk, with a woman's point of view, of war or peace.

But here I am speaking as a woman, a weak woman, if you will — emotional, impulsive, illogical, conservative, dreaming, impractical, pacific, unadventurous, any of the feminine vices you care to pin on me. I write knowing that

all those vices cannot help but be used to undermine anything I say. I write, knowing fully that I may be laughed at, brushed aside with that new broom so handy to modern critics, that facile condemnation of the amateur intruding into a field he knows little about. I write because I feel these things so pas-

sionately that I must cry out.

I have tried *not* to write this article. I have tried to "mind the silk-worm and the loom"; to absorb myself in my children and in my house. I have tried to put the thoughts of Europe and of war behind me and tend to my own affairs. And I cannot. I go to bed with these thoughts; I get up with them. They are there when I take my boy to school in the morning, when the trees, knee-deep in autumn mist, lift their glowing offering of leaves to a brilliant sky. "All this beauty," I think, "and they are fighting in Europe." The same thoughts are there when I sit with my baby on the porch and he points out to me an airplane boring through the crystalline blue above us. "But they are dropping bombs in Europe," I think. The airplane, which is still such a miracle to me that I cannot let one pass by without looking up, that I cannot hear one, even as a distant drone without, to some extent, blessing it in my heart — the airplane can no longer be looked upon as the expression of that most beautiful thing, man's hope; it has become the expression of that most terrible thing, man's fear.

Perhaps, it is only because I have lived the happiest years of my married life in England and France that I feel all this. Perhaps, because I have friends there and I am thinking of their suffering. Perhaps, because I have come to value so highly the life and thought that is there,

and turn to it as a kind of intellectual and spiritual home. But I know that many other men and women who have not had these same connections feel the same way.

So I write now, not only because I myself feel these things deeply, but also because I am convinced there are many others here in America who may agree with me. And it is in an effort to reach these people, to communicate with them and perhaps to express some of their thoughts, that I finally speak. I speak for a patient, persistent, intelligent, long-range attitude toward peace.

What a time, one may well say, to speak for peace, now that the last efforts for peace seem to have irrevocably slipped by. Yet since this war has started, and since it has, like all other wars before it as the ultimate end, peace, — we have a right to think about it and to plan. For even here in America, peace as well as war affects us. We have a right to hope that this war will be more successful than the others that were fought for peace. We have a right — and a duty, perhaps — to consider what kind of a peace might be more successful and how we could help to hasten it.

The people of the United States have a heavy responsibility for they have great power. All Europe is watching us, and they are listening, too. Do you know what it has sounded like on the other side of the Atlantic, the confused roar that

has been going abroad all fall from the American press, radio, articles and speeches? It has sounded like a united roar here in America for more news, more war, more action, more attacks, on the part of the Allies. Does it please you, this picture of us in America, sitting smugly and safely on the sidelines, like spectators at a gladiatorial contest, crying for more blood — more French and English blood — while we have no intention of shedding any of our own? Or does it seem to you as it does to me — profoundly immoral?

Since we do not intend to get into this war, should we not let the Allies prosecute it as they think best, without criticism and with deep humility? Deep humility, first, because we are not suffering and they are. And also deep humility because we cannot consider ourselves entirely blameless for the mistakes in the past quarter century which have led to this conflagration.

We may indeed, looking back from the secure look-out tower of time, wonder why the Allies did not offer a just peace to a defeated Germany — or else enforce an unjust one. Why they did not support a struggling Republic in Germany, or else crush a rising Totalitarian state while there was still time.

But if we are disillusioned about Europe, they are also bitterly disillusioned about us. We gave them a dream of "World Peace" and "Collective Security" — imprac-

tical as it may have been — and then left them unsupported with the problem of carrying it out.

And this humility should urge us not to take our responsibility lightly. It should urge us to consider at every point and at every turning and at every pause in this conflict, whether instead of using our terrific power to back war we might not be able to use it to back peace. Our attitude might vastly influence the world. It might shorten this war from three years to one year, or from ten years to five years, or from thirty years to ten years. It might even put an end to a war which has scarcely begun.

To desire an early end to this conflict is not, as so many people seem to think, to support aggression, or to condone the use of brute power. I hate the use of brute power as much as you do, as much as any Frenchman, any Englishman, or any American. I hate it in small and in big things; in nations and in personal life. I do not like to see one human being intrude himself by force on another human being, even emotionally, mentally, or spiritually. I believe you should stand back and not step on the hem of your neighbor's personality, or on the ground that is covered by his shadow. It is one reason why I prefer to write rather than to speak. If I stand in the room with you, you must, out of politeness, listen to me. But no one need read this article; I do not force it upon you.

There were things done under Nazi Germany which, when they happened, were even to the most distantly removed observer like a blow in the face. Reeling, one felt, "I shall never forgive them." Most people in America felt this way. There are things in their system which we, over here, oppose from the bottom of our hearts. These are not new things. Both individual violence and the suppression of liberty have been seen over and over again in times of revolution and upheaval. Public violence and national aggression are not new either. Every great nation and every empire has forced its way up by these methods, distasteful as they may seem to us today. The British Empire, the greatest, most just and pacific the world has ever known, was built by the use of force. One has only to read the history of India, Africa, and Canada. As a matter of fact, our own country was built by the use of force and aggression, starting with a long line of broken promises to the Indians. And how else did we acquire from Mexico the vast territory of our Southwest?

It is not a question of condoning these methods; it is a question whether they will be rooted out by the means now advocated; whether war will kill them or feed them; whether the Nazi régime is the cause of all the world's troubles and whether if you struck it down we would have a pacified and con-

tented Europe. There is much talk today of making war not on the German people but on "Hitlerism." Is Hitler the colossal lone adventurer most people would like to think? Or is he not rather, he and his régime, the embittered spirit of a strong and deeply humiliated people? If you put the people down by force again, and take away their leaders, will this mean peace? Or will it only mean that other Hitlers will arise from the seeds of hate in another twenty years?

The spirit of an embittered Germany — it is irrelevant whether or not we feel this spirit is justified, or whether we admire such a spirit. The fact is, it is there. You cannot kill a spirit; you cannot incarcerate it. It returns like Hamlet's ghost. The ghost of Hitler will haunt an uneasy Europe for generations if the course of this war and its consequent peace is the same as that of the last war.

To desire an early end to this struggle is not to decry the ideals for which England and France say they are fighting. I believe in these as much as you do. I have had reason to. I have lived under the justice and freedom, the peace, law and order of the French and British nations. It is the admiration one has for these values that makes one ask quite honestly and practically, and in suffering of heart, whether they are going to survive a long and disastrous war.

Scarcely anyone assumes that this war, if carried to a conclusion, will be a short one. And in a long and devastating war, how can one help but see that the British Empire, the "English way of life," the English government, which we have so admired, are unlikely to survive in their present form. That the French democracy, love of freedom, and spirit of sanity, so needed in the world today, will go down to something else. That there will be no winner in a prostrated Europe unless it is the disruption, mediocrity, and spiritual death which are in Russia today. Who is the potential invader of Europe, the real threat to European civilization? Ask the Balkans and the Baltic states. Ask Finland; ask Rumania; ask Turkey. Against a strong and united Europe — even against a strong Germany — the hordes of Russia are no menace. But against a divided Europe, bled by wars and prostrated by devastation, her advance will be slow, inevitable and deadly — like a flow of lava.

It is not the end of civilization. Even if this war wears itself out to complete exhaustion, even if our particular civilization should go down, another would follow. Something will emerge out of the worst period of chaos and transition. Some medieval culture will spring again after the Dark Ages which may be ahead of us. In another five hundred years or so there may rise out of the slime of European chaos

the pure flower of a Chartres Cathedral. But it will take time, and endless suffering, and the sacrifice of flesh and blood and soul and spirit of countless men and women.

Is there a way out? There is still the flickering hope of an early peace. One looks at this fitful gleam on the horizon as a flier looks at the flash of a beacon, marking, possibly, an emergency field when he is lost in a storm at night. One looks at it as I once looked, from our plane caught over the fog-covered Alps, at a sliver of cerulean blue sky, far ahead, between the white death of the clouds below, and the white death of the clouds above. Oh, lovely patch of blue so many miles away! It was like the blue in the background of those early Italian paintings. You know that tranquil landscape, so familiar, behind the folds of the Madonna's headdress. Like that I saw it. There was the little stream, lit with the golden light of evening. There were those precise jewel-like trees, each leaf distinct and stilled, hushed with stillness. There was the winding road over the bare hills and the distant spires beyond. There lay escape for us, if we could only reach it before nightfall. That little patch of blue was our window to the whole of life.

Like that, the fading hope of peace gleams today. Think what a peace might be if it were executed at the beginning instead of at the end of a war. If it were worked out before millions of lives had been

lost, strength used up, bitterness branded in the hearts of men. Peace at the beginning of a war — there might be some hope for the solution of European problems then.

The hope for the future today is like the hope a mother holds in her heart as she sits by the bed of a sick child. "If this child gets well, O God, what will I not do to make his life beautiful and worthy — if only you spare him!"

Look at that future and think about it. Let yourself for a moment fly in imagination out of that window I have painted for you, that window of life that might be peace. It would not be so calm as the background of the Italian paintings. It would not be a static peace. It might even be a kind of war — but a war worth fighting, a slow hard struggle of reconstruction and reformation.

The world faces many problems today just as serious as war and far more worthy of sacrifice. None of these problems is going to be solved by this war. They will all be left staring at us in even more aggravated forms when it is over. They will be left for our children to solve in an atmosphere of even greater fear, bitterness and mistrust than that in which we live today. How can these problems be solved without peace? And on their solution, perhaps, the future of the world rests. "For the first time in the history of humanity," as Dr. Carrel points out so beautifully in his book,

Man, the Unknown, "a crumbling civilization is capable of discerning the causes of its decay. For the first time, it has at its disposal the gigantic strength of science. Will we utilize this knowledge and this power? It is our only hope of escaping the fate common to all great civilizations of the past."

But, as Dr. Carrel suggests throughout his book, the strength of Science is not alone what is needed for our civilization. The mother who prays by the bedside of her sick child knows this. It is not merely the instinct of bribery that brings her to her knees with the words: "If this child gets well, what will I not do to make his life beautiful and worthy. . . ." In that hour of suffering she has had a vision. She has seen what the child might be, what it was meant to be by its Creator. She sees her dreams for it and the dreams of all mothers. She sees the possibilities not only of that child but of all children, and of all human spirit. It is in affirmation of the power of the human spirit that she prays. And it is a new spiritual life that she dedicates.

Like her the world might come to its knees today. Like her it might have its vision. Like her it might pray that the child be spared, that peace might come in order to work out the new life, the new dream conceived in suffering.

In speaking for peace, however, I am not a Pacifist. I know there are times when a man or a nation

must fight. I know there are things worth more than life itself. The value of martyrdom is based on this belief. The death of martyrs sometimes enables others to live on in a better world. I do not believe a better world will come out of this war. I do not believe the war in Europe today is martyrdom; I believe it is suicide, for winners and losers alike.

It is in such a belief that I say with the Chinese wife of over two thousand years ago, "Mine is the only way." It is in such a belief that I urge a patient, persistent, long-range attitude toward peace, without too many qualifications before a truce is begun. Not a Peace, maimed and in rags, limping in wearily at the end of a long war; but an early Peace, in the full strength and beauty of her powers. Not a peace built on bitter humiliation on one side and bitter arrogance on the other; but on a mutual desire for welfare. This peace would not have to stand on the security of promises easily broken. It might have to stand on arms for the present. It might stand temporarily on the security of forts and battleships and warplanes. In fact, it might, in the beginning, be not much more than an armed truce — not really very different from the state of affairs in Europe today, but different enough to form a wedge for further negotiations.

This further peace, to which one hopes an early armed truce might

lead, would have to rest, of course, on the only security possible for a lasting peace — that of mutual interests and mutual advantages.

If Hitlerism is a spirit and you cannot kill or incarcerate a spirit, how can you deal with it? It can only — as Madariaga once said so aptly — be exorcised. To exorcise this spirit you must offer Germany and the world not war — but peace — a bigger peace than has ever been offered before, an active and not a static peace, one which can bend with the needs of men. For a peace which does not take into consideration change, and progress, will surely never last.

That the world must change, must have a new order, all thinking people agree. Many of the best minds of England are preaching this message today. One has only to look at the speeches of Lord Lothian in this country, and many other statesmen in England. The question before us is to try to formulate this new peace and when to start it — after a long and exhausting war — or before? These questions I feel the thinking people of the United States have a right and a duty to consider, to work on, to argue and discuss.

And we women — for, as I said in the beginning, it is only as a woman that I speak and so perhaps I speak especially to women — what can we do beside

"Walk in the garden and gather
Lilies of mother-of-pearl?"

Or rather — since there are few "lilies of mother-of-pearl" in a modern life — what can we do beside the eternal job of nourishing home and children and husband? We can keep our minds and our hearts open. Our minds, not merely by reading newspapers and articles and current books but, more important still, by reading history and philosophy. We should study not only present struggles but past ones, in order to judge the present ones more objectively, in order to be to those who draw from us — children, husbands and friends — reservoirs of reasonableness in an age of unreason.

Not only must we look steadily at the past and the present, but also ahead to the future, to the world we bequeath to our children. With open hearts as well as open minds we might ask, what do we wish it to be? What is our vision for our children and how can we bring it about? Will a prolonged war bring it? What kind of a peace

would bring it? When might this peace come?

Before you comply with all those so-seemingly-logical arguments that claim an early peace is impossible; before you join your voice to the clamor for war; I ask you in all humility to consider the alternatives. And I ask you, too, under the storms of discouragement and defeatism which, I know, besiege us, to hold fast to your vision, if you have had one. Dreams are not as unimportant as the non-dreamers would have us think. They have had their place even in the logic of History. As Whitehead says in his *Adventures of Ideas*, "The world dreams of things to come, and then in due season arouses itself to their realization." It takes patience to wait for the "due season." But it takes also faith and tenacity — some of the faith and tenacity that made a Chinese wife sing two thousand years ago,

"Mine was the only way."



"The Wisdom of a Just Content"

BEING "contented" ought to mean in English, as it does in French, being pleased. Being content with an attic ought not to mean being unable to move from it and resigned to living in it: it ought to mean appreciating all there is in such a position. For true contentment is a real, even an active virtue — not only affirmative but creative. It is the power of getting out of any situation all there is in it.

— G. K. Chesterton, *A Miscellany of Men* (Dodd, Mead)

¶ The most daring naval exploit of the World War,
by motorboats, ferryboats, and obsolete warships

St. George for Zeebrugge!

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Jo Chamberlin

"Volunteers are wanted for an undertaking of real danger."

THESE MYSTERIOUS words went quietly round the British navy in November 1917. And the volunteers, it was added, should not expect to return. The time had come for desperate endeavor.

A German victory was terribly close in those dark days. Russia had collapsed on land, the Allies were retreating, the U-boats were sinking 400,000 tons of shipping a month. The Allies might lose the war before the Yanks could unleash their full power.

Manned by these volunteers, there assembled in the mouth of the Thames a broken-down battleship, several obsolete cruisers, two ferryboats from Liverpool named the *Iris* and the *Daffodil*, and other craft — 74 vessels, including motorboats. Admiral Roger Keyes, commander of this strange armada, revealed to his men that they would attempt what no navy had ever accomplished: the blocking up of a harbor. In fact two harbors — Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Captured by the Germans in

1914, and heavily fortified by them, these two Belgian ports were a threat to the lifeline of ships from England to France. Here, only 80 miles from Dover, was the lair of at least 10 destroyers, 35 torpedo boats and 30 submarines. From Zeebrugge ran a ship canal to Bruges, six miles inland. A similar canal connected Ostend with Bruges. At Bruges was a great shipyard, converted by the Germans into a naval base 300 miles nearer England than any German port. Only torpedo boats could use the canal to Ostend. But down the deeper canal to Zeebrugge destroyers and submarines came and went at will.

Admiral Keyes proposed to cork these lethal canals by sinking British ships across their entrances. If he succeeded, 30 submarines would be bottled up for the rest of the war.

Zeebrugge, the submarine base, was the No. 1 objective. Shielding the canal from the North Sea storms, a mole, or breakwater, curved out from shore. Most of the mole was a huge railway dock for the supply of German warcraft. Connecting the dock with the

shore was a viaduct of open steel-work which supported the railway. To protect the mole were machine guns, barbed wire, eight heavy guns mounted on the mole itself, and along the coast 225 guns with ranges up to 18 miles.

Keyes planned to land troops on the mole to divert and mislead the enemy. Meanwhile, three old cruisers would sneak into the harbor and sink themselves across the mouth of the canal. Wireless or other signaling was taboo and everything had to be done on time schedule.

The most important actor in this drama was incalculable — the weather. There should be no moon. The wind ought to be blowing toward the shore, to permit the attackers to lay down a smoke screen. High tide was needed, to get the blocking ships into the channel. The sea had to be smooth, so that troops could be landed on the mole.

The obsolete light cruisers *Iphigenia*, *Sirius*, *Brilliant*, *Intrepid* and *Thetis* were overhauled. Explosive charges were laid along their keels. The *Vindictive* was fitted with a false deck and gangways to land men on the mole, 30 feet above the water. The two lowly ferryboats for storm troops, *Daffodil* and *Iris*, were armored with steel. Two old submarines had their bows packed with tons of explosive. Marines and bluejackets practiced storming objectives, with a full-scale model marked on the ground.

Finally, in March 1918, all was ready — except the weather. Night after night the moon was too bright, or the wind too fickle, or the tide too low. The men were on edge. Each moment increased the chances that the enemy was warned, and warning meant annihilation. From France came nothing but bad news. No one knew where the Germans would stop. It was the hour of despair.

Twice this queer fleet started out, only to return to its lonely anchorage. On April 22 the tide was high, the sea was smooth, the wind was right. But the moon was full. Even with this disadvantage, Admiral Keyes decided to start once more. They would reach Zeebrugge at midnight, when it would be St. George's day, and St. George was England's patron saint. Admiral Keyes signaled his fleet, "St. George for England!" Captain Carpenter on the *Vindictive* signaled back, "May we give the dragon's tail a damned good twist!"

Under the full moon one could see for miles. Then down fell a drizzling, blanketing mist. Perhaps St. George was on their side! At a given point *Brilliant*, *Sirius* and other craft left to blockade the Ostend canal mouth, while the main group continued on to Zeebrugge.

Shortly before midnight the monitors *Erebus* and *Terror* began the bombardment of Zeebrugge with their long-range guns. The Germans were not surprised; this had

often happened. Two or three searchlights casually explored the night, then went out. A star shell rose and fell to seaward, unwittingly locating the mole for the approaching ships. Like angry hornets the motorboats sped ahead to lay down the smoke screen.

Suddenly the wind changed, and began to blow off shore, wafting the smoke screen seaward and exposing the British ships to the fire of the batteries. A huge searchlight located the *Vindictive*; shells crashed into her, killing scores of men, shooting away all but four of her boarding gangways.

At one minute past 12, exactly on schedule, the *Vindictive* was along the seaward side of the mole, in itself some protection. There was a heaving swell; the grappling irons would not hold. The ferryboat *Dafodil* nosed the *Vindictive* against the mole and held her there. Machine guns mowed down half the first men over. An officer with one arm shot off waved new men on with the other. But the landing troops could not silence the mole batteries; the men who were to bomb the hangars and docks were shot down before they could reach them; and the *Vindictive's* upper works, extending above the mole, were riddled by enemy guns.

Meanwhile, the submarine *C-3*, lit up by star shells and under fire, was speeding toward the viaduct. In her bow were five tons of amatol which would blow her to bits if she

were hit. The Germans guarding the viaduct with its railway line to the mole believed the submarine was trying to go under the viaduct and into the harbor. In a moment of quiet the English heard their shouts and laughter. The sub would be caught fast; they would take the Britishers without a struggle.

Her commander, Sandford, drove the submarine hard between the steel supports of the viaduct, and fired his time fuses. He and his men hopped into a motor skiff to get away, but its propeller had been smashed. They had to row for their lives. In one flaming blast the viaduct roared high in the air, annihilating its defenders and cutting the mole off from shore. One job was accomplished.

As the viaduct blew up, the blockship *Thetis* rounded the end of the mole, and hurried for the mouth of the canal. On her heels were the *Intrepid* and the *Iphigenia*. The *Thetis* listed heavily as the mole batteries tore into her. She cleared the way through some steel nets, until her propellers fouled on the wires. Mortally wounded, she had taken the brunt of punishment, could go no farther, and signaled the other ships to pass her.

The *Intrepid* led the way into the canal's entrance under heavy fire. She made the canal mouth, rammed her prow into the eastern bank of the channel, then swung her stern around until it grounded

on the west bank. Her commander blasted out her bottom, and down she settled in the water. Another objective was achieved.

The *Iphigenia* came in close behind, while shore batteries blasted at her point-blank. Her commander saw a gap between the *Intrepid's* prow and the east bank. He swung the *Iphigenia* round to close it, churning his motors backward and forward until, after what seemed eternity in the withering fire, he had her where he wanted. Then he threw the firing switches. There were dull thuds below the water line. A third objective was accomplished; the job was done.

Cutters went alongside both ships as they were settling and rescued the crews.

Many strange things happened in the confusion of battle. When a launch smashed a hole in her bow, a seaman sat in the hole to keep the water out. One group of officers took to a life raft and found, to their consternation, that it had an automatic flare which lit on contact with water, making them a perfect target for German machine guns. A cutter accidentally left the *Iphigenia's* commander on a raft. Seeing a rope trailing behind the departing craft, the commander leaped into the water and grabbed it. He was towed for yards before he was seen and pulled aboard.

An hour after the first onslaught, the British recalled what was left

of the landing parties and the fleet limped off under the shelter of a smoke screen. Even the *Vindictive* got away. As the last of the launches put out to sea, the flagship *Warwick* — which, with Admiral Keyes on board, had remained near the *Vindictive* throughout operations — slipped in to search for stray survivors. She sighted a damaged and overloaded launch. When the *Warwick* drew near, the men on the launch stood up and cheered their admiral. From that tiny boat, that never should have carried more than 50, the flagship took 100 men. Their cheering was the last sound of a famous victory.

Out of a total of 1500 men, 400 were wounded and 200 dead. Besides the ships purposely sunk, the British lost only one destroyer and two motorboats. Back in port, they heard that the simultaneous raid on Ostend, with the blockships *Sirius* and *Brilliant*, had failed.

But their own gallant effort, which one officer had called "sheer madness," was a success. The Zeebrugge canal was corked up. No submarines left it for five months. The German U-boat campaign was once more based on distant Heligoland. The spectacular daring of the attack sapped German confidence, and raised the spirits of the Allies, whose people seized upon it as a sign that the tide had turned. Seven months later the war was won.

Daladier—War Premier

Condensed from Current History

John Gunther

Author of the best sellers, "Inside Europe" and "Inside Asia"

EDOUARD DALADIER, Premier of France, who rules the country with full powers of a sort unparalleled in recent French history, lives in a modest four-room apartment on the Ruc Anatole des Forges. The neighborhood is divided sharply between a fashionable sector and one not so fashionable. M. Daladier lives on the non-fashionable side.

M. Daladier is an average man. This is a central point for understanding his character. And he lives in an average French neighborhood on a street lined with small shops: a big *café-tabac*, advertising beer on its orange awning; the *Boucherie de l'Etoile*, selling meat; the *crémèrie*, a truck loaded with empty milk bottles before it; a *boulangerie-pâtisserie*, its windows stacked with yard-long loaves of bread; a *pharmacie* full of cheap medicines. M. Daladier could live his whole life within a few yards of his apartment, and never lack anything.

His office is at the Ministry of War, in the heart of the Faubourg St. Germain—the citadel of old France, the France of literate aristocracy, massive social tradition,

and superb taste and cultivation.

This is the gamut that Daladier represents: the typical bourgeois small-Frenchman, a self-sufficient individualist, transported by the pressure of events to the arena of politics and military affairs in a world of mass conflicts.

Daladier is short and stocky, with big shoulders and heavy hands. His eyes are bright blue, below uncombed eyebrows that dart upward. He smiles almost continually when he talks: a quick, perceptive smile, punctuated by short bursts of rather hard laughter. His conversation is to the point. He likes badinage, but doesn't waste much time on it; and he loses temper easily.

I asked one of Daladier's close collaborators what aspect of France the Premier most clearly represented. The answer came that Daladier, a peasant born of peasant stock, above all represented the land—the soil—the good earth—of France. As a peasant Daladier believes unalterably in private property, in personal ownership of land. As a peasant, too, he stands for hard work, for tenacious cultivation of his soil. He wants to hold what he has.

Again as a peasant he is both an individualist and a democrat. He stands for himself; he stands also for equality with his fellow men. Finally, like most peasants, Daladier is a bit ingrown, a bit suspicious. He buttons his collar close, as the French say.

He worked a hard day as a child; he works a hard day now. He arrives at his office early. He goes home to lunch, returning to the office in mid-afternoon and staying at his desk till perhaps nine o'clock in the evening. He is not always easy to work with; when fatigued he may ride his associates hard.

Daladier has no social life at all. He isolates himself at home or in his office. Diplomats find it difficult to see him, except the American Ambassador, William C. Bullitt, whom he likes and trusts deeply. Few people know him well.

He has no interest in money. He lives on his salary, and has never been touched by financial or other scandal. He likes to walk, ride and swim. Even during his first term as Premier, in 1933, he would leave the office, get his bicycle, and pedal across Paris or out into the country. His chief intellectual exercise is reading, especially on military affairs and on the history of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

His wife was Mademoiselle Lafont, daughter of a scientist, who had been his *Marianne* while he was in the trenches, *Marianne* being the name given to girls back home who

regularly corresponded with a soldier. Immediately after demobilization Daladier looked up this girl whose letters had helped carry him through four brutal years of war but whom he had never met. He fell in love with her and married her. Her death about eight years ago was a terrible blow, and he has been a lonely man ever since.

Edouard Daladier was born in southern France, at Carpentras in the department of Vaucluse, in 1884. Not only was his father the village baker, and his grandfather before that; his mother too was the daughter of a baker in a neighboring village and one of his brothers still carries on the family business. Daladier is still a frequent visitor.

As a young man he set out to be a teacher and was later a professor of history at the University of Grenoble and at the Lycée Condorcet in Paris. Then came 1914. Daladier was called up, and became a sergeant of *tirailleurs*, later a captain. He won the Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre with three citations.

His interest in politics dates from his youth. A few yards from the ancestral bakery was the headquarters of the local Radical-Socialist party and there he heard political talk which determined his political faith and his career. While still teaching at Grenoble he was elected mayor of Carpentras. A Radical-Socialist in France, be it noted, is often not a radical and seldom a

socialist. Rather the Radical-Socialist party, normally the most powerful in France, corresponds roughly to English Liberals or American Democrats.

The war over, Daladier turned seriously to a political career, though for some years he kept his teaching job, too. He is one of the few notables in French politics who are not lawyers or journalists by profession. In 1919, aged 35, he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies for the Vaucluse constituency and has been its Deputy ever since. He was a good wheel horse; not brilliant, not eccentric, not dangerous, not ambitious enough to arouse jealousy in his superiors. He worked hard and was dependable for almost any kind of job.

Daladier has never been a great parliamentarian. His speeches in the Chamber are seldom as effective as those he gives in the country at large, and his popularity is much greater in the country than in parliament. Therefore, when he became Premier in April 1938 it was not surprising that he soon asked for full powers. Recently he postponed the general election from 1940 to 1942.

It would be unfair, however, to call Daladier a dictator. He is still, even in war time, the servant of the Chamber, and can at any time be dismissed by an adverse vote. He has made no attempt to build up a totalitarian machine, nor are the full powers granted him really

exceptional. In emergencies France almost always calls for a strong hand. He may be a dictator in the sense that Clemenceau was a dictator in the World War, not in the sense of Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini.

During his early career Daladier traveled a good deal, something that most Frenchmen don't do. In the '20's he visited the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and Germany, always with an eye open for army matters. In 1933-34, when Minister of War for 13 months, he grasped a real opportunity to overhaul the army, revitalize it, and above all mechanize it. He is called France's best War Minister since Maginot. Maginot built the fortified line; Daladier built the tanks, the armored cars, the caterpillar trucks behind it. That the French army is today the best in Europe is partly Daladier's work.

In his political life, there have been two supreme crises. The first came in February 1934, when he had been Premier only a few days, and when bloody rioting forced him out.

The background of this affair was the Stavisky case, the biggest scandal of the century. Sacha Stavisky was a confidence man who knew important politicians and who killed himself (or possibly was murdered by the police) when he was found out. Various Radical politicians, not Daladier, were linked with fraudulent Stavisky enterprizes. The Rightists used the scandal as a stick to beat the government with.

Premier Chautemps resigned. Daladier took over, but before he had warmed his office chair mobs were gathering to attack the Chamber. Daladier called out the *Gardes Mobiles*. They fired on the crowd and 17 were killed.

Daladier's justification was that if he had not dispersed the rioters by force there might have been a fascist *coup d'état*. He was bearing the burden of mistakes that Chautemps and others had made. But he resigned at once and it seemed that his career was over.

Yet in 1935 he rose to influence again when he brought left-wing radicals into the newly formed *Front Populaire*. In the general election the following year, the Leftist coalition won handsomely. Léon Blum became Premier, with Daladier as Minister of War. The Chamber then elected rules France still.

In 22 months of power the Popular Front attempted to put liberalism into politics on a forceful scale. The Blum-Daladier government reduced the power of the financial oligarchy and the Bank of France, nationalized the aviation industry, coordinated the railways, established the 40-hour week, gave workers holidays with pay. Above all, it checked the growth of fascism, and gave France a much-needed respite from incessant turbulence and agitation by Rightist plotters.

But the Popular Front collapsed because its failures also were for-

midable. It had to face one of the most difficult of all questions: Can a Left government reform capitalism without abolishing it? Can a Left government function efficiently *inside* a capitalist structure? Blum as Premier was constantly perplexed by the problem of how far to go. The Communists pushed him to the Left; Daladier and the radicals held him to the Right; therefore Blum wobbled in the middle. He outlined a tremendous program of social reform. But ultimately the budgeteers and bankers had him at their mercy; he had to have money. Moreover, his own Left let him down. He gave the trade unionists such privileges and concessions that work almost stopped. The industrial structure all but disintegrated.

Blum and Daladier were, moreover, unceasingly harried by the mounting international crisis. France needed airplanes and munitions, yet the government was shortening hours, tacitly encouraging strikes, which made efficient production on a big scale impossible. During the last six weeks of the Blum government, not a single airplane was manufactured in France.

Daladier succeeded Blum as Premier in April 1938, and began a marked turn to the Right. Soon after he took office the 40-hour week was, in actual practice, dropped. He began to attack the Communists fiercely, and in November 1938 he crushed a general strike. In September 1939, after

the Russian pact with Germany and the Russian invasion of Poland, Communist Deputies were arrested and the party suppressed.

He made national defence the basic desideratum in every field, preaching national unity, national integrity, national solidarity. He said that France to survive must be strong; to be strong it must be united; to unite it became his task. And — Communists aside — he *has* united France.

The other supreme crisis in Daladier's career was Munich. When that crisis came, in September 1938, Daladier followed Chamberlain's lead. He went to Munich, met Hitler and Mussolini, and helped to sell Czechoslovakia out. Indeed, Daladier's behavior might be called worse than Chamberlain's. The British were not pledged to defend Czechoslovakia; the French *were*. Daladier himself said, on July 12: "The solemn undertakings we have given to Czechoslovakia are sacred and cannot be evaded." The betrayal that came in September is one of the harshest in history.

The French have three major excuses for the Munich episode. First, that France was not in any position to face a showdown. The country was pervaded with defeatism; the air force was inefficient; the national muscles were flabby from lack of exercise. Second, French public opinion would not have supported a war; a settlement at any price was what the people wanted.

They were not willing to fight, even though Czechoslovakia was the heart of their security system. Third, the French of necessity had to follow England.

Daladier flew back to Paris after Munich, glum, despondent and worried over France's reaction. His plane circled the airport; he saw a big crowd. He was terrified. He thought that he and his advisers might be mobbed. Memories of the February sixth riots came to mind. He braced himself, wondered if the *Gardes Mobiles* would be there to protect him, and stepped off the plane. To his amazement he was greeted with a wild ovation and led in triumph to the Chamber.

It is difficult to sum up the sources of Daladier's power. He is no genius. He is no demagogue. He lacks magnetism or political "oomph." He is no titan, no born leader of men. But he speaks the language of the average Frenchman; that is his secret. Like the average Frenchman, he is resilient, an individualist, shrewd, not particularly ambitious, packed with common sense, rational, and moderate. He has the incomparable advantage of being archtypical of the people he represents. Therefore the people like and trust him. He is one of themselves.

I asked one of his best friends what Daladier's central faith was, what he believed in most. The answer came, "Three things. France. The small man. And himself."

Florence Nightingale

Condensed from "A Lost Commander"

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

Author of "The Courage of the Commonplace," etc.

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MOST OF US have read in Dickens about Nurse Sairey Gamp, who took a drink "when she was so disposed." Not all of us know that less than half a century ago Sairey Gamp, the drunken, the ignorant, the immoral nurse, was real and was multiple. Around 1870, in Bellevue Hospital, New York, there were plenty of her. "Fifty years ago," says an eminent physician, "some of the nursing in Bellevue was done by drunken prostitutes, who were given the option of going to prison or to hospital service. They were often found in sleep under the beds of their dead patients whose liquor they had stolen."

A bad kettle of fish that seems to us, who trust our lives unhesitatingly to the comfort and service of hospitals. Yet such was the deplorable state of nursing, not alone in the United States but in England, around 1850, when Florence Nightingale — destined heroine of the Crimea — was fighting for her future. Nurses "all drunkards without exception; but no nurses whom the surgeon can trust to give the patients their medicines" — such is a doctor's account of a London hospital. Toward such a world of drunkenness and immorality and misery did this daintily raised society girl steadfastly set her

steps. In between London and country house parties she was studying anatomy and visiting hospitals. That her family opposed her tooth and nail is not remarkable.

Yet by 1852, in spite of family opposition, she had grown steadily in wisdom and judgment in her chosen field. On the Continent she had studied and lived in hospitals managed by the Sisters of Charity. In 1853 she obtained permission to study Paris hospitals. Finally, back in London that summer, she went into her first "situation" as superintendent of the "Establishment for Gentlewomen During Illness" in Harley Street.

Her task was harder than day labor. She had to manage the nurses and assist at operations, and hold down expenses in the coal cellar and the larder. But that year in Harley Street, with experience as organizer, manager, nurse, diplomat, led directly into the responsibilities of the Crimean War.

In 1853 England, France and Turkey fought Russia; British troops were landed in the Crimea, and six days later was the battle of the Alma River. After rejoicings of victory came a shift to bitter resentment. "No sufficient preparations have been made for the care of the wound-

ed," read a dispatch from Constantinople. "Not only not sufficient surgeons; not only no dressers and nurses; but not even linen to make bandages." The newspaper indictment stirred England. The writer told of the French: "Their medical arrangements are extremely good; they have the help of the Sisters of Charity who have accompanied the expedition; these are excellent nurses."

Next day was a letter in *The Times*; "Why have we no Sisters of Charity?" Florence Nightingale was urged to take out nurses, but she wanted official sanction. She submitted a plan to Sidney Herbert, Secretary for War.

Englishwomen nurses in the army! A woman in any position of public responsibility was at that time a subject for prejudiced talk. Herbert knew that military jealousy and opposition would occur. A woman was not a person; she was a female. Now, however, public indignation over the scandal in the Crimea was so aroused that Herbert, with the approval of the Cabinet, appointed Florence Nightingale to select and lead a group of nurses.

On an autumn day in 1854 Sir Alexander Moore lay wounded in the Barrack Hospital at Scutari. Balaklava had been fought, and the wreckage from the cavalry had just been landed. Moore's cot was near a window; he had a view into the central courtyard of the hospital — a view that was to haunt him the

rest of his life. The operating room was opposite, and out from its window came flying, making an ever increasing pile on the pavement, amputated arms and legs. From their beds wounded men watched. On this day, when Sir Alexander was trying to sleep, trying to forget the bloody things which came tumbling endlessly, the officer in the nearest cot spoke: "Moore," he said, "I believe that English nurse has come."

Sir Alexander lifted his head and looked out. An army mule cart was carrying off the mass which had lain rotting. The English nurse had indeed come! Florence Nightingale and 38 nurses had landed the afternoon before. There was no excitement, yet instantly and everywhere her organizing power was felt.

Each side of the hospital was nearly a quarter of a mile in length. There were galleries and corridors story above story, on three sides of the building, enough to make, if continuously extended, four miles. In these corridors, closely packed, without decencies or necessities, lay men with terrible wounds, sick with hideous diseases. "The hospital had been transformed from a barrack by the simple process of whitewashing, and underneath its imposing mass were sewers of the worst possible construction, from which the wind blew sewer air up into the corridors where the sick were lying. Wounds and sickness, overcrowding, and want of proper ventilation added to the foulness of the atmosphere. At

night it was indescribable. The wards were infested with rats, mice and vermin."

"Not a basin, not a towel, not a bit of soap or a broom," Miss Nightingale wrote. "The cooking was done in large coppers at one end of the vast building, and it took three or four hours to serve the ordinary dinners." The last wounded, maybe dying, man in that weary four miles of beds had his lunch of boiled meat or gristle, hot or cold, perhaps at 3:30 p.m.

Such was the hell into which this high-bred, soft-voiced woman walked eagerly with no reason but the love of humanity. "Before she came," a soldier's letter said, "there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church." "After that" many things changed, with a quickness that must have made the routine-soaked officials dizzy. "Six shirts washed a month" for 2000 sick, dirty heroes did not fit with Florence Nightingale's training. And the bedding, when washed, was washed in cold water. In a week a laundry was started. Miss Nightingale, "using her own funds, took a house, had boilers put in, and employed soldiers' wives to do the washing."

Within ten days she had three diet kitchens making and serving delicacies for those so desperately ill that they were unable to take the food which came to them. With supplies she herself had provided, she set up a storeroom from which

the surgeons were thankful to get necessities. For there was lack of these, even when they were actually in Scutari. Soldiers lay in blood-soaked garments of the battlefield, while three bales marked "hospital clothes" were in Scutari and nobody dared open the bales till a "board" had "sat upon" them!

She was charged with officiousness in supplying needs. She preferred to obey rules, but between rules and her soldiers the rules went to the wall. "What right have you to touch those stores?" A mounted officer, riding into the great central courtyard, thundered the words at a slim young woman hurrying across with a can in her arms — a can of arrowroot, it happened. The young woman stopped and set her can down; she looked up at the impressive figure. She looked steadily out of clear gray eyes, and said not a word. Only continued to look, till, silently, the officer turned his horse and rode off. Then Florence Nightingale picked up her arrowroot and went on about her Father's business.

There was jealousy from military and medical officers; a "female" with power assigned by the government; with ability to use her power — it was unendurable. Some officers sulked; others threw obstacles. Yet reforms went forward like armored tanks plowing over machine-gun nests of jealousy and red tape. She set up a money-order department to receive the money of any soldier who wished to send it home, and in

the next six months £71,000 "rescued from the canteen," she said, went to families in England. She started another rival to the canteen, a coffeehouse called the Inkerman Café, and drunkenness among the soldiers was automatically reduced. She established classrooms and reading rooms, and people back in England eagerly sent out books, games, music. She trained orderlies, educated her nurses. Beyond that, she wrote endless letters, chiefly to officials.

By the miracle power of busy people she had time to do all these things. But the greatest of her miracles was the accomplishment of the supreme object of her life, nursing. Not merely organizer and purveyor and schoolmistress and correspondent and thorn-in-the-flesh to dozing officials, she was with her own hands intensely a nurse. She was known to pass eight hours on her knees, dressing wounds and comforting the men. Sometimes she stood 20 hours at a stretch, assisting at operations, distributing stores, directing work. She had an utter disregard of contagion. "The more awful any particular case, the more certainly might her slight form be seen bending over him, seldom quitting his side till death released him." The men worshipped her, and at night, as she passed down the long rows, lamp in hand, pausing here and there to give comfort or assistance, they would kiss her shadow as it fell across their pillows.

The treaty of peace was signed at

Paris in March, 1856. All England was on fire to meet Florence Nightingale. The government offered her a man-of-war to come home, but she declined; and on August 6th "Miss Smith" slipped quietly into London unrecognized, missing the bands, the triumphal arches and addresses that had been planned for the "Lady-in-Chief." She was utterly tired — but more than that, her health was seriously impaired.

To Florence Nightingale the two years in the Crimea were an episode; really, they were an enormous and far-reaching starting point. One movement which she had not directly thought of serving, she had served: the position of women as people instead of as females. "Mark," Lord Stanley said about that time, "what, by breaking through customs and prejudices, Miss Nightingale has effected for her sex. She has opened to them a new sphere of usefulness."

The country wanted to do something for the soldiers' angel, already doomed to invalidism for the rest of her life. It was understood that the wish of her heart was a school for nursing, and a fund was started. In a year the fund was £40,000, and in 1859 Florence Nightingale began, at St. Thomas's Hospital, the first lay training school for nurses. From her invalid's bed in South Street she gave much time to the new institution. The first class of 13 was graduated in 1861. With those 13 girls in brown frocks and white caps there opened a new profession which has

reached to many countries. That little school at St. Thomas's reformed the pauper hospitals of all England and finally the public hospitals of the whole world — redeeming them from the drunken, immoral nurses, from the Sairey Gamps.

Meanwhile, lying on a sofa in South Street, Florence Nightingale read and worked and wrote without end. Her life of 90 years was crammed with action almost to the end, despite nearly half a century of invalidism. In a land where women were almost chattels, she acted as ultimate court of appeal on large public questions, and as unquestioned adviser to high government officials. Her fame grew to international proportions, and she was officially

consulted on hospital administration during the American Civil War, and again by the French during the Franco-Prussian War.

Today, a figure of Florence Nightingale stands, lofty on a pedestal in mid-London, and all England seerches about in the streets below. That is as it should be; but it is not all. Her truest monument, not made with hands, is one not always associated with her name; it is the far-reaching outcome of that school of 13 young women in brown and white, housed and guarded in a wing of old St. Thomas's Hospital. It is the hope of help to which the world turns in trouble, a fitting, enormous monument — the modern profession of nursing.



Sideshow People

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

Alva Johnston

THE BIOGRAPHIES of circus freaks are sometimes success stories of the most inspiring kind. They tell how, for example, an obscure village idiot rose to be an internationally celebrated Pinhead; how Billy Wells, the Hard-Headed Man, started by having his friends crown him with wooden clubs, later had them break pebbles on his head

with small mallets and gradually worked upward until thousands paid to see granite blocks shattered on his skull with sledge-hammers; how James Morris, born with an unusually loose skin and once an amateur skinstretcher at Elks' benefits and church socials, barged ahead until Ringling's billed him as their Marvelous Elastic Skin Man; how Prince

Eric Zulong formerly devoted a few minutes of his spare time every day to munching eggshells at home and was later paid for eating electric-light bulbs on Broadway; how Harry Bulson, a cripple, developed into the Spider Boy, one of Coney Island's greatest stars.

The life of Spider Boy Bulson is one of the grimmest of success stories. Born with crippled legs, dreading both the cruelty and kindness of other human beings, especially children, he played by himself in the woods near Paterson, New Jersey, where his parents lived. He walked only on his hands and made his way through trees swinging from limb to limb in the manner of Tarzan. Catching birds became one of his pursuits. Steadying himself by seizing limbs between his teeth, he used his hands in setting traps in trees. The power thus developed in his arms and jaws enabled him later in life to make Ripley's Believe-It-or-Not series twice, once for lifting a 3850-pound automobile with his teeth and once for walking a mile on his hands in 42½ minutes.

As a half-grown boy, Bulson became a mental case because of his sufferings under the inspection of inquisitive eyes. Placed in an institution, he escaped by twisting the iron bars of his window. On three occasions he escaped in this manner. The third time he obtained shelter with an old man who lived in a cabin. Once they drove to town during a carnival, and Bulson's career as a

sideshow attraction began. As a freak among freaks he found life endurable, and his professional spirit soon developed to render him insensitive to the shuddering curiosity of spectators. His talents as a contortionist and climber were in time turned to use in Hollywood, where he doubled for Lon Chaney in *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. In spite of biting half-dollars in two and lifting enormous weights with his teeth, he has visited a dentist only once in his life, and then this mission was purely esthetic; he had a gold cap placed on a sound tooth in obedience to the dictates of Dame Fashion.

Romance is incredibly busy among the sideshow people, although the marriages of freaks are not always love marriages. There will never be a shortage of mates for sideshow stars of proved earning capacity. A single lady with a three-foot beard always has more suitors than Pertelote. Bachelors with honorable intentions swarm about girls with surplus legs or bodies, with 600-pound physiques, or with features so ugly that millions pay to see them. The Ugliest Woman in the World, as the Ringlings were able to term her with a clear conscience, married well and had three children. Myrtle Corbin, the four-legged, two-bodied woman from Texas, made a happy choice of a mate and had, in the legal phrase, five heirs of her bodies, two of one and three of the other. Fifteen years ago, Ringling's Living Skeleton married Helen the Fat with great cere-

mony at Madison Square Garden, and they are still very devoted. In private life they are the Pete Robinsons. He weighs 58 pounds, and she weighs 550.

It is true that in times past the marriage rite has been abused for publicity purposes. Showmen have systematically broken into the press by holding freak marriages at every tank town until all possible combinations of wedlock had been exhausted and the entire collection of startling people was polygamously entangled. But many freak romances are real romances. Unrequited passion nearly killed one of Ike Rose's Royal Midgets, who was infatuated with a bearded lady. Elmer Spangler, the midget director of the Midget Village Orchestra at Chicago, shot up the Little Mexico Cafe in that city because Rosalie, the Mexican fan dancer, jilted him. The suicide of the India Rubber Man as a protest against the invulnerability of the Tattooed Lady was told to the world by the Associated Press. His name was Clarence H. Alexander, and he could stretch his height seven inches and his reach ten inches. He used to make amorous advances, when the freaks were on the exhibition platform, by lengthening his loose-jointed arm like a patent fishing rod, passing it clear around the Fat Woman's back and patting the Tattooed Lady on the shoulder. She took a dislike to him and after repeated snubs the India Rubber Man became morose and lost interest in

his work, expanding and contracting only in the most perfunctory manner. When the circus was in Battle Creek, Michigan, on July 13, 1927, he committed suicide.

It was a liaison of unusual pattern that made Rosa and Josepha Blatzek, joined-together or Siamese twins of Prague, the freak sensation of 1910. Before that year they had been good girls and poor attractions. Then romance entered their lives in the shape of a carpenter of Prague. One day they were removed to a hospital where an heir was born to Josepha. A booking agent arrived at the hospital a few lengths behind the obstetrician. The gate receipts for the first exhibition amounted to more than \$2000. Later the carpenter was also exhibited to round out the act, but he had to be dismissed shortly because of the way he strutted and took all the bows.

The freak-loving public became almost unbalanced over all the wild questions of science and boudoir etiquette raised by this crowded amour.

The freak is usually happy in side-show life. In his own community he is an isolated, lonely being; in the circus he has the society of others who failed to receive their human birthright. They are at ease with one another. After being stared at by millions, some of them begin to regard themselves as favored children of nature. There is a touch of hauteur about a typical freak in his contacts with persons of normal size

and the routine number of legs, heads, and sexes.

Toward one another's peculiarities freaks often exhibit an amusing condescension. Bulson, the Spider Boy, for instance drove an automobile with special equipment. One of his close companions at Coney Island was Forrest Sayman, the Armless Wonder, who also drove a specially built car. Bulson has come to regard

legs as superfluities and arms as the essentials. Sayman, on the other hand, looks on arms as luxuries and can't figure out how the Spider Boy can accomplish his feats with nothing but a couple of arms. The Armless Wonder takes as a matter of course his own expertness as automobilist, but he pointed out the Spider Boy to a visitor and said, "Can you imagine it? That guy drives!"



Ah, the English!

E.M.D. in Punch

"STILL, making every allowance for the Government, one *does* feel rather aggrieved."

"I'm so sorry, Uncle William."

"After all, they really ought to do more than send one a form to fill up. But this unhappy country has fallen into the hands of the bureaucrats, and it's nothing but delay and muddle."

"Oh, dear!"

"You may well say 'Oh, dear!' It's been the same all through history. The services of experienced men are dispensed with, and what's the result? Chaos — neither more nor less. I hope I'm not actuated by personal considerations — in fact I'm certain I'm not — but one can only wring one's hands over a War Office that declines to utilise the services that are offered it."

"Was it — did they — was your application actually refused?"

"It's tantamount to being refused when one's asked to fill up some con-founded form which will probably never be looked at again. They did, I'm bound to say, put in a ridiculous

letter expressing appreciation of my offer, but what does that mean, pray?"

"Still, it was better than nothing."

"Not at all. I should greatly have preferred nothing. I don't want appreciation: I want to be actively employed in the service of this dam' inefficient country."

"What did you suggest doing, Uncle William?"

"Naturally, as an old soldier, I suggested going straight to the Front — but failing that, I offered to do any full-time job that was wanted, in any part of the world. Good gad, I should have thought there was enough to be done! I gave them my qualifications, such as they are, and every possible particular."

"Even your age, Uncle William?"

"What the devil has my age got to do with it? You know as well as I do that I could pass for ten years younger than I am; so naturally I said I wasn't a day over 71. I don't know what's the matter with them — unless they've got some prejudice against me."

"We Just Live"

Condensed from "Hillsboro People"

Dorothy Canfield

Author of "The Bent Twig," "The Deepening Stream," etc.

ONE DAY Simple Martin, the half-wit wise man of our sleepy little Vermont village, was asked by one of the summer people: "What do you people in Hillsboro *do* all the time, away off here, so far from everything?" Martin looked around at the lovely, sloping lines of Hemlock Mountain, at Necronsett River singing in the sunlight, at the friendly, familiar faces of people in the street, and answered: "*Do? Why we jes' live!*"

And sometimes it seems to us that we are the only people in America engaged in that wonderful occupation. We know, of course, that there must be countless other Hillsboros, rejoicing as we do in an existence which keeps us responsive to life.

But all we hear from that part of America which is not Hillsboro is the yell of excitement going up from the cities, where people seem to be doing everything except just living. City dwellers make money, make reputations, make with hysterical rapidity more and yet more complications in the labyrinths of their lives, but they never really get to know each other and the pulsing drama of each other's lives.

In Hillsboro we explain the enormous amount of playgoing in cities as due to a perverted form of the

natural hunger for life. If people are so situated that they can't get it fresh, they will take it canned. And all novels seem to us badly faded in comparison to the brilliant colors of life on our village street.

Romances, tragedies, farces . . . why, we are the characters of those plots. Every child who runs past the house starts a new story, every old man whom we leave sleeping in the burying ground is the ending of another or perhaps the beginning of a sequel. In the city a hundred more children run past the windows of your apartment, and funeral processions cross your every walk. But they are stories written in a tongue incomprehensible to you. In the city a horrible accident may happen before your eyes. It may shock you, but you do not know enough of what it means to be deeply moved by it. You knew nothing of the victim, you know nothing of his wife and children. You shudder, and hurry along, your heart a little more blunted to the sorrows of others, a little more remote from your fellows even than before.

But all Hillsboro is stirred by the news that Mrs. Brownell has broken her leg, for it means something definite to us, about which we must take action. It means that

her sickly oldest daughter will not get the care she needs if somebody doesn't help out; it means that if we do not do something that bright boy of hers will have to leave school, just when he is about to win a scholarship in college; it means a crisis in several human lives, which calls forth active sympathy. In other words, we are not only the characters of our unwritten dramas, but also part authors. Something of the outcome depends upon us.

What dramatic situation on the stage can move you to the sharp throb of sympathy you feel as you see Nelse Pettingrew's mother run down the street, her shawl flung hastily over her head, framing a face of despairing resolve. Somebody has told her that Nelse is drinking again. If she can only coax the burly weakling home till "the fit goes by" he will be saved from a week's debauch. Mrs. Pettingrew takes in sewing for a living. She is quite unlettered, but she is a general in the army of spiritual forces. She stands up to her enemy and fights. She fought the wild beast in Nelse's father, all his life, and he died a better man. Undaunted, she is now fighting it in Nelse; and she generally wins her battles.

Now imagine the excitement in Hillsboro when Nelse begins to look about for a wife. It occurs to us that perhaps the handsome fellow's immense good humor and generosity are as good inheritance

as the avarice of priggish young Horace Gallatin, who never drinks a drop. But the main question is, will Nelse find a wife who will carry on his mother's work?

All Hillsboro wonders whether Nelse will marry Ellen Brownell, or Flossie Merton, the girl who came up from Montpelier to wait at the tavern, and who is said to have a taste for drink herself. Old Mrs. Perkins roused herself not long ago from the poverty of her last days and gave Ellen her cherished white silk shawl to wear at village parties; and, racked with rheumatism, the old woman sits up at night to see which girl Nelse is "beauing home." Could the most artfully contrived fiction more blessedly sweep the self-centered complainings of old age into vitalizing interest in the lives of others?

Could Æschylus himself have plunged us into a more awful desolation of pity than the day we saw old Squire Marvin being taken along the street to the insane asylum? All the self-made miseries of his life were in our minds, the wife he had loved and killed with the violence of a nature he had never learned to control, the children he had adored and spoiled and turned against, the people he had tried to benefit with so much egotistic pride mixed in his kindness that his favors made him hated. At sight of the end of all this there was no heart in Hillsboro that was not wrung.

Nor do we need books to help us feel the meaning of life, the meaning of death. Those in cities, living with feverish haste in the present only, cannot understand the comforting sense we have of belonging also to the past and future. Our own youth is not dead to us, as yours is, from lack of anything to recall it. The people we love do not slip quickly into that bitter oblivion to which the dead are consigned by those too hurried to remember. All their quaint and dear absurdities which make up personality are embalmed in the leisurely talk of the village, still enriched by all that they brought it.



❑ Mysteries and mythology of the common cold

Public Malady Number One

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Lois Mattox Miller

THERE IS scarcely a disease that doctors know they know less about, or laymen think they know more about, than the common cold. The ordinary citizen will tell the world just what he did for his cold and how he caught it — and in most cases he will be wrong.

If you really want to avoid those midwinter snuffles, don't go to Florida — go to the Arctic. A Johns Hopkins expedition headed by two doctors went to Spitzbergen to study the common cold. All winter long, with the thermometer below zero, none of the 507 people in the world's northernmost settlement had a cold. In May a passenger

ship arrived and a week later the town had 84 cases of cold; two months later 90 percent of the population were sneezing. Which proves that colds are caused not by low temperature but by contact with a cold-infected person.

But if you sit in a draft when you're perspiring, or wear wet clothes in chilly weather, aren't you almost sure to catch cold? Not necessarily. Professor Karl Chodounsky of Prague sat for five minutes in a bath heated to 112°, then stood naked for one hour before a window with the temperature at 36°. He failed to catch cold, so he wrung out a shirt soaked in

icy water, put it on, and sat for half an hour in a near-freezing draft. Still he didn't catch cold. Proving — after many similar hideous experiments — that there is no sure connection between catching a cold and the conditions most people believe are its commonest causes.

Cases of common cold outnumber any other disease 25 to 1. Yet no one has ever died from an uncomplicated cold, and because colds are comparatively trivial, medical science has rightly neglected them in favor of such mortal plagues as cancer, pneumonia, and tuberculosis. In recent years, however, the doctors have been working on this mystery, and have learned many important things — most of them negative. We know, for instance, from careful studies, that there are just as many epidemics in southern California as there are in windy Chicago; that the locomotive engineer in his drafty cab isn't as likely to catch cold as the passengers in the stuffy cars behind.

The important information on the positive side is that medical men are now pretty sure that colds are spread by sub-microscopic organisms known as "filterable viruses" — so-called because they are small enough to pass through a porcelain filter which will catch ordinary bacteria. This explanation of the origin of colds was clinched by careful experiments with chimpanzees conducted by Dr. A. R. Dochez at Columbia University.

The chimpanzees were kept cold-free in individual sterile rooms. Then one animal was infected with virus from a human cold. He caught cold, was brought into contact with another chimpanzee, and so from chimp to chimp the infection spread.

Our friendly, gregarious habits make the travels of this virus very rapid. We sneeze in crowded rooms, and the virus rides the air on tiny droplets until the next victim breathes it in. We convey the virus in a handshake or a kiss, or we leave it on the doorknob.

Experiments by Dr. Wilson G. Smillie, Professor of Public Health at Cornell University Medical College, have shown another important fact: when most of us are knee-deep in paper napkins and telling our friends to keep away, the virus is no longer a threat to others. It began to be a threat in the first stage, some hours before even the sufferer himself suspected a cold to be on the way. By the time it is recognized, friends and families may already have been exposed.

Scientists have worked hard to develop a vaccine against colds. It has not so far proved very successful. Dr. Yale Kneeland, of Presbyterian Hospital, New York, after vaccinating infants in an institution, found that the vaccinated babies had ~~less~~ severe colds than the unvaccinated, but just as many. At the Universities of Michigan and Minnesota, hundreds of students were vaccinated year after year,

some with real vaccine and some with a neutral fluid. The record was discouraging, some of the students who had been given the neutral fluid — which they were told was vaccine — reported fewer colds. Twenty thousand vaccinations among telephone employes showed little reduction in the number of colds. The most that can be said is that with certain individuals the vaccine evidently does work, and on the whole it seems to make colds lighter.

But what can the individual do? Very little. There is no evidence whatever that a good diet, or cod-liver oil, or vitamin pills, or the fad of ultraviolet radiation, or bare legs, or cold baths will of themselves prevent a cold. Keeping in good physical condition, with plenty of sleep, does help, and may prevent complications.

All right, since there is no practical way to prevent it, we've caught our cold — now how do we cure it? Most people, unhappy unless they can have specific remedies, concoct their own. Finding nothing in medical journals on cold folklore, I asked over 200 people of all kinds what they did. The answers give credibility to the medical axiom that when many remedies are recommended, none can be a real cure. I was told of alcohol packs, lemon juice ("to build up the white corpuscles"), bicarbonate, Rock and Rye, quinine, laxatives, mustard baths, skunk oil, sheep tallow, tur-

pentine — and of course liquor and several dozen patent medicines.

Doctors' recommendations are much less colorful. They advise you to take a hot bath, eat lightly, drink plentifully, keep your bowels open, and call in the doctor if you feel the need of medication. The doctor makes these recommendations not because he thinks they will cure your cold (he knows they won't), or because a cold is dangerous in itself, but because bacteria of great potential harm are always present in our mouths and throats, and when the common cold virus gets a foothold, the inflammation makes it easier for pneumonia and other infections to follow. The doctor also wants you in bed because there you will be less of a menace to others. Children should be kept in bed because colds affect them more severely than adults, and because a number of more serious diseases — measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria — often begin with symptoms that closely resemble a cold.

In their ignorance, laymen may be impatient at the little science knows about so silly and common an illness as the cold. But the doctors, who are busier at cold research than ever before, already know quite enough to prevent much of the damage and suffering caused by colds if laymen would only stop applying their pet remedies long enough to listen.

¶ A famous philosopher denies that this war will "destroy civilization in Europe"

The Real Threat: Not Bombs, But Ideas

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Lin Yutang

Chinese philosopher; author of "The Importance of Living,"
"My Country and My People," etc.

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IN THE PROGRESS of human civilization the arts of living and the arts of killing have always existed side by side. This seems to derive from the fact that in man the fighting instinct and the instinct for peaceful living are strangely mixed.

This is not to imply a state of human imperfection; it may be questioned whether the kind of civilization wherein man is so thoroughly tamed and domesticated that there is no more fight left in him would be worth having at all.

I am not trying to condone war, but am merely pointing out our biological heritage. In the biological world merciless wars have always existed side by side with the most persistent displays of love for the young and all those manifestations of courtship which produce beauty and which we know as the charm and fragrance of the flower, the caroling of the lark and the song of the cricket.

If it is somewhat disheartening to the student of nature that the most ruthless war is going on above ground and underground day and

night in what is apparently a peaceful forest, or to reflect that the kingfisher sitting on a branch so peacefully in a sunset has just returned from murder of an innocent minnow, it is also a source of comfort to know that nature's instinct to live is always overpowering and manages to stage a most impressive comeback after a natural disaster.

Now that Europe is once more ravaged by war, many foremost thinkers believe that civilization as we know it — meaning the arts, the religions, the common faiths of mankind, the conquests of science and the arts of living — will be destroyed. I beg profoundly to differ.

Knowing that the warring instinct is but another aspect of the instinct for living, I think the instinct for living is the stronger of the two and hence cannot be destroyed. Since that instinct cannot be destroyed, civilization, or the arts of living, cannot be destroyed.

Some English poets and French scientists may be killed by shrapnel and some valuable laboratory equipment, or even all of Oxford, may be wiped out.

Still, the underground Bodleian Library cannot be destroyed. Still, the scientific method will survive; it is inconceivable that all treatises and textbooks of science will disappear. Gramophone records and Chopin's music will still be there, because the love for music will still be there. The quality of manhood may suffer perceptibly from the slaughter of the flower of the nation. But so long as a nation is not completely annihilated, and no nation can be annihilated with the worst aerial bombings, modern civilization and all the heritage of the arts and the sciences will be carried on. Since Germany was not destroyed during the last war and the 20 years of depression and bankruptcy after it, and seems as strong and characteristically efficient today, certainly England and France cannot destroy her by the present war. After war and destruction the generous instinct for peaceful living, the creative forces of human ingenuity will restore Europe in an amazingly short period.

The lesson seems plain that mere physical violence never accomplishes anything. The destruction of Chinese schools, universities and cultural institutions by the Japanese in the present war could never be more systematic, more thorough and more physically complete. Yet it would be far-fetched to say that modern Chinese culture is thereby

destroyed. The professors and students of a university in Chekiang have marched a thousand miles overland from the southeast and reopened their classes in Southwest Yunnan.

Nothing is lost if man is not lost.

This leads to a subtler question. Modern civilization *would* be destroyed if the things that make for civilization, the things we take for granted — freedom of belief, the rights and liberties of the individual, democracy and faith in the common man — if these things were destroyed. Without war a totalitarian State which deprives men of these gifts of civilization and sets men as spies upon their fellow men has already begun to destroy civilization. The citizen of such a State has already lost privileges and liberties of thinking and living which the savages of Africa have always enjoyed and are still enjoying.

And so what threatens civilization today is not war, but the changing conceptions of life values entailed by certain political doctrines. These doctrines directly impinge upon man's ordinary, natural privileges of living. Only by recapturing the dream of human freedom and restoring the importance of the common man's liberties can that undermining threat to modern civilization be averted.

¶ A grateful farmer and a responsive community have given West Virginia a unique institution for the treatment of crippled children

Miracles at Milton

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

AN OLD FARMER tramped into a doctor's office at Huntington, West Virginia, one night 12 years ago, his lean, red face pinched with worry. A bachelor, he lived alone on a hilltop near the village of Milton, 20 miles away, but he had several nieces and nephews in Huntington, one of whom that week had been stricken with infantile paralysis.

"What news, Doc?" the farmer asked uneasily.

"Good news," the doctor answered. "We've caught it in time, I think. I believe she'll walk again."

"Walk? Say, Doc, if you can make that girl walk — I'll — I don't know what I'll do!"

A year later the girl was walking. The farmer came back.

"Doc," he said, "here's the deed to my farm, best 200 acres in the state. I'm givin' you all else I own, too. Not very much, just some cattle and implements, worth maybe a couple o' thousand dollars. But it's all yours, to use helping other kids like you helped ours. Maybe you could turn my old farmhouse into a hospital. It's shy a bathroom but you could put one in. I'll move

right out. There's a little tenant house on the place, where I can stay."

The farmer lived only four years more, but that was long enough for him to see the first 100 crippled children carried into his old farmhouse, long enough to see most of them come out walking. Some of them limped, to be sure. Some wore casts or braces. But they could work and play, tramp in the woods, go to school, grow into useful citizens.

Today a big modern orthopedic hospital stands on the farmer's hilltop. The "W. T. Morris Memorial" it is called, to honor the old bachelor who gave all he had, in order that paralyzed children might walk again. The little town of Milton (population 1800) owns the hospital. A board of villagers, aided by a state-wide committee, manages it. State and federal governments, towns and counties, lodges and service clubs, churches and women's clubs help support it. And shrewd small-town businessmen see to it that the farm's rich acres augment that support.

Seventy-five children, ranging

in age from one year to 18, occupy the beds in its sunny wards. All are victims of infantile or spastic paralysis, or other crippling disease.

Nearly 900 twisted, helpless children have been carried into the hospital in 10 years. All but a handful were so benefited that they were able to walk out, most of them to live happy, normal lives. Other institutions achieve the same results and by the same methods. Unique at Milton is the community spirit—and the rates.

Cost of treatment, nursing, medical care, food, education, everything—is \$14 a week. Parents pay if they can, and nearly half do. If they can't afford it, city, county or state pays.

The doctor to whom Walter T. Morris gave his farm a dozen years ago is Arthur Shade Jones, a gray-haired, sharp-featured orthopedist of 54. Born in North Carolina, a graduate of the University of Virginia, Dr. Jones opened a small private clinic in Huntington in 1921. He still maintains it, but devotes most of his time, energy, skill and enthusiasm, without pay, to the country hospital on the Morris farm. The villagers on the board, the medical advisory staff picked from doctors over the state, the hundred clubwomen, church and civic workers who assist them, all donate their time. Only a young doctor who gets \$200 a month as medical director, the bookkeeper, nine nurses and eight farm hands receive pay.

Just outside the wards, and under the same roof, are three pools of natural salt water in which the children swim. A new wing, with 75 more beds, operating rooms, a schoolroom and auditorium, is under construction. Like the main building, it is a WPA project. A quarry on the farm furnishes hard sandstone for the buildings, a salt-water well keeps the pools filled, and a gas well supplies fuel for heating and power.

Intensive farming on the 200 rolling acres makes profits which help finance the hospital. Three delivery routes dispose of the milk left over after the young patients have had all they need. The farm keeps the hospital supplied with bacon; an orchard, a berry patch and vineyard, and an immense truck garden bring fresh fruit and vegetables to hospital trays in season, and thousands of quarts a year are canned in the hospital kitchen by nurses, farm hands and volunteer helpers. Next summer, a new poultry yard will furnish all the eggs.

These farm profits and these volunteer services, added to extensive state and federal aid, make possible the \$14 rate.

"Infantile paralysis can't be helped overnight," Dr. Jones says. "It takes long hospitalization. There are a number of expensive institutions and lots of charity beds. But we aim between these two extremes. This hospital is man-

aged for the 80 percent of self-respecting Americans who cannot afford high-priced treatment yet hate to accept charity. We believe that good care at \$2 a day is the answer."

Clyde Harshberger, ruddy, elderly president of the Milton bank, heads the board. The mayor, who also is the town insurance agent, acts as secretary, and a local glass manufacturer as treasurer. A preacher, a merchant and a country doctor also are on the board. They are astonished when anyone asks whether the hospital helps the town.

"That's not the idea," Harshberger objects. "It's *Milton* that's doing the helping. We're helping every county in the state by giving them this hospital where they can afford to send their children."

Like most of the villagers, he visits the hospital often; like the others, his pride in it is touched with awe. He has seen so many small misshapen bodies carried into the wards, has watched the slow, astounding transformations, has seen thin arms fill out, bent legs straighten, flabby fingers become firm. He has stood by when "dying" children were rushed up the winding road and placed in the iron lung, and weeks or months later has seen these same children playing in the sunshine. It does no good for Dr. Jones to insist that these are not miracles, that such cures are duplicated in many hos-

pitals. The people of Milton know better; haven't they *seen* the miracles with their own eyes?

Ten years ago, when Morris moved out of his farmhouse, Dr. Jones and the neighbors began to remodel it. An oil company was tearing down old houses on corner lots in nearby towns and gave Jones the salvaged lumber. A kindly trucker hauled it to the farm. Villagers and farmers volunteered to help the carpenters erect two wings to be used as wards. The merchants of Milton dug into their pockets for the first \$800 to furnish the building and ever since have been contributing money, time and enthusiasm.

That old farmhouse burned several years ago, but the children already had been moved into the first wing of the new building. Many organizations have equipped rooms, bought furnishings, or helped to finance the purchase of supplies. Shriners bought the pipe for the salt-water system; American Legion posts did their bit. Each week the churches in the valley, in rotation, conduct Sunday school in the wards. Every young patient is either a Boy or Girl Scout, and village scoutmasters hold weekly meetings in the hospital. The barbers and hairdressers of West Virginia gave a completely equipped shop and beauty parlor, and volunteers journey to Milton each Monday to give free haircuts and permanents. Motion-picture distributors prom-

ise free movies as soon as the auditorium is finished, and for several years WPA teachers have conducted the hospital schools.

"These things are integral parts of the cure," Dr. Jones insists. "A girl with a permanent has more to live for than one with straggly hair. If a crippled boy is a full-fledged Scout, if he can attend Sunday school and the movies, he'll try to get well faster."

Although most of the children suffer pain, laughter is the sound most often heard in the wards. In spite of braces and casts, or weights pulling at deformed limbs, the hospital is a gay place. Discipline is largely self-administered, with "ward leaders" responsible. Even the children's games have curative value. A group of girls with crippled arms play jacks, a game requiring quick and skillful handwork. Four-year-old Marvin, from the feud country, plays with a toy rifle constantly, and the nurses don't object. His crippled fingers are getting limber again, squeezing the trigger. Some children knit, make baskets, learn to handle tools; one paints, another carves linoleum prints. Girls and boys far enough recovered to hold books in their hands read to those who must lie immobile. Hope and determination are the guiding forces in the wards.

One boy keeps the President's picture at his bedside.

"He beat it," he says, "just like I'm going to."

Each afternoon the children swim in the salt-water pools. The buoyant water supports their weight, takes the strain off weakened muscles, and romping, the youngsters learn to use damaged arms and legs. Nurses go into the pools with them, massage afflicted limbs. For newcomers too badly crippled to stay afloat there is a half-submerged stretcher which supports them while they make their first efforts to paddle.

Nearly every county in the state has been represented in the wards. Each month new patients come in, others are "graduated" — not all completely cured, but 98 percent of them immensely benefited. More than half reach the final stage of treatment, in the "hall of mirrors." This is a narrow, brightly lighted corridor with a tall mirror at each end. The children practice walking there, watching their posture, guarding against limps and shuffles, till pride and will power overcome the last traces of their infirmities. Most of those who do not reach this stage learn to get about somehow, learn to be self-reliant, self-sustaining, self-respecting human beings.

Thus the state of West Virginia, through the plain, kindly people of a small valley town, each day brings miracles to pass.

Eire's Neutrality

Condensed from *The Spectator*

Senator Frank MacDermot

IN THE Great War 50,000 Irishmen, the majority of them Nationalists and Catholics, lost their lives fighting in the British Army and Navy; but the memory of their sacrifice and Ireland's contribution has been obscured by the rebellion of 1916 and the victory of Sinn Féin. In the present war, Irish neutrality has been accepted without protest by the British Government, Press and public. That the Irish Cabinet acted in accordance with the wishes of the Irish people is beyond doubt; had they proposed to enter the war, they would have been defeated in Parliament and execrated in the country.

• Since our creation as a State we have obtained from Britain concession after concession, political and financial. While renouncing British citizenship in theory, we have been allowed to exercise its full privileges and have profited by them more than any of the Dominions. Our representative in London has been treated as one of the family and kept informed of every development in British foreign policy. Cabinet Ministers have held us up as a happy example of the effects of appeasement. At the end of it all we, alone among the self-governing countries of the

Commonwealth, stand aside in the hour of peril, the British Navy has to do without the use of Irish ports, so carefully provided for in the Treaty of 1921, and nobody complains or puts pressure on us to act differently.

This fact is the more remarkable when it is considered that we are militarily at the mercy of England; that her navy is our bulwark against aggression by others; that only by her favour and the bravery of her seamen can we obtain coal, petrol and other essentials; that our farmers live by the British market; and that the capital of our Government, our banks and our private citizens is largely invested in English Government securities and industrial undertakings. The Germans themselves predicted that we should be forced into the war by such considerations, and so we might have been if Britain had acted toward us upon Hitlerian principles.

So far our neutrality is recognized by both sides; I think it will continue to be respected. Germany cannot afford to anger the Irish-Americans. If she wishes to interfere with our exports to England, there are other ways than by bombing Dublin. Should there be an in-

fringement, it would probably be by submarines creeping into Western bays to buy food, or by some secret activities on the part of the German Legation in Dublin. As for Great Britain, her stand is taken and her naval strategy settled: Cóbh (Queenstown), Berehaven and Lough Swilly are left out of the picture. How much of a disadvantage this is to her I cannot pretend to estimate.

In economic and financial matters the Irish Government is doing everything to coöperate with Whitehall. Our own most vital interests require this. It would be a mistake, however, to idealize the quality of our neutrality. Some professional optimists have assured the British people that we are wholeheartedly in sympathy with them and that we understand they are fighting for freedom and justice. There are many Southern Irishmen in the forces of the Crown, and a minority here takes that view of the struggle, but it is not the prevailing view. Men do not readily admit that other men are doing their fighting for them: a neutral naturally takes the line that a war is not his affair — that he is too proud or too good or too oppressed to fight.

The section which desires a German victory is very small; Hitler has long been unpopular and has become more so since his pact with Russia. But the grievance of Partition continues to rankle, and has

helped us to the conclusion that this is a war between rival imperialisms. We are thus enabled to look on without embarrassment and, perhaps, even with a slight sense of moral superiority. The Hierarchy have published a statement regretting that Northern Ireland is not also neutral and suggesting that the war is Heaven's punishment of the world for its godlessness. If so, it seems a little hard that so far Russia and Germany should be the beneficiaries and Catholic Poland the victim.

The Press, in accordance with the wishes of the Government, avoids discussion of the merits of the conflict. News from both sides is published as a British, French or German "claim," as the case may be. If there is a dim perception that the downfall of the British Empire and the impoverishment of Great Britain would be a material disadvantage to us, it is not allowed to show itself. We have the novelty of a British representative here, but official cordialities toward him must be tempered with discretion, and he, alone of foreign representatives, has so far not ventured to fly the flag of his nation.

Things like these may be annoying to Englishmen, but it is far better they should know the truth now than that they should have unpleasant surprises later, provoking resentment and injuring Anglo-Irish relations. I believe the march of events will have a favourable

effect upon those relations, though while Partition continues, at least in its present form, they cannot be really good. But there is reason to hope that the war will bring home to the Admiralty and the War Office the strategic importance of Irish unity and, on the other hand, provide a liberal education for nationalist Irishmen in the identity of British and Irish interests.

Had we entered the war, every difficulty we encountered would have been imputed by troublemakers to our folly in doing so, and the fatal effects of subservience to England would be constantly re-

iterated. As it is, the only hope of troublemakers (cut off from foreign sources of funds) seems to lie in the possibility of widespread unemployment leading to disorder and anarchy.

For we, too, must fight a war of our own — a war created for us, in a measure, by our own neutrality in the greater war. We shall have no national services, no munition works, to give gainful occupation to the victims of economic dislocation. With our revenue shrinking and our taxation already too high, we must fight with all our power against our oldest and our grimmest enemy — whose name is Poverty.



Salute to the Milestone

MANY THINGS have been taken from us, but one has been restored: our sense of distance. We are back to footwork on pedal or the road, which means that a hill is once more a hill and a mile has ceased to be a fraction of time and is once more the Roman disciplinarian, the 1760 yards of our more briefly striding selves. We may curse the fact at times, but there are many ways in which we will discover the forgotten pleasures of the countryside.

The slow traveler meets the true character of the road, human and geographical. Now, having reached a place, we shall be under some compulsion to stop in it, instead of saying, "It's only

40 miles to So-and-So." The ability to "stay put," long a neglected quality, is again one of the more advantageous virtues.

So when we take the rolling English road in the new, slow style — on foot, cycle or horse — we shall regard with new interest and honour the weathered old milestone which tells us, as it has told so many anxious travelers, that we have covered four of our miles and still have six to go. Ten miles! Less than a quarter of an hour in the car, but now 17,600 yards, a journey which gives time to look around at people and things, and invites to rest and breathing-space and a little reflection.

— Ivor Brown in *The Manchester Guardian Weekly*

Democracy's New Mirror

Condensed from The Forum

Robert R. Updegraff

THE CHIEF WEAKNESS of our democracy, as Lord Bryce pointed out in *The American Commonwealth*, is that it lacks a way of discovering how the public stands on any given issue or personality except by infrequent elections or expensive referendums. "The machinery for weighing or measuring the popular will from week to week or month to month," he went on to observe sadly, "has not been, and is not likely to be, invented."

Bryce had prophetic vision but insufficient faith. For today, 50 years after these words were written, we have the machinery. It is popularly symbolized at the moment by Dr. George Gallup's American Institute of Public Opinion and by *Fortune's* survey of public opinion.

With these two mirrors over America, we no longer need to take the word of Presidents or politicians, editors or lobbyists. There are, for instance, 20 powerful self-interest groups in Washington whose Congressional influence may be weakened by the polls. A few months ago representatives of a

militant minority went before a Congressional committee to demand, "in the name of the people," that a certain bill be killed. "But the Gallup poll shows the people want this bill," said a member of the committee. And the delegation shortly found itself out in the corridor wondering why it had made the trip!

Not long ago I went to find out how Washington felt about the polls. I talked with Senators, Representatives, newsmen, lobbyists, column writers, candidates for the Presidency, politicians, and bureaucrats.

This is what I found: that from the White House to the Hill, and down through the departments and bureaus, Washington follows the polls — avidly. "Are they taken seriously?" I asked. "Very," everyone agreed.

I slipped into the Senate gallery. Senator Bilbo had the floor. Hardly was I settled in my seat when I heard him say, "Mr. President, my amendment is an attempt to meet the demand of the American people as it has been evidenced by various polls taken by Dr. Gallup." *The*

Congressional Record is liberally sprinkled with the name Gallup, and the *Fortune* survey has figured importantly in Congressional debates.

The attitude of members of Congress ranges from the feeling that the polls are "a great instrument of democracy" to the conviction that they are "the most dangerous development in our political history."

Here are common objections:

That the man in the street may be capable of judging between this or that man, but he cannot be expected to decide intelligently on an abstract issue.

That publishing the vote on any issue tends to "set" the public mind and discourage debate.

That the polls on candidates threaten to supplant party conventions. "The next Presidential candidates will be nominated by Dr. George Gallup," one Congressman told me heatedly.

That the sample is not large enough to be representative.

To these arguments students of public opinion polls counter:

Concerning the unfitness of the masses to pass on abstract issues, a politician summed up dryly: "They've been doing that right along, every election day for a century and a half."

As to the sample not being large enough, that objection is answered on election day: the polls are either right or they are not. To date their record has been excellent. *Fortune's*

forecast of the popular vote in the 1936 Presidential election was accurate within seven tenths of one percent! Gallup predicted electoral college votes. He was off by just one state in his "sure" column.

The objection that public opinion polls might supplant the national party conventions was brushed aside by a hard-shell Republican: "Perhaps they ought to. The conventions have been notorious for not reflecting the will of rank-and-file voters."

In rebuttal to the objection that the polls tend to "set" people in their decisions, one politician declared: "On the contrary, they are made before the public mind gets too set, and they tell us fellows how to work to the best advantage. The polls stir up more debate, centered on the really important issues."

Not a few Congressmen are confused by the polls. "I'm elected to represent my district," one earnest member of the House told me, "and I figure that being down here where I can look into all aspects of a bill or an issue I should speak for my constituents, not they for me. I aim to be a leader, not a rubber stamp."

Friends of the polls point out realistically that in the past there has been more logrolling than leadership; that Representatives have not truly represented — perhaps because it has been too hard to find out just what their constituents wanted. To trust to his party friends, or to the articulate minor-

ity which writes or wires, is not true representation.

Almost everyone opposed to the polls concludes as a clincher, "I've never known a single individual who has actually been interviewed." Gallup smiles at that one. "Even in a 10,000 sample, weekly, we wouldn't be covering more than 500,000 in a year out of 60,000,000 eligible voters. The probability of striking you or your neighbor is remote."

During the last session of Congress a resolution was introduced by Representative Pierce of Oregon to investigate the polls, and he also introduced a bill to prohibit the use of the mails for straw votes. His objection is: "One person out of five will always vote on what promises to be the winning side."

Gallup points out that if this theory were correct, then between the publication of a forecast and election day there would be a rise of 20 percent in the popularity of the winning candidate. Actually there is *never* any such rise. This checks with the experience of Elmo Roper, who engineers the *Fortune* survey and whose 1936 prediction was made a month before election.

In Washington I encountered the firm belief that sooner or later the public opinion polls will flop on an election, as did *The Literary Digest*. Roper and Gallup feel that there is only a remote possibility of this, except for the chance that some political blunder, or other dramatic event, will switch voters at the last

minute. Gallup estimates that the Roosevelt speech on the eve of the New York gubernatorial election of 1938 changed one percent of the voters from Dewey to Lehman, literally at the eleventh hour. The Institute had publicly given the edge to Dewey, but Gallup made a hasty small-sample recheck the next day, and on the night before election came out with a revision calling the change with amazing accuracy.

It has been predicted that the undecided voter will one day be the Waterloo of the polls, but both Gallup and Roper find, in checking scores of elections, that on election day the "undecideds" invariably divide almost equally between the candidates.

The Institute has now covered 125 state and local elections to perfect its technique. It was wrong in six state elections in 1936 but it has not been on the wrong side in a single election since.

Dr. Gallup's Institute has a regular field staff of approximately 700. They are instructed on just how many people to interview in each of six main classifications and a score of secondary classifications, to get an accurate cross-section.

Roper has a staff of 80-odd trained interviewers. In New Hampshire I talked with one of them. She is a farmer's wife, a Wellesley graduate of 1915. I have known her for 10 years. Day after day she goes out in her car "surveying," calling

on 79 people each month, divided between men and women, old and young, in each of the economic groups specified in her instructions.

For 1940 Gallup will carry his sample as high as 60,000, and some 900 interviewers will be employed. But neither Gallup nor Roper thinks the number of people interviewed is as important as the proper cross-section. Elaborate precautions must be taken to secure the views of rich and poor, old and young, men and women, farmers and city dwellers, persons of all religious faiths and all political parties in every state. And all must be included in correct proportion. "A thousand people would tell the story," Gallup says, "if we could be sure of the right one."

Opinion sampling began in the field of commerce and industry, but even there the science is still in infancy. Merchants or manufacturers in the future will guess less and less about their products or services, or their relations with their workers. They will carry on public-opinion audits in the matter-of-fact way they now audit their books. "There is no reason," says Gallup, "why even a neighborhood merchant should not *know* what the people of his neighborhood think of his store, and run it accordingly."

Election forecasting is the spectacular side of mirroring public opinion, but it is the week-by-week reflection of the public mind on the important questions affecting public welfare which gives the new tech-

nique its greatest potential value. "Events do not wait on elections, nor does public opinion stay put," says Gallup. "New facts and factors are being introduced constantly, and we need to know the people's will at all times."

Both polls are repeating several questions relating to our attitude toward the war, in identical form at regular intervals, so that at any time the exact state of the public's will may be known to Congress and the President. Such knowledge of the impact of events and propaganda on public opinion was not available during the critical months of the Wilson administration. Certainly the polls are being watched in Washington as never before, and across the seas as well.

If eventually we should be drawn into the war, both Gallup and Roper are emphatic in stating that they would suspend before they would permit their polls to be corrupted for propaganda purposes.

Would serious failure in an election forecast be the doom of these public opinion polls? By no means; any more than the death of a dozen patients ended medicine's determined efforts to prevent infection. Gallup and Roper would regard such a failure merely as an unfortunate setback, and methodically go about finding a way to eliminate the error. For these two pioneers look upon the sounding of public opinion not as a clever guessing game but as an infant science.

The Indigestible Czechs

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Edwin Muller

ON NOVEMBER 15 at dawn nine Czech students were taken to an airport outside Prague and mowed down by German bullets before hundreds of their schoolmates escorted there to witness the object lesson. Two nights previously German troops had stormed three colleges in Prague with machine guns, imprisoned 1200 students, and sent to hospitals an undetermined number of wounded.

Why should mere demonstrations by college boys provoke such brutality? Why should Hitler send three divisions of the Elite Guards, complete with artillery, into Prague? Why did Heinrich Himmler, head of all German police, hasten there, declaring martial law? And why do the Nazis periodically take pains to assure the world that all is quiet in the former Republic of Czechoslovakia?

The answer is not far to seek if one has observed the Czechs, as I have, since Hitler destroyed their government last March. Just before the present war broke out I went to Prague to learn what I could of the Czechs' reported obstructionism and sabotage.

I found a people unhappy but not crushed, and engaged in a wily,

persistent campaign of passive resistance. I learned of Czech postmen delivering illegal pamphlets, of Czech policemen warning people of impending arrest, of tax collectors advising against paying taxes, of farmers withholding their crops, of German goods boycotted, of factory production slowed down or botched, of deliveries to the Reich interfered with in every sort of way.

And I found the German conquerors exasperated by the problem of combatting a resistance that they could not see but only feel. The recent killings in Prague are evidence of their exasperation. The Germans must have been actually relieved that at last something outright happened that they could answer in kind.

I had plenty of trouble getting into Prague. The Germans have no desire to let the world know what is going on. My train was almost deserted. In my compartment was a German salesman, who told me that since the occupation his market had been nearly destroyed. He was baffled. "The Czechs are pig-headed," he said. "They will not coöperate." You can't make people coöperate at the point of a bayonet.

Later in Prague I saw for myself.

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I talked with dozens of Czechs, Germans and foreign observers. It all adds up to a consistent picture of resistance that the Germans can't grasp or deal with, that slides away from them like quicksilver.

The Protectorate was a cheerless place. Hotels were empty except for German commercial freebooters and Gestapo leaders. There were no tourists. The stagnation of Prague was in sharp contrast to the brisk, businesslike hum I had noticed during earlier visits.

Now I could not go for a walk without encountering some evidence of deep resentment beneath the appearance of Czech subservience. If a German entered a store to buy something, it was always out of stock. Or the clerk did not understand German. In Czech restaurants, Germans found it almost impossible to catch a waiter's eye. The Czechs are taking delight in such trifling outward signs of their dogged passive resistance. An old man went up to a German soldier in a café and, with a smile, handed him a seidel of beer and spoke to him in Czech. The soldier understood not a word, but from the other's signs gathered that he was being invited to drink a toast. This he gladly did, shaking the old man's hand heartily. If he had understood Czech, he would have known that he was drinking to the early destruction of the Reich and all its works, especially the army.

A movie audience broke into ap-

plause when a forthcoming feature was announced on the screen: "The German Reich — Great World Power." For the proprietor had added a line: "For a few days only." In another movie a newsreel speech of Hitler was drowned in a storm of coughing, and when the German army goose-stepped across the screen the audience roared. Children streamed through the streets, exaggerating the goose step and shouting, "*Heilt Hitler!*" which, in Czech, means, "Curse Hitler!"

On the day that all receipts of the Prague streetcars were to be given to the German Winter Help Fund, the Czechs walked to work or rode in taxis.

To the casual observer these things may seem merely like making futile faces at the enemy. But to one who has been in Prague and felt their cumulative effect, they take on significance. They are part of the freemasonry of contempt the Czechs use against the conquerors. They are symptomatic of a bitterness that goes much deeper and expresses itself in far more overt ways.

In the great Skoda armament works the Czech superintendents and engineers were replaced by Germans. But the shop foremen are still Czechs. A group of workmen stop for their afternoon coffee. They've been working on a big gun, which is not yet cool. One of them looks around cautiously, then pours a pot of coffee down the

bore. When the gun cools off the flaw can't be detected, but the first time it is fired it will be put out of commission. Essential machine-gun parts disappear. Artillery shells turn out to be defective. A little sugar is poured in machine oil; it dissolves and can't be easily detected, but later it burns out a bearing. Mysterious short-circuits paralyze the Vitkovice steel and iron works. Widespread damage has been done to precision machinery that the Germans need. When a box marked "Fragile" is consigned to Germany it is almost certain to be dropped by some Czech laborer. Goods for the Reich are deliberately consigned to wrong addresses.

Resistance concentrates on the communication system. Freight cars are left on the wrong sidings, rails are torn up or obstacles placed on the tracks. On narrow highways Czech drivers wreck their trucks frequently. No one is hurt, but traffic is tied up for hours. Telephone wires are cut time after time.

Czech farmers have reduced their plantings and withheld harvested crops. The farmer is expected to supply butter, urgently needed in Germany. But, instead of churning his milk, he feeds it to the pigs.

Dead-pan resistance, I found, extends into all branches of Czech life. The Germans brought their complicated office systems with them. So each Nazi petty official is harried by waiting lines of Czechs asking, apparently in good faith, how to fill

out this form or that. Then the Czechs bring the forms back filled out all wrong and ask more questions.

A pamphlet, widely distributed by underground methods, is called "The Twenty Rules." It gives specific instructions in noncoöperation and tells how best to annoy the Germans without provoking violence.

Shortly after Hitler moved in, a Czech radio station broadcast a famous Czech fairy tale. It was the story of a greedy giant who could never stop eating. At first he ate just a few people, then he ate towns and at last his insatiable appetite made him eat whole countries. But greediness brought its retribution. A small pain became a great pain until at last the giant died in agony.

This tale landed the announcer in prison, but it electrified the nation and the people were still re-telling it when I was in Prague. The Czechs have set about to be Hitler's belly-ache. That they are succeeding is evident not only from the latest reports of noncoöperation but also from the otherwise inexplicable severity of German repressive measures. When Hitler shot those college students in November, he was trying to teach a lesson to a rebellious and recalcitrant people. There may be little chance of any effective revolt in the Protectorate, but the Czechs — who have had years of experience at this game — will continue to harass their conqueror with "pig-headed" noncoöperation.

A Three-Minute War

Condensed from Blackwood's Magazine

R. E. C.

IN 1914, the ruler of a small, remote hill State in India, feeling that King George V, whom he had met two years before at the Delhi Durbar, was a personal friend, offered to lead his men on the battlefields for the Allies. The offer was reckoned impracticable. The ruler's country was one whose culture, though high and ancient, had had no experience with modern ways, least of all, war. But the ruler was determined to help the King Emperor somehow. Learning of the Viceroy's Fund, he raised a sum which represented no little effort and sacrifice for a country far from wealthy. Though the official acknowledgment of the gift gave universal satisfaction throughout the country, the ruler was still concerned lest it be too small to be of much assistance. Summoning a visiting Englishman, who had arrived with a permit to hunt for flowers, he asked for news of the war.

The visitor, with the aid of a map of the world and an interpreter, finally succeeded in conveying to the ruler some idea of a war whose size almost passed his belief. The country's contribution, stated the visitor, was enough to run the whole of the Allied front for a period of three minutes. The ruler was

disappointed. "Alas!" he said. "Obviously my contribution will be of very little help to the Raj."

Then the visitor had an idea: Why not allocate a definite three minutes in which the little country would fight the whole of the battle and bear the entire cost itself? It was a good plan. A day was fixed, the propitious time being from high noon.

Shortly before the appointed hour, a solemn procession approached the visitor's camp. The ruler entered and produced a watch which he asked to be set to the correct time. Both men sat in silence as the hands drew close together; as they slid one over another the ruler made a sign to an attendant, who in turn signalled through the door.

At once the first low throbbing of monastery drums and the booming of low-toned trumpets came stealing through the valley, mounting in volume and reverberating among the hills. Into the drums crept the chimes of many gongs, and as the music swelled and ebbed the cadences of voices chanting in chorus mingled and united with the instruments into sublime surges of sound. Three minutes elapsed. At another sign the music ceased abruptly. The silence after the tumult

tuous crescendo was impressive; one felt that the cry of a nation's soul was bound to reach and affect the infinite.

The visitor traveled on to a valley far away on the boundary. On the return journey he received word that "should the feet hasten, the quicker return would give great pleasure" to those who awaited him. Gaily caparisoned mules were staged along the road to enable him to hurry. He was met by the ruler and a crowd of courtiers, beaming with pleasure.

Through an interpreter, he learned that news had come that on the date of the three minutes' ceremony the Allied forces had advanced and taken a small sector on the western front — and held it. Most wonderful of all: the advance was made at noon! The whole State rejoiced in the luck that had let them run the war for three minutes . . . and WIN. Real, useful help for the King Emperor.

When the visitor left the country, everyone was working to raise money for another three minutes.



❧ Little Dramas of the Courtroom — I —

The Daughter Who Was Slapped

By Henry H. Curran

New York City Magistrate

THE NIGHT COURT is no place to smooth out the kind of family trouble that calls for tact, delicacy and insight. It is no place for the family that lives gently and does the best it can to keep the fires of affection burning amid the ashes of hard times. To such the Night Court is a compound of smell, noise, dirt, drunkenness, and sweating people, in a big, bare, dingy room.

In that pile of human jackstraws the usual platoon of bums from

the Bowery appeared one midnight. Unshaved, dirty, drunken, down and out, they went on their way to jail like a shadow parade of the hulks of sunken ships. Their collective smell fouled the air.

The clerk called the next case and there emerged from behind the departing bums the strangest little couple I had seen that night. Father and daughter, she in her teens, they came timidly forward under the dim light, the father on one side of the policeman, the daughter

on the other. I could see that they had never been in a court like this.

The daughter, pale, thin, with bright black eyes, began the story. With a pretty toss of her head to call up courage, she told me her father had hit her. She seemed scared of her own words, sounding so harsh in this strange place.

"Hit you, or slapped you?" I asked, with a grin of invitation. She smiled just a little.

"Slapped me, Judge."

"Dear, dear. Really slapped you? Your father did that?"

"Yes, he did," she snapped back at me.

I turned to the father, who stood very straight and looked at me squarely from under his gray hair.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"Because, Judge, I went suddenly wild from the — from the radio day and night, the everlasting fussing all the time, the talk, talk, talk, the keeping the lights burning using up money —"

"Much money?" I quizzed.

"Judge, it seems like a lot — even five cents seems a lot — or two cents. We're on relief. I can't get a job. I've tried and tried. I'm sixty. And I'm tired. I'm around the house all day. She would not obey me, and —"

"Wait," I said, turning to the daughter, who was about to interrupt in contradiction. "And now —" I paused as I looked at her. "Tell me," I asked slowly, "do you want me to punish your father? To send

him to jail? I can do it."

She seemed suddenly whiter. "Jail — jail? Oh, no, no," she begged, her hands clenched as she leaned forward.

I could see the father trying to keep the tears back, but still looking sturdily at me, as though facing a firing squad. "Promise me," I said to him quietly, "that you will never strike your daughter again. Promise?"

"I promise, Judge."

Before they could think, I tried the daughter again. "Will you forgive your father?" I asked gently.

She paused. "Yes," she said, almost in a whisper, as though talking to herself. Then she broke from the little line, darted around the big policeman, and threw her arms about her father's neck, kissing him as though she could think of nobody else in the world. It was very unusual, for the Night Court.

I noticed how silent the crowded courtroom had become as the strange tableau unrolled. Even the uniformed policemen, waiting for their cases, were looking uncomfortably straight ahead. With both hands I waved to father and daughter to go home.

"God bless you!" I called after them. That was the sentence. A judge has to impose sentences.

"Next case!" called the clerk explosively. "Officer Riley and ten peddlers!"

The Night Court was itself again.

☛ The world's richest radium field, discovered by
a lone prospector near the Arctic Circle in Canada

Radium Eldorado

Condensed from "North Again for Gold"

Edgar Laytha

+

IN 1930, there were in all the world only 300 grams of radium. It had taken 20 years to produce this store—about two thirds of a pound, avoirdupois. Priced at \$70,000 a gram, it was worth \$21,000,000. Comparatively few hospitals could afford to acquire radium, yet the production—35 grams a year—was not enough to meet the demand.

Now the world supply is 800 grams and the price is \$25,000 a gram. Many more hospitals have radium, and the supply, though still inadequate to fill orders, is increasing by 150 grams a year.

One man is largely responsible for this beneficent change—Gilbert La Bine, explorer and prospector, whose vision and tenacity opened a new treasure trove in Canada's sub-Arctic wilderness. He is just turning 50. Son of a country doctor, he left home at 15 to go into the wilds. His brother Charles, a year younger, went with him. First they worked in the woods, but soon turned prospectors, caught by the fever of the great 1905 silver strike at Cobalt, 50 miles away. Too young to get licenses, they saved

their wages and bought from two disappointed sourdoughs the privilege of prospecting under their papers. Gilbert La Bine made his first silver strike before he was 16, sold it for \$5000, found another in ten months and refused \$25,000 for it only to discover, when he tried to develop the property, that it wasn't rich enough to pay.

The La Bine brothers prospected all over the provinces. Gilbert was the explorer, Charles the businessman who scared up the money in Toronto or Montreal. For 20 years the mines Gilbert found and Charles financed made others rich, but the brothers kept only a small interest in them, putting all their money back into prospecting.

In 1913, Dr. W. G. Miller, a government geologist, lectured Canadian prospectors on the new ore, pitchblende, from which Mme. Curie extracted radium. He thought it ought to occur near cobalt deposits and therefore should be found in Ontario. He particularly urged his young friends the La Bines to look for it. Gilbert La Bine imported samples from Bohemia, and began a search for pitchblende with

high hope. In 1916, hearing of a strike 250 miles east of Toronto, he raced to the scene by taxi, only to discover that the ore did not contain enough radium to make mining profitable. As the years passed his hope of discovering good ores faded.

In 1926, Gilbert made a real gold strike in Manitoba. Toronto went wild; shares in his "Eldorado Gold Mines, Ltd." sold like hot cakes. Early yields were sensational. Gilbert La Bine no longer slept under the open sky; he built a big house in Toronto. But after a year, Eldorado suddenly ran into low-grade ore. The brothers proposed that the mine be shut down and that the \$200,000 in the treasury remain untouched. Gilbert La Bine would go prospecting at his own expense; when he found a new and better mine, the \$200,000 would give it a start. The stockholders agreed.

Gilbert sat for hours in his study before the geological map of Canada which almost covered one wall. He had prospected in the Hudson's Bay country, in British Columbia, in Manitoba, in Ontario. Where to go? One evening his small son climbed to his shoulder and pressed his hand on the highest point he could reach. "What's there?" he demanded. He had laid his palm on Great Bear Lake.

La Bine began to study every scientific report, every survey party journal, every adventurer's tale about the Northwest Territories.

One night, during the third week of his research, Mrs. La Bine was awakened by his shout, "I'll get it out! I'll get it out!"

Then she had to listen while her husband excitedly read the report of a survey party which in 1900 had seen pink specks that looked like cobalt indications on the cliffs on Great Bear Lake. "Where there's cobalt, there's silver," he said.

La Bine sought out the one man who could help him. Leigh Brintnell, Canada's best bush flier, was the only pilot who had ever flown over Great Bear Lake's 12,000 square miles. Brintnell had given up wilderness flying; he was a well-paid airline executive. But he had known La Bine for years. He would go. But it would take two months to get Indians to dog-sledge gasoline to various caches along the route.

In August 1929, Brintnell landed La Bine on the ice on the western arm of the lake. Three weeks later, when a flier came back to pick him up, the prospector was discouraged. "There's copper here," he said, "but too low grade to pay for transportation."

When they took off La Bine asked the pilot to skim the shore once more, while he studied the rocks with field glasses.

Suddenly he cried out in excitement, "There — look!"

Even the pilot could see a cliff sprinkled with every imaginable color — blue, green, yellow, pink.

"I think I've found it," La Bine

said. "There is certainly silver there, and cobalt, and gold. But a lone man can't possibly go over this difficult terrain. We'll come back. . . ."

In Toronto, La Bine had his troubles. Everybody thought mining in the Far North impossible. But at last La Bine found a partner in Charles St. Paul, an old friend and a veteran prospector. In April 1930, the two flew back to Great Bear with 1600 pounds of provisions and equipment. Systematically they searched the coast, dragging their own toboggan, unable to get dogs. There were days when storm and cold kept them prisoners in the tent. Bad luck dogged them. St. Paul became snow-blind and lay for weeks in his sleeping bag, with aching, inflamed eyes. Gilbert kept on alone.

May became June; with knapsack and hammer Gilbert marched northward, toward a wilderness of cliffs within the Arctic Circle. And then a miracle was revealed to him. He came upon a highway of silver — a broad strip of native metal, wide as a two-way road and almost without impurities. With his hammer, La Bine got out pieces weighing 80 or 100 pounds. Further on he discovered other deposits, just as pure. The veins reached out indefinitely.

This discovery ranked with the greatest finds of the past 800 years. Beaming with joy Gilbert started back to his tent, his knapsack full

of silver. About a mile from camp, the dazzling sunlight revealed the brilliant colors of a rocky promontory — yellow, green and blue, pink and black. It was the cliff he had seen from the air. He counted the metals in the rock: cobalt, silver, gold, copper, bismuth . . . and suddenly reached for a black stone as big as a plum. It was pitchblende, the ore he had sought in vain for a decade. Nearby he found a second vein, a third, a fourth — all apparently of highest grade.

The sensational silver highway was nothing compared to this precious pitchblende. Even if it was not so rich as Mme. Curie's, which yielded a \$70,000 gram of radium from eight tons of ore, it would still be worth mining and transporting from the Arctic Circle, La Bine reflected as he stood there.

"Fine day, isn't it?"

La Bine turned in amazement. A little man in a white caribou leather parka, with a gun, had suddenly materialized from nowhere. "I thought you were a bear," he explained. "I almost took a shot."

Nere Roberts, the little trapper, went back to La Bine's camp with him. St. Paul, recovered from his snow blindness, ran out to meet them. It was a long time before the three men went to sleep. And no wonder, for they had radium in their hands.

La Bine and St. Paul laid out a plan. Charles La Bine was expected soon. After he arrived with supplies

and a crew of men, everyone should go to work with a pick, and mine ore for eight weeks. Roberts would go to the nearest fort and telegraph for a freight plane to take samples to testing laboratories. Meanwhile they would stake the most promising claims.

It was summer, 1930. By the next spring, they would have a good idea of the construction needed. By August 1931, they could sink a shaft and bring machinery up the Mackenzie River. The mine could be producing by the end of 1932.

It came out according to plan. Laboratory reports exceeded expectations. The mere samples were worth \$50,000, though the radium would have to be coaxed out of the ore by an expensive process that nobody in Canada understood.

• Before the autumn freeze-up, the two brothers flew out to raise money. Toronto fêted them; the press printed fabulous stories of radium and silver on Great Bear Lake. But investors refused to be stampeded. Even the shareholders of the former "Eldorado Gold Mines, Ltd." accepted the new enterprise only after tedious negotiations. That put \$200,000 at the La Bines' disposal. Who would furnish the other \$300,000 needed?

Canadian investors will buy few mining stocks without a report from the Department of Mines. When such a report appeared, months later, its conclusions were

discouragingly conservative. The brothers did not give up. They divided the continent between them, Charlie to get money in Canada, Gilbert in the United States. And at last, investors listened.

Speed was necessary when La Bine landed at Great Bear in the spring of 1931, for on this costly spot \$500,000 might swiftly evaporate. Gilbert daringly flung hundreds of thousands into the scale. The Mackenzie River freight boats were too slow so he sent much of the ore out by plane. Workmen, machines and provisions were flown in. To pay the expenses of the mining crew Gilbert sold silver for cash.

That summer, the official who had been so cautious in his first report flew to Great Bear himself. His enthusiastic second report started a stampede to the scene. The next spring six planes made regular trips, with capacity loads of men and materials. By summer's end, 1932, over 100 tons of pitchblende, hiding radium worth \$700,000, was piled up on the dock of the Eldorado camp. Gilbert had hoped to take the first gram of radium outside in his own hands. But 60 tons of chemicals, he learned, were necessary to extract a gram of radium from 10 tons of their pitchblende. It was far cheaper to ship the ore out than to try to refine it on the spot. La Bine sent it across the lake in freight boats; at the rapids on Great Bear River 50

Hare Indians, fed all the previous winter at La Bine's expense to build up their strength, carried the precious sacks over the eight-mile portage, and stowed them in scows on the Mackenzie River. From there the 3500-mile journey, by water and rail, was easy.

The experimental period was over. What ore could be knocked out of the veins with a pick was exhausted, and now La Bine needed a mine. He uttered his wish, and the mine literally floated in on scows and river steamers. By the end of 1932 the mine at La Bine Point was producing. A million dollars' worth of high-grade pitchblende was already on hand. Now it was time to get radium.

Fundamentally the extraction process was open to anybody. But as the Belgians had perfected its use on an industrial basis, the Eldorado Gold Mines turned to them with an urgent request for help. The Belgians did not lift a finger.

The situation was acute. The mine at La Bine Point was working 24 hours a day. Over a million dollars lay piled up in rough sacks in an empty paint factory at Port Hope; orders amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, from all parts of the British Empire and the United States, had been received. Buyers were ready to pay \$70,000 a gram; and La Bine could not make delivery.

And then a hand reached across the sea.

Monsieur Marcel Pochon, the owner of a small radium refinery in France, read about the Canadians' difficulties. A pupil of the Curies, he said all radium men should work together to give their boon to the world. He himself had devised a new and even cheaper method of refining radium. Liquidating his factory, Pochon came to Canada with his entire equipment and began at once to transform the old Port Hope factory into a modern radium plant. He taught the Canadians how to get the radium out of the pitchblende with 33 chemical steps instead of 45.

That same year the Belgians lowered the price from \$70,000 to \$50,000 a gram. Pochon flew at once to La Bine Point and convinced himself that the mine could operate at the new price.

In 1933 Canada produced three grams of radium; in 1935 eight and a half grams; and in 1936 fifteen and a half grams.

Then the Belgians again lowered the price of radium, to \$25,000.

This news was both crushing and inspiring. For Gilbert La Bine, a simple Canadian prospector, had tumbled the price of radium down. The drop was splendid from the humanitarian point of view. But how was he to produce radium for \$25,000 a gram when his business was just able to come out with a whole skin at \$50,000?

He was reassured when two new veins were tapped at the mine indi-

cating new ore worth \$10,000,000. It was phenomenal. But the ore was nowhere near as high grade as in the first years. It would require new machines at the mine, new means of transportation, and an entirely new refinery with a large ore capacity. For this, at least \$3,000,000 was necessary — at once.

The price-cut shocked shareholders and everybody in Toronto buttoned down his pockets. Rumors were circulated about a supposed Belgian secret reserve of several hundred grams of radium which could be dumped on the market at any time and any price. At this dark hour dynamic Harry Snyder, Chicago oil magnate, enlisted in the Canadian-Belgian radium war. Snyder, who had followed every step of La Bine's enterprise, bought a large block of shares himself, and he brought other customers from the oil business with him.

Eldorado, refreshed with funds, bought two new Diesel-powered vessels to bring out big loads of ore. It increased the working force at La Bine Point from 60 to 100 men, and deepened the mine 400 feet. The costly transportation of ore by air, abandoned years before, was

resumed with the company's own plane of five tons' capacity, to get large quantities of concentrate as quickly as possible to the enlarged Port Hope refinery.

In 1937 Canadian production rose to 24 grams, and in 1938 leaped to a new high of 70 grams, twice what all the rest of the world produced. And now Eldorado is working on a yearly basis of 108 grams.

In 1937 Canada was unable to fill orders amounting to \$500,000. In 1938, \$800,000 worth of deliveries had to be put over to the following year. At the end of 1939 rush orders for more than a million dollars will have to wait. Canada is master of the radium market. But the price holds at \$25,000. The La Bines do not believe anyone can produce for less; from any known deposit of ore.

Doctors and radiologists have dreamed of the day when the precious mineral could be distributed to meet needs throughout all the world. That is, of course, still a dream, but it is a dream which, because of the courage and perseverance of one Canadian prospector, has moved measurably closer to reality.



At a particularly loud clap of thunder, a lady walking along a London street involuntarily and visibly started. "It's all right, lidy," said a passing urchin. "It ain't 'Itler, it's Gawd."

— Janus in *The Spectator*

Personal Glimpses

Woollcott Goes to War

THERE HAS never been another war correspondent in the least like Alec Woollcott. It was not my good fortune to see him in action, but the late William Slavens McNutt once gave me a vivid description.

"All hell had broken loose in a valley just below us," said McNutt, "and I was taking cover in a ditch as Alec and Arthur Ruhl ambled briskly past me on their way into action. Alec had a frying pan strapped to his waist, and an old gray shawl was flung around his shoulders. Whenever it was necessary to duck from a burst of shellfire Alec would place the shawl carefully in the middle of the road and sit on it. I saw that Ruhl and Alec were having a terrific argument, and managed to catch up in time to find out what men would quarrel about at such a moment. Suddenly we all had to fall flat, but while still reclining on his belly Woollcott turned and said:

"I never heard anything so preposterous. To me Maude Adams as Peter Pan was gay and spirited and altogether charming as the silver star on top of the tree on Christmas morning."

— Heywood Brown in N. Y. World-Telegram

Charles M. Schwab Addresses Nobility

WHEN Charles M. Schwab was presented with the Bessemer Medal by the British Iron and Steel Institute in 1928 it was a most solemn occasion. The toastmaster prefaced all his announcements — "dinner is served," "let us say grace," etc. — with the

words: "Mr. President, Your Excellencies, My Noble Lords and Gentlemen," and used the same form when introducing the speakers after dinner. Mr. Schwab, when called upon, said, even more solemnly than the toastmaster:

"Mr. President, Your Excellencies, My Noble Lords and Gentlemen." Then, after thoroughly mopping his brow, he added: "Thank God that's over. You see, at home I would start like this: 'Well, boys.'"

The British solemnity dissolved in cheers.
— Wall Street Journal

Fritz Kreisler Is Reminded

WALKING WITH a friend one day, Fritz Kreisler passed a large fish shop where a fine catch of codfish, with mouths open and eyes staring, were arranged in a row. Kreisler suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed:

"Heavens! That reminds me — I should be playing at a concert!"

— Bernard Shore, *The Orchestra Speaks* (Longmans, Green)

Mr. Morgan Flags a Train

WHILE at his Adirondack camp, J. P. Morgan, Sr., one day decided suddenly to return to the city, and telegraphed the president of the railroad that he wished the 10:24 stopped at Paul Smith's station. When he arrived, five minutes before the train, the little stationmaster, a true Adirondacks product, was industriously checking figures.

"You got your orders to flag the train this morning," Mr. Morgan stated.

"No, I didn't get no orders to flag no train this morning." The stationmaster went on scribbling.

"You mean to say you're not going to flag this train?"

"Nope, not without orders."

Mr. Morgan hurried into the station and emerged carrying a red flag. A whistle was heard up the track; Mr. Morgan flourished the flag, and the train came to a stop.

"You'll hear from this," Mr. Morgan told the stationmaster as he boarded the train.

"Don't get excited," was the reply. "The 10:24 allus stops."

— James Barnes, *From Then Till Now* (Appleton-Century)

Marie Dressler Tries the Banister

ONCE when I went as paid entertainer to the home of Mrs. Orme Wilson, one of New York's first hostesses, I became enamored of the shining banister that wound from the third floor, where I had gone to leave my wrap, to the great hall below. Its curves were pure poetry.

"If I don't slide down that," I told myself, "I'll die." There was nobody in sight. I took a deep breath, and in a moment landed in a heap at the foot of the stairs. To my horror, I saw bearing down on me the butler, whose frosty hauteur had frozen my soul when I arrived. He picked me up and dusted me off without a flicker of expression on his correct countenance, meanwhile murmuring cordially: "Very good, Miss. Very good indeed. I've always wanted to take a go at it myself!"

— Marie Dressler, *My Own Story* (Little, Brown)

Paderewski Misses His Friends

AFTER his concert in a Midwestern town, Paderewski was found backstage in a silent, preoccupied mood. One of his aides asked if he were ill.

"No, no," the great musician replied, "but some friends were missing. The gray-haired couple. They were not in their usual seats in the fourth row."

The aide was surprised. "I didn't know you had friends in this town. Did you know them well?"

"I knew them very well," Paderewski explained, "but I never met them. I liked the way they listened. Every time I have played here for 20 years I have always played for them." He shook his head gravely. "I hope there's nothing seriously wrong."

— Howard Taubman in *Collier's*

A Patient Goes to Dr. Cushing

I KNEW quite well I was going mad: I nearly five years of war service followed by an immediate plunge into disastrous commercial affairs had brought me to the end of my strength. When my wife said Harvey Cushing, the eminent brain specialist, had agreed to see me, I said, "What's the use? Another blasted doctor who can't help me."

When I entered Dr. Cushing's office, I found the walls lined with hundreds of steel helmets, every one with a ragged hole torn in it by a shell splinter or a bullet. The sight made me feel sick.

"That's my shop window," said a voice. "I fixed the heads that had been inside those helmets. Complete recoveries, 89 percent. Don't think I'm boasting. I just want you to realize that even if a man's brain is torn to pieces we can fix him up again all right." Dr.

Cushing came forward, smiling. "Sit down and smoke while I look at these reports on you."

After hardly a glance, however, he tossed the sheaf on the floor. "I've a friend who's a weather forecaster," said he. "He bases his forecasts on reports cabled him by experts in all parts of the world. And he's a rotten forecaster — because *he never looks out of the window.*"

He looked me in the eyes: I have never been looked at so intensely before or since. Presently he passed sentence. "You came in here thinking I'd send you to a madhouse. Forget it: you're all right. You're suffering from

suppressed war shock aggravated by chronic overwork and worry, but you're as sane as I am. If you go out of this room believing the truth I'm telling you, you'll be O.K. in a year, if you take it easy. If you leave thinking I'm just jollyng you along, then you'll cut your throat or jump out a window within a month. Believe me, or don't. I hope you'll believe me."

I believed him. He was *sure*, and he made me know he was sure; above all was the sense of the man's innate greatness and goodness. I went into his presence a tottering wreck; I left him confident and happy.

— Weston Martyr in *Blackwood's Magazine*



¶ A great piece of detective work which reveals the network of German sabotage in neutral America during the World War and after 23 years finally solves the mystery surrounding the 1916 explosion

The Black Tom Case

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Harland Manchester

AT EIGHT minutes after two on Sunday morning, July 30, 1916, over a million dollars' worth of window glass in New York and Jersey City was shattered by a blast of gargantuan dimensions. Every building in New York shuddered on its foundations. People in the streets were pitched about by an unseen force. A moment of stunned silence, then bedlam broke loose.

Police whistles and fire alarms filled the streets with wailing apparatus and hysterical citizens. The southern sky was suffused with a fierce glow. Seventeen minutes after the first explosion another blast shook the city. Street signs and window glass rained down upon the crowds, as ambulances began to pick up the wounded.

Wild rumors as to what was hap-

pening flew . . . an explosion of a Standard Oil plant, a foreign invasion, Armageddon. But down in the harbor, where barge families were ducking a steady hail of shrapnel fire, the cause was clear. Black Tom had exploded. On this promontory which juts out from the Jersey shore opposite the Statue of Liberty 1000 tons of munitions had been stored, pending shipment to the Allies — dynamite, TNT, and shrapnel.

For hours Manhattan crowds watched the parabolic streaks of three-inch projectiles arching over the harbor. Buildings on nearby Ellis Island were devastated, as officials hurriedly evacuated 600 panic-stricken immigrants. One heroic tugboat captain fixed hawsers to two barges and, with red-hot cartridge cases pelting his deck, towed these floating arsenals away from shore. One blew up; the other drifted about for hours, keeping up a desultory bombardment.

Before the last shell spent its aimless force detectives started an investigation which was to continue 23 years and involve the secret services of six countries. Not until last June were the Black Tom case and the case of the Kingsland, N. J., munitions plant fire, with which it was legally bracketed, officially solved. Then the German-American Mixed Claims Commission heard new evidence and reversed a previous decision favoring Germany, thereby agreeing in effect with the American claimants, who held that the

disasters were caused by secret agents directed by the German government. As a result, damage awards totaling some \$50,000,000 are to be paid or prorated from German funds and securities held in the U. S. Treasury awaiting the decision.

The Black Tom fire started in two places. At 12:30 a small blaze was seen inside a munitions car. Soon another small fire began on a barge tied to one of the piers. Firemen who turned their hose on the barge were amazed at the persistence of so small a fire, and said later that water seemed to feed it. Both fires spread rapidly; when the first blast came firemen were blown high in the air, some literally blown out of their clothes.

At four that morning a young Slovak named Michael Kristoff, who lived nearby, rushed into his house moaning wildly, "What I do? What I do?" The family hastened to the police. Michael didn't seem right in the head, they said. Police learned from them that a man had been paying him \$20 a week just to carry a suitcase full of drawings of bridges and factories. Michael would go away with the man, and wherever he went there was an explosion.

Kristoff admitted that he had carried such a suitcase for a man who traveled a great deal. He didn't know what the maps and charts were for. He thought maybe the man showed people how to build bridges. The man offered him \$5000 "to do something," but Kristoff

wouldn't say what. He denied he had been near Black Tom that night. The man's name? Grandson, Graentnor — something like that.

That wasn't enough to hold Kristoff, so the police let him go but put a detective on his trail. The detective worked beside him for months in a chocolate factory and posed as an anarchist. To him, Kristoff admitted helping to blow up Black Tom, but he did not lead him to his mysterious employer, and eventually he disappeared.

On the following January 11th the munitions plant at Kingsland, N. J., soared skyward. This factory was just completing an order of \$83,000,000 worth of shells for the Russian government. That afternoon in Building 30 a dozen men were cleaning brass shell cases with denatured alcohol. A pan of alcohol burst into flames which spread rapidly to eight cars loaded with TNT and to a warehouse packed with shells. The fusillade lasted four hours and consumed 500,000 artillery shells.

First it was believed that a spark from a faulty machine had ignited the alcohol. But when the next day the earth trembled again as 200 tons of smokeless powder blew up at the Du Pont works at Haskell, N. J., it was suspected that both jobs were done by saboteurs.

The Kingsland fire started at the bench of Theodore Wozniak, a young Galician. Wozniak disappeared; subsequently it was found that he had

served in the Austrian army, had got his job by posing as a Russian and that a report, written two days before the fire by a British secret service agent, described him as a German agent.

Two months later, by an amazing coincidence, police working on the Black Tom case came upon a lead which took them to the Hoboken rooms of one Charles E. Thorne. They found letters there connecting Thorne with the Kingsland fire and with the German secret service. More important, they found that at the time of the Kingsland fire Thorne had been assistant employment agent at that plant! But Thorne, too, had vanished as had Wozniak, and word went out that he was dead. Sixteen years later sleuths in New York ran him down. He admitted that his real name was Curt Thummel, and stated that he had obtained his Kingsland job in pursuance of his duties as a German agent and on the orders of Captain Frederick Hinsch, commander of the German ship *Neckar* interned at Baltimore.

Hinsch became the cornerstone of the American case. Before claimants could collect damages from Germany they had to prove not only that Kristoff and Wozniak had helped cause the disasters, but that their acts were directed by responsible officials of the German government. They believed, supported by a mountain of evidence, that Kingsland was burned on Hinsch's order, and that Hinsch was, or at least

knew, the mysterious "Graentnor" who hired the simple Kristoff to carry his maps, and who offered him \$5000 "to do something."

These ramifications of the German sabotage network had not been traced when the German-American Mixed Claims Commission was set up in 1922, to settle suits arising from the war. The Lehigh Railroad, Bethlehem Steel, Canadian Car, Ltd., and a number of insurance firms had paid out millions in damages and they sought reimbursement through the Commission. They set lawyers and sleuths on the Black Tom trail, which by that time had been cold for five years.

There was plenty of general proof of sabotage during America's neutrality period. An official cable — dated January 26, 1915, and intercepted by the British — from Berlin to the German Embassy in Washington, gave instructions for wrecking factories in the United States that were supplying munitions to the Allies. The German attorneys said first that this cable was the blunder of a subordinate, later that the instructions were intended for use only if the United States joined the Allies, and that in any case they had not been carried out. The day after the Black Tom blast *The New York Times* reported that, since 1914, 99 chemical and explosive plants had been blown up, with 120 deaths. After the U. S. entered the war, and most of the German agents fled to Mexico rather than risk the

death penalty, the accident rate fell off sharply.

Thus in the early '20's the Black Tom case resembled a ladder, with many rungs missing in the middle. At the top of the ladder was the German government's official order to blow up American munition plants. At the bottom were the vague Kristoff and the slightly daffy Wozniak. In the years to come the great corps of investigators and experts worked from both top and bottom to fill in the missing rungs.

Aided by British secret service files, investigators in 1925 finally ferreted out two men, Fred Herrmann and Paul Hilken, who became important witnesses. Hilken — son of a prosperous and respected Baltimore naturalized American — testified that he had paid the ship captain Hinsch \$2000 for arranging the Black Tom explosion. Herrmann, found in Chile and persuaded by Hilken to return and testify, told of a conference in Berlin a few months before Black Tom went up, when Herrmann, Hilken, and another agent, Anton Dilger, received instructions. Hilken was designated paymaster of the gang. Herrmann was given a supply of newly contrived "fire pencils." These looked like ordinary pencils but contained a slender glass tube with two compartments. If the pencil were broken, permitting the chemicals to unite, a small, persistent blaze resulted. These fire pencils were to be used in destroying American munition plants.

The three men came to America. Dilger had a workshop in Washington where the pencils were filled. There, too, he prepared tubes of anthrax and glanders cultures, and directed a crew of men who inoculated with these deadly diseases horses and mules being shipped to the Allies. Herrmann gave Captain Hinsch some fire pencils, and they made lists of factories to be destroyed. Hinsch was to take care of Black Tom, and Herrmann was to see to Kingsland. In New York Hinsch introduced him to Wozniak, the Kingsland plant worker. To cap the story, Herrmann said that Hinsch sometimes went by the name of Graentnor.

Germany assailed Herrmann's credibility. One of the Berlin officials with whom Herrmann had conferred testified that he had told Herrmann not to commit sabotage unless the U.S. entered the war. Captain Hinsch admitted that he had conducted sabotage work, but denied connection with Black Tom or Kingsland. The commission hearing the case indicated that Hinsch's denials sounded fishy, but dismissed the case as not proved.

The claimants redoubled their efforts. Wozniak came out of hiding and when questioned admitted setting the Kingsland fire and associating with German spies. Thorne, the employment agent at Kingsland, returned from the "grave," said he had got the job at Hinsch's direction. Hilken, the Berlin-appointed

paymaster of the gang, dug up a checkbook stub showing his payment to Hinsch for firing Black Tom.

The most dramatic evidence was an old magazine on the pages of which had been written invisibly the now famous "Herrmann message." Hilken found it in his attic. He stated that the message was written by Herrmann in Mexico City shortly after America entered the war, and was brought to him by Herrmann's chauffeur and confidential errand boy. It was an appeal for money. Spies who had fled to Mexico all went to Von Eckhardt, the German Ambassador there, with tales of their valiant deeds and pleas for support. Eckhardt had not heard of Herrmann and withheld funds. Eckhardt's query to Berlin describing Herrmann and the answer giving Herrmann Germany's official O.K. were found among the messages intercepted by the British.

Herrmann's message to Hilken was written in lemon juice across the pages of the *Blue Book* dated January 1917. When pressed with a hot iron the pages revealed a skeletonized message interspersed with numbers of four digits each. It was found that, by dropping the first digit and reversing the remainder, a page number of the magazine was given, and on this page a name had been spelled out by pinpricks beneath letters. Thus decoded, Herrmann's message explained that Eckhardt was suspicious of him, even though

Herrmann had told of his connection with Hinsch, Black Tom and Kingsland. It said that Herrmann did not trust Kristoff to remain silent, and asked: "Has Hinsch seen Wozniak? Tell him to fix that up." Herrmann wanted \$25,000, for he planned to fire the Tampico oil fields. This ambition was also mentioned in an official German message decoded by the British.

It was quickly realized that if the authenticity of this message could be established the case was proved. No one denied that the message was in Herrmann's handwriting. His chauffeur said he had delivered it; Hilken said he received it; and Mrs. Hilken said she remembered the visit of Herrmann's chauffeur because he had messed up her house with his cigarettes.

German lawyers hired batteries of experts, who stated that the document had not been written in 1917 but years later. American lawyers hired their own experts, and thousands of dollars were spent making pinpricks on old and new paper to compare with those of the disputed magazine. Despite all attacks, the Herrmann message remained important evidence.

It was chiefly due to indications of fraud on the part of the German defense that the long case was reopened three years ago. At the final hearing begun last January the American claimants produced another devastating exhibit. From the files of a company with which Hilken

had been connected investigators had unearthed a letter to Hilken, written by a business associate a few days after the Kingsland and Haskell fires. It bore the following postscript, written in longhand:

"Am delighted to learn that the Von Hindenburg of Roland Park has won another victory. March who is still at the McAlpin asks me to advise his brother that he is in urgent need of another set of *glasses*. He would like to see his brother as soon as possible on this account."

Hilken lived in Roland Park, Baltimore. "Another victory" might refer to Kingsland as following the Black Tom triumph, or to the Haskell blast which took place the day after Kingsland. "March" was one of Herrmann's aliases, and the McAlpin Hotel was the crowd's rendezvous. "Glasses," significantly underlined, was the word used for the incendiary pencils.

That postscript clinched the case. At a crucial point in the hearing the German Commissioner was ordered to return to Berlin. Associate Justice Roberts of the U. S. Supreme Court, who was umpire at the hearing, ruled that the Commission was still competent and found Germany guilty of the two great disasters, Black Tom and Kingsland.

In 1914 our government was slow to believe that a foreign power would resort to such tactics in a neutral country. Today the Federal Bureau of Investigation is prepared for the worst.

Byrd, Big-Business Explorer

Condensed from Life

Charles F. V. Murphy

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SINCE the death of the great Roald Amundsen in 1928, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, U.S.N. (Retired), has been the world's No. 1 explorer. As early as 1926 he nosed out Amundsen in an aerial race to the North Pole. The following year, though a test-flight crash robbed him of a chance to beat Lindbergh to Paris, Byrd made a transatlantic flight which was a hair-raising aerial epic. Two years later he added the South Pole to his bag. In two Antarctic expeditions he has explored 450,000 square miles of unknown lands. Furthermore, while most explorers are bankrupt, the Admiral has emerged from *terra incognita* a wealthy man.

This winter sees Byrd off on his third Antarctic expedition. All Byrd expeditions are fabulously expensive and this one will cost more than \$1,000,000. Previous trips were financed by Byrd's admirers, but the present expedition is largely underwritten by the U. S. Treasury. When reports reached the State Department that the Germans were planning an extensive expedition to the Antarctic, the Admiral's offer to clinch for the U. S. the claims to

lands which he had discovered as an individual was accepted.

The government's sudden enthusiasm may seem bewildering to the taxpayer who knows that the Antarctic continent, though larger than the U. S. and Mexico combined, is little more than a monstrous icebox. However, traces of minerals and immense deposits of coal have been found, which may come in handy some day. And, mindful of the Pacific Islands that were allowed to slip out of our grasp through failure to perceive their strategic value, Byrd is resolved that we shall not miss any Antarctic bets. What he envisages is the extension of the Monroe Doctrine from Tierra del Fuego to the South Pole.

Strangers, when Byrd is pointed out to them, sometimes express surprise. What they expect, evidently, is the craggy, weather-beaten face of an Amundsen, and the bracing, physical power of a Captain Bartlett. Byrd is on the short side, and only by exercising with weight-lifting apparatus has he kept his waistline within reach of an Admiral's ideal. His wavy hair has

turned gray, but his delicate features give him a young look.

Born in Winchester, Va., in 1888, Byrd has the background of a Virginia aristocrat. His brother, Harry, is U. S. Senator from that state.

Dick Byrd became a celebrity at 12 when, as the consequence of visiting a friend in the Philippines, he traveled around the world alone, supplying the Winchester *Star* with thrilling accounts of his experiences with Insurrectos, a typhoon and a cholera epidemic. Within two years after his graduation from Annapolis he won a medal for saving drowning seamen from the shark-infested waters of the Caribbean. In 1916 a foot injury, which left a slight limp, forced his retirement from the Navy. Recalled to active duty on the declaration of war, he was assigned to Pensacola, where he was trained as a pilot. Later Byrd was sent to Halifax with a squadron of planes, charged with patrolling "the corner" against German raiders. No raiders appeared but, instead of simply "covering his number" and waiting for the slow lift of seniority, Byrd thereafter constituted himself a one-man suicide squad for any project within the Navy's scope. Even before the Armistice he was badgering his superiors for permission to make a solo flight across the Atlantic. That his plane would probably have fallen 200 miles short of the Irish coast without a boosting tail wind did not alarm him; his argument was that

the flight would stimulate the Allies' morale. In 1925 he was given command of the Navy flight unit detailed to collaborate with Donald MacMillan in explorations in Greenland.

Had Byrd, who has 22 citations for, among other things, initiative and devotion to duty, remained in the Navy, he would today probably rate only a Commander's stripes. After the MacMillan expedition, however, he again abandoned active duty and within five years, on the strength of his expeditions, he became a Rear Admiral at 41 by act of Congress. His private reasons for quitting the service were plausible. He had married Marie Ames, a charming Boston girl. By 1925 they had three children. To Byrd the problem of raising a family on a Lieutenant-Commander's salary appeared insurmountable.

Possibly Byrd's greatest contribution to science was proof that exploration can bring in a profit. For an explorer's worst hazards are not crevasses and frostbite, but poverty. Peary pinched pennies for years to finance his dash to the Pole and most of his confreres were economic ne'er-do-wells. Shrewdly taking advantage of lush conditions in the 1920's, Byrd had established himself by 1928 as the financial genius of the ice caps. He once truly remarked, "I've put exploration into Big Business."

It is doubtful whether the world will ever see another expedition like

the first Byrd Antarctic Expedition (1928-30). Charles V. Bob, the mining impresario, gave \$108,000. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Edsel Ford were big contributors, and even school children sent in their pennies. Total cash contributions have been estimated at about \$800,000, while the food, clothing and supplies furnished gratis by manufacturers have been valued at \$600,000. Perceiving the human desire for even a small measure of immortality, Byrd tapped an entirely new stratum of polar patrons by offering to name ships, planes, and still-to-be-discovered lands for them. On the second Antarctic expedition, the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert put up \$25,000 and had the flagship named after him. The main exploring plane went to William Horlick, the malted-milk man, for \$30,000.

Although Byrd makes nothing out of his trips, directly, they supply material for profitable lecture tours. His 1935-36 tours netted him close to \$190,000; the tour after the first expedition was even more successful. As an author of travel books, Byrd ranks with Lindbergh and the late Richard Halliburton. The total sales of his five books have been around \$1,000,000, which must have earned the author close to \$130,000. In addition, the *New York Times* paid him \$150,000 for the news rights to his first expedition, and Grape-Nuts put up \$145,000 for the broadcasting rights of the second.

Byrd has even had a go at importing penguins. With characteristic thoroughness, he caused 40 of these flightless birds to be rounded up by his biologists. Few inhabitants of Little America will forget the morning they escaped their pen. "Damn it," the Admiral shouted, "there's \$25,000 worth of assets vanished overnight. What kind of efficiency is that?" Another batch was captured and a half dozen survived the voyage north.

Admiral Byrd has lived as dangerously as any modern man. On the North Pole flight he and Floyd Bennett sat and watched a slow oil leak. It finally plugged itself up, but not before they had reconciled themselves to a forced landing from which there was little hope of escape. And, while his wisdom in taking the risk may be questioned, there can be no doubting the punishment Byrd endured during his four months' self-imposed isolation on the Ross Shelf Ice.

His transatlantic flight makes Hollywood air epics seem pallid. After hours in fog, the plane finally reached the French coast. The second night was coming on, gas was low and nerves were raw. At this juncture, the ill-starred Bert Acosta, who had been at the controls for 38 hours, lost control of his nerves. Muttering about a mysterious fifth man aboard, he turned the plane and started back across the Atlantic. Whether it was Byrd or Bernt Balchen who knocked Acosta

from the controls, and whether the weapon used was a flashlight or a wrench, no one but the four men in the *America* can say. In his official log of the flight, Byrd never mentioned it.

Byrd esteems loyalty above all other qualities, is quick to praise and slow to criticize. In the field, he seldom gives orders, only suggestions. At Little America he dealt with troublemakers by taking them on long, exercising walks, while he discoursed on philosophy, politics, people, or whatever else might be in his mind. After he had chilled the recalcitrants into submission, he would then approach their faults in the manner of an understanding schoolmaster.

The most serious internal situation to vex his expeditions came on the last one. Winter darkness had fallen, and it was hard to keep men contented through cold hours haunted with emptiness and hungry memories. As there was no safe place to hide liquor, the second in command quietly gathered up the supply and destroyed it, scattering the broken bottles over the Barrier, so as to leave no trace. All winter long, Byrd's men spent their spare time prodding the snow with long brass rods, chanting:

Little Rod, won't you call
When you've found the alcohol?

Byrd was at Advance Base when it happened, but he caught the brunt of the after-effects on his return in the spring. For his hardier explorers, after draining the compasses of alcohol, were then running mouthwash and patent medicine through a home-made still. The by-products left tempers vile.

Byrd has long been labeled HERO in the public mind. That he is, with Colonel Lindbergh, an international symbol of the undaunted man of action is not to be denied; neither is the fact that many people, for reasons they find hard to define, do not altogether like him. As to that, one explanation may be that no man could possibly be the hero the public would like him to be. The Admiral is not unaware of the frailties of his role, and has constantly sought to widen his life.

Byrd looks upon himself as something of a mystic. The desire to *believe*, to find "some replenishing philosophy," persuaded him to go off by himself on the Shelf Ice. For the past three years he worked prodigiously on detailed plans for international peace. When that came to nothing, there remained the Antarctic. And as Byrd once said at Little America: "You can forget the world here. There are no temptations. The only littleness is the littleness of a man's mind."



A MAN SAYS to himself before he goes out, "What shall I say?" A woman meditates, "What shall I wear?"

— Metternich

Japan's "Patriotic" Gangsters

Condensed from
Events: A Monthly Review of World Affairs

Dennis McEvoy

Former American newspaper correspondent in Tokyo

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ONCE the world applauded Japan as an infant prodigy in the family of nations, a distinction won by her rapid rise from feudal state to world power. Applause became frantic cheering at the turn of the century when little Japan tackled mighty Tsarist Russia and brought her down with a crash heard round the world. But today Japan has hardly a single friend among the nations and is everywhere branded as an aggressor and a menace to world peace.

The transition is due largely to terrorists within the empire who have labored persistently to give Japan a reactionary, imperialistic government. By assassination and intimidation these men have checked the growth of liberalism and radicalism at home. By intrigue and the manufacturing of "incidents" on the mainland, they have helped pave the road to empire.

The Japanese recognize two main groups of terrorists, the Ronin ("wave man" or "wave men," for there is no number in Japanese grammar), and the Soshi ("noble warrior"). Both have killed or injured states-

men, industrialists, labor leaders, newspaper editors, and a host of lesser known liberals and leftists. Their victims all made the mistake of favoring a peaceful foreign policy or some measure of democracy at home. They were beaten and killed for "patriotic" reasons.

Rarely have the terrorists been punished, for Japanese psychology regards patriotic murder as praiseworthy. Besides, the terrorists — especially the Ronin — usually act in the employ of powerful reactionary societies which enjoy the support of the army and bureaucrats associated with the extremist military group.

The Ronin is a higher type, because he acts in the name of patriotism and because sometimes he is sincere. The Soshi is a political bully whose services may be contracted for in an open market. The Ronin may work in China or Manchuria. The Soshi confines his activities to the home front.

Politicians have hired Soshi to wreck the headquarters of rival parties and to guide rival parliamentary leaders in their political

thinking. The Soshi intimidates voters at election time, assaults newspaper editors and throws sand in their presses, acts as a body-guard for political leaders who fear for their lives, and disposes of leftists and labor leaders with the tacit permission of Japan's political police. Sometimes he is paid to lead "spontaneous" demonstrations in front of foreign embassies. Always he works for patriotic reaction.

Because such employment is unsteady, the Soshi contributes to his own support by crude blackmail. He will enter a store and demand money for some obscure patriotic society. If the storekeeper refuses, he is "unpatriotic" — a crime in Japan — and he is beaten.

Both Ronin and Soshi are experts at judo, modern equivalent of ju-jitsu. To realize the tremendous influence they exert, remember that private possession of firearms is all but unknown in Japan, and that knives or clubs are of little use against judo.

The Ronin is credited with an impressive list of political murders beginning with Queen Min, wife of the Korean King Yi-Hyeung. When Korea was still an independent nation, Queen Min blocked Japanese diplomatic attempts to subjugate her nation. Just before sunrise on the morning of October 8, 1895, bands of Ronin broke into the Queen's apartment, murdered her, wrapped the corpse in an oil-soaked blanket, and set it on fire. With the

rising flames went the hopes of Korean nationalists.

Marquis Okuma, one of the founders of modern Japan and a liberal of sorts, had a leg blown off by Ronin bomb throwers in 1897. Kei Hara, first commoner to head a Japanese cabinet, was stabbed to death in a railway station in 1921. Banded together as the League of Blood — and with the aid of young officers in the army and navy — Ronin in 1932 killed Premier Inukai, threw bombs at liberal Count Makino, and tried to seize control of the government. The League of Blood also accounted for the lives of J. Inouye, former Minister of Finance, and Baron Dan, director of the Mitsui interests.

The Ronin enjoy popularity because in feudal Japan the name stood for members of the knight class (the exalted Samurai) who had lost their master or overlord. Practically all Japanese children's books, poems, plays and songs glorify these swaggering valiants who lived by the sword. There is no Japanese who has not heard the story of the 47 Ronin, revived each year on the stage and as a motion picture that runs eight hours. The "47" lost their overlord through the treachery of a rival clan leader. For years they lived in poverty, awaiting an opportune moment for revenge. After lopping off the head of their enemy, they committed mass hara-kiri.

But the modern Ronin are no

Galahads, as excesses committed at home and in China prove conclusively. They do not stoop to petty blackmail, as do the Soshi. Their passage to China and their maintenance are paid by the patriotic reactionary societies for which they work. The largest of these is the Kokuryu (Black Dragon), headed by the super-Ronin, the grand old man of political gangsters, Toyama Mitsuru.

Today Black Dragon agents concentrate their efforts against Soviet Russia. Not long ago one of them tossed a bomb into the compound of the Soviet Embassy in Tokyo. Pro-Soviet professors and writers have either been liquidated or "reformed."

Whereas the Ronin of the Black Dragon concern themselves primarily with activity against the Soviets, other Ronin aid in strike-breaking and the suppression of dangerous thinkers. In this they receive the full cooperation of Japan's efficient police system. Anyone who joins or organizes a society with the object of altering the "national polity" is liable under the law to the death sentence. Anyone who even discusses a change goes to jail for not less than seven years. Ronin handle borderline cases and attack those against whom the police cannot make a case. Oyama, leader of a pro-labor political party, was set upon by Ronin in Tokyo and beaten unmercifully within full view of police.

Police support of Ronin can be traced to the fact that often their chief, the Home Minister, has been a member of one of the larger patriotic societies. Admiral Suetsugu, Home Minister in the cabinet of Prince Konoye which toppled in January 1939, is a member of Kokuhonsha (Society of the Nation's Foundation); and the Admiral handled his police so well that Ronin worked unmolested.

The Konoye cabinet was replaced by that of Baron Hiranuma, Japan's outstanding fascist. Hiranuma is the founder and president of Kokuhonsha, which is second only to the Black Dragon in power and prestige. The present cabinet, headed by General Abe, came into office when the Nazi-Soviet nonaggression pact blasted Hiranuma out of the driver's seat, but real power still lies in army circles and bureaucratic groups who support the Black Dragon and the Kokuhonsha. The membership list of Hiranuma's Kokuhonsha is a who's who of leaders in present-day Japan.

General Mazaki (retired), a member of this society, is credited with instigating the 1936 revolution that started Baron Hiranuma and his Kokuhonsha brethren on the road to power. Early in the morning of February 26, 1936, the third regiment of the First Division, 1000 strong, broke into the houses of government officials and statesmen and attempted to murder them. They killed the Keeper of the Im-

perial Seal, Admiral Viscount Saito; the Inspector General of Military Education, Watanabe; and Japan's great Finance Minister, Takahashi. They tried to murder Premier Okada and Japan's two elder statesmen, Count Makino and Prince Saionji. True to Ronin tradition, they committed these murders in the name of patriotism. The men they murdered were "giving the Emperor bad advice and attempting to corrupt the spirit of Great Japan." Their ostensible leader, Captain Nonaka, committed harakiri.

To understand the close connection between the army men behind that 1936 revolt and Baron Hiranuma of the fascist Kokuhonsha, consider the career of the Baron since the revolt. For 10 years (1926-1936) Vice-President of the Privy Council, he was passed over for the presidency many times because as a fascist he was hostile to liberal Count Makino, close adviser of the Emperor. Makino was on the assassination list. Immediately after the revolution Makino went into seclusion, and Hiranuma became Presi-

dent of the Privy Council. And in January of this year he became Prime Minister of Japan.

In Japan, as in other countries, there are those who struggle to establish a representative government and to create a domain of rights that the government is not entitled to invade. These men are liberals. Their persons have been attacked by Ronin and Soshi; and their cause seems almost lost now that Japan is controlled by fascist-minded men who are attempting to subjugate China by force. When the physical and economic toll of war causes the ruling clique to collapse, these liberals may build a new Japan, that will once again hold a position of honor in the family of nations and guarantee its citizenry the simple rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.


The framework is there: a constitution, a representative system, and a bill of rights. But democracy will not function as long as there exist within the empire private armies of terrorists who do the will of reactionaries in the name of "patriotism."



. *Illustrative Anecdotes* — XXXI —

¶ "UNCLE JOE," said Albert Edward Wiggam, the author, meeting an old darky who was always cheerful in spite of having had more than his share of life's troubles, "how have you managed to remain so cheerful and calm?"

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THE TALK Q

Faalty

IF you have ever wondered what it is like to be not only a famous man, but a living legend like Jack Dempsey or Al Smith, let us tell you about a little happening in which Al figured. At noon, recently, three smartly dressed gentlemen were walking up Park Avenue; one was Al Smith, wearing a brown derby and a tannish coat. At the corner he stopped and put one foot up on a fire hydrant, to tie his shoelace. Instantly, the door of a taxi parked nearby burst open; the driver sprang out, knelt beside the hydrant, pushed Al's hands aside, and with his own hands tied the shoelace. Al, looking dazed, walked on with his two companions. The driver, his face lit up with an unearthly happiness, jumped back into his cab and drove off, no doubt to tell his wife.

Ruse

A WELL-KNOWN lady interior decorator has a favorite carpenter whom she employs regularly, for which reason he has not bothered to join a union. She never had any trouble about it until this fall, when she started to fix up an apartment in a new building nearing completion. The management informed her that if her nonunion employe so much as touched an awl, the electricians, plasterers, and other workmen would strike immediately.

The lady was only briefly retarded by the situation. She dressed her carpenter up in a tail coat, complete with gardenia, top hat and walking stick, and told him to report for work each morning, weaving a bit. The faithful employe staggered in every morning

Excerpts from

for a fortnight. His tools had been previously delivered in Vuitton luggage; his lunch was delivered by the decorator herself. At the end of every day he redressed in his evening outfit and strolled forth, bound for his wife and family in Astoria.

Oasis

AN OLD GENTLEMAN showed up several months ago in Macy's garden department and announced that he was converting the extra bathroom in his apartment into a garden. He purchased 100 pounds of soil to put into the bathtub, three bushels of peat moss, ten pounds of fertilizer, eight rosebushes, and eight assorted perennials. He was back again recently to report that the bathroom was in full bloom, and to purchase more perennials.

Demonstration

A GIRL named Virginia went in to Abercrombie & Fitch's for one of those high-frequency dog whistles, the kind dogs can hear but you can't, because they're so high-pitched. As the clerk started to wrap it up, Virginia said, "Are you sure it's in working order?" The clerk blew it as hard as he could, but of course it didn't produce any noise audible to him or Virginia. "It's supposed to be inaudible, Miss," he said. "But how do I know it's in working order?" she asked, settling down for some quiet fun.

The clerk wiped his brow and went

THE TOWN

New Yorker

to consult a colleague, then disappeared through the street door. He was back in a moment, escorting an astonished young girl with a Sealyham on leash. "This young lady and her dog have kindly consented to help us out," he told Virginia. Once more he blew soundlessly on the whistle. The Sealyham winced, and howled angrily. "Seems to be quite satisfactory, Miss," he said. "And now could I show you our new leashes?"

Declaration of Independence

A YOUNG MOTHER has sent us a chant that her four-year-old son made up and sings every evening in his bathtub. It goes on practically forever, and she was able to copy down only part of it, but even this fragment seems to us one of the handsomest literary efforts of the year, as well as another proof that children are the really pure artists, with complete access to their thoughts and no foolish reticence. We reprint it here because seldom, we think, has the vision of any heart's desire been put down so explicitly:

He will just do nothing at all,

He will just sit there in the noonday sun.

And when they speak to him, he will not

• answer them,

Because he does not care to.

He will stick them with spears and put them in the garbage.

When they tell him to eat his dinner, he will just laugh at them,

And he will not take his nap, because he does not care to.

W. 43 St., N. Y. C.

He will just sit there in the noonday sun.
He will go away and play with the Panda.

And when they come to look for him
He will put spikes in their eyes and put them in the garbage,
And put the cover on.

He will not go out in the fresh air or eat his vegetables

Or make wee-wee for them, and he will get as thin as a marble.

He will not do nothing at all.

He will just sit there in the noonday sun.

R. L. S.'s Birthday

NOVEMBER 13th, the 89th anniversary of the birth of Robert Louis Stevenson, was celebrated with due ceremony by Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran of New York City. Mrs. Cockran was born on Christmas Day, but for the past 48 years November 13th has been her birthday; Stevenson made her a present of it. The story is rather a pretty one.

Mrs. Cockran was born Annie H. Ide, daughter of the U. S. Commissioner in Samoa, where Stevenson spent the last years of his life. One day Mr. Ide told R. L. S. that his small daughter, then living in Vermont, suffered keenly from having been born on Christmas Day, because she received only one set of presents all year. Touched by this unhappy plight, Stevenson formally made over to little Annie the full use of his birthday in a document composed with all proper legal flourishes:

In consideration that Miss Annie H. Ide, daughter of H. C. Ide, in the county of Caledonia, in the State of Vermont, United States of America, was born out of all reason upon Christmas Day, is

therefore out of all justice denied the consolation and profit of a proper birthday. . . . And considering that I have obtained an age when I have no further use for a birthday of any description. . . . [I] do hereby transfer to the said Annie H. Ide all and whole my rights and privileges in the 13th day of November . . . to have, hold, exercise, and enjoy the same in the customary manner, by the sporting of fine raiment, eating of rich meats, and receipt of gifts, compliments, and copies of verse, according to the manner of our ancestors.

A couple of years afterward, Annie went to live in Samoa, and on the 13th of November, R. L. S. gave a native party for her, with Samoan food and nice gifts. He made it quite plain that it was her birthday, not his. This year, the birthday was celebrated as usual, with a dinner party, presents, and a reading of the deed of gift. Mrs. Cockran plans eventually to make the deed over to her niece, with instructions to carry on the tradition.

Servers

WE THINK you should be informed, and perhaps warned, about Turner & Turner, Inc., two charming and insidious sisters, the Misses Phyllis and Marilyn, whose firm serves 200 summonses, subpoenas and other legal papers a day, and whose slogan is "Serves You Right." Miss Phyllis started the business when she was 18, after a lawyer employed her to slap a summons on an elusive young bride about to sail on a honeymoon, who had been approached in vain by practically every professional process-server in town. Phyllis did the trick by getting into the lady's hotel room disguised as a messenger from Cartier's with a wedding present that had to be

delivered personally. Encouraged by this success, she opened an office.

Miss Phyllis spends all her time on the serving front or lining up new clients; Miss Marilyn runs the office. There are 32 assistant servers — 26 men and six women — all polished actors. One, specializing in apartment houses, wears a uniform and rides around on a carrier motorcycle loaded with dummy packages. This gets him by the doorman with ease, and once he has reached the proper apartment, he insists upon seeing the person to whom the bundle is addressed. For the race-track crowd there's a dapper little fellow who might easily be mistaken for a bookie's assistant. For debutantes who get into legal difficulties by buying clothes and ignoring bills, Miss Phyllis goes out herself, dressed in a smart fur cape and leading a Scotch terrier. She's never yet been physically injured, as process-servers often are, one reason being that she invariably looks around for all potential exits before making a move toward her quarry.

Her methods vary. When faced with the necessity of serving Father Divine, she strode boldly into one of his meetings, though a previous server had been stabbed by a loyal disciple. A couple of Angels came up to her menacingly, but she shouted, "Peace, it's wonderful!", served her papers and skipped off up the aisle. To ensnare Antoine, the hairdresser at Saks, she mussed up her hair, made an appointment, and cracked down on him as he was fixing the first curl.

Possibly her greatest triumph was the case of Mayor O'Brien. She walked right up to him in the middle of a cornerstone-laying ceremony and placed the summons neatly on his silver trowel.

¶ Seventy-five percent of the buildings where people congregate are not only combustible but lack fundamental protection for human life

Are Your Public Buildings Fire-Safe?

Condensed from Public Safety

T. Alfred Fleming

Supervisor, Conservation Department, National Board of Fire Underwriters

As told to Paul W. Kearney

FOR 20 YEARS I have traveled 25,000 miles annually in fire-prevention work. Each year I am astonished how frequently luck plays the major role in safeguarding against disaster buildings where people assemble in large numbers. In far too many cases, ignorance or wanton disregard of the fundamentals of fire safety places your life and mine in jeopardy. For example:

In New England I saw a new movie theater, seating 2000. It had a secondary exit as required by law; but this exit opened into a 4½-foot area-way, which had no outlet. It could accommodate about 20 people. How would you like to be in a fire there on Bank Night? Equally startling was an auditorium seating 5000, in which the secondary exit opened eight feet above the river — and not even a flight of steps leading down!

In Ohio I got to church late one Sunday and found one of the main doors locked. The usher explained that it was the minister's idea — so he could get down to the door to

greet everybody as they left. Meanwhile 750 people were dangerously confined in a building with only one inadequate exit. I saw the same foolhardy procedure in a hotel, where a watchman padlocked all the fire-escape doors at night "to keep burglars out." In both cases, conditions were remedied when local fire chiefs promised to chop down the doors if they were found locked again.

I saw a hospital housing 238 epileptic children, where every window in the four-story frame building was heavily barred and not a fire escape in the place. In the Southeast I visited a frame-building hospital on the fourth floor of which was the maternity ward housing 36 women and 19 infants. With no fire escapes, the only means of egress was a single, combustible stairway.* Beneath these stairs was the boiler room with an ancient furnace so close to the flimsy ceiling that the exposed wooden lath was already charred. I saw another in the East where not a single fire extinguisher had any

chemicals in it; where the fire hose wouldn't fit the threads on the hydrants. There were 1600 people in that building.

Yesterday as I entered a chain-store basement I stopped in awe. To my right was a large counter of automobile batteries; nearby, a display of tires. Both give off toxic gases when attacked by fire. Directly in front was a counter stacked with celluloid dolls and pyroxylin plastic toys. Of 500 or more shoppers milling around, many were smoking. Here was a perfect fire setup, and the only exit a narrow stairway — for those who could reach it.

Before long we will have a holocaust in one of these mercantile basements, overcrowded, underexited and crammed with flammable stuff. We have already had four warnings in dime stores alone, where fires have run from \$100,000 to \$300,000 in damages. But luckily they've all happened at night.

If you think I'm an alarmist, then you've forgotten the Queens Hotel fire in Halifax last March which killed 39 guests, few of whom could be identified — or the Kerns Hotel, in Lansing, Mich., where 32 died — or the Terminal Hotel, in Atlanta, Ga., which took 35 lives.

You've forgotten the Marseilles, Ill., department store where 75 people were cremated a year ago — the Pittsburgh Home for the Aged, with 48 dead; the Oklahoma State Hospital, 38 dead; the dance hall in West Plains, Mo., 39 dead; the

Missouri Athletic Club, 37 dead; the Montreal movie house where 75 children died during the showing of a film entitled, *Get 'Em Young!*

Blame for such disasters must be placed largely upon property owners, and in some cases upon politicians who protect them. I saw a six-story apartment burned to the ground. The building had 26 fire-code violations posted against it by inspector after inspector. But the owner always dodged them in court. I saw an old four-story, quick-burner-type store go up in flames in a restricted zone in which all new construction must be fire retardant. But when the time came to rebuild, the city fathers lifted the ordinance for 90 days — and the replacement was as flagrant a firetrap as the original.

Private buildings aren't the only offenders. One of our most famous courthouses has been described by the local fire chief as "the worst deathtrap imaginable, with fire escapes so rotten they will collapse under the weight of ordinary use." Yet that building was crowded daily for years until public indignation finally corrected the condition.

Improved protective ordinances, almost invariably opposed by real estate interests, come slowly. Such changes, too, are rarely retroactive. Even modern buildings are not proof against human stupidity and shortsightedness.

It is stupid to block fire doors open, yet it is done everywhere in

hotels, factories, stores and public buildings. Such doors are installed to reduce excessive areas, to provide smoke- and heatproof exits, or to seal dangerous vertical arteries through which a draft may fan a little blaze into a death-dealing inferno in five minutes. It was because its fire doors were closed that the historic Château Frontenac in Quebec was saved from complete destruction when fire broke out a few years ago.

It is shortsighted to continue installing air-conditioning systems in public buildings without automatic dampers in the air ducts, which are too often lined with combustible insulation. Under the forced draft of a power fan, fire can sweep through such structures with paralyzing speed. A large movie house in New York was closed for three months to repair the ravages of such a blaze which, *luckily*, broke out between shows.

It is folly to stake human safety solely on the fire-retardant nature of any building — the contents and occupants can burn even if the structure can't. The Cleveland Clinic was fireproof from cellar to roof, yet 125 died there 10 years ago.

Maximum protection can be secured only by providing automatic fire control: sprinklers or automatic detectors. A new insane asylum in Oregon had three fires its first year, each snuffed out by sprinklers before the firemen could lay a hose line. And it is significant that no

life has ever been lost from fire in a sprinklered building. Yet how few stores, hotels, hospitals, clubs, schools, theaters are equipped with sprinklers.

Improved conditions can come through public demand for comprehensive laws such as the model Building Code prepared by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. When the public understands that these periodic slaughters are not accidents but needless crimes, it will support its firemen in their battle against disaster.

When citizens get mad, they get what they want! I have seen aroused parents take their children out of school until a bad fire hazard was corrected. I have seen the organized women of a city bedevil the mayor until fire escapes were provided for a rat-trap hospital and plans started for a new one.

How shall you know whether to get mad or not? Well, if your fire department hasn't engineers qualified to make a critical survey of conditions in public buildings, the insurance rating bureau of your state will get inspectors for you. These impartial experts will give you the cold facts — you do the rest.

Meanwhile, there are other things the average citizen can do. If you are interested in church affairs, social or civic organization gatherings, school entertainments, etc., you are involved in a field where safety is most shamefully ignored. In the past 15 years some 240 merrymakers have lost their lives

in such fires — which is enough to give anyone pause.

Church affairs are probably the worst offenders. Overcrowded quarters are filled with temporary, movable chairs or loaded with flimsy booths festooned with flammable decorations, lit by scores of lights rigged up by amateur electricians. Often hundreds of coats are draped over chairs to be stumbled over in a crisis. Nobody has given a thought to the capacity of the room, the size or accessibility of the exits.

You don't need a fire for a slaughterhouse finale to such an affair. Seventy-one women were trampled to death in a one-exit hall in Michigan when somebody at a Christmas party fainted — and somebody else called for water — and somebody else decided there must be a fire and shrieked.

If you are a committeeman for any such gathering, consider these elementary points:

1. Ask the fire chief to send a uniformed man to remain through the entire affair and keep watch.

2. Compel everybody to check coats in a checkroom.

3. Have all hangings and decorations flameproofed with an approved liquid.

4. Prohibit smoking and enforce the ban.

5. Don't use loose seats which people can stumble over in a rush. If seats can't be fixed to the floor, they can be fixed together in rows of four or more with a slat across the bottom.

6. Have ushers divert as much incoming traffic as feasible to side aisles. People always tend to leave a place the way they came in. This will reduce the crush in the main aisle in an emergency.

7. See that no seat is more than seven seats away from an aisle.

8. If exit doors open inward — which is criminal — station a committeeman at each door to get it open and securely fastened in case of need.

As an individual, your best protection in a crowd is to emulate any second-rate burglar — never enter a strange place without giving a thought to how you'll get out. Always remember that in crowded buildings most people will head for the main aisle, the front door, the central stairway. Pick a secondary exit before you need it and avoid the crush.

Until common hazards are eliminated, we will continue to have murderous fires in public buildings. Insurance will help replace the structures. But no insurance can put back the breath of life into a row of blackened corpses.



None preaches better than the ant, and she says nothing.

— Benjamin Franklin

"Such Stuff as Dreams Are Made On—"

Ian Scott
in
Blackwood's Magazine

H. M. SUBMARINE C-23 left Harwich before dawn for patrol duty, and after a terrible, sleet-lashed day on the surface and a worse night, Captain Carlyon decided to take to the bottom until the weather moderated.

"We'll surface about 10 tonight," he told me. "Put one watchkeeper on the for'ard depth-gauge. The rest of the hands can pipe down." After breakfast everyone, exhausted, fell asleep at once. . . .

I was obviously in a munitions factory. Overalled women were filling shells with explosive. My sister was sitting at a desk marked "Inspector," but she did not notice me. Looking through her doorway into the next room, I saw with indescribable horror a scarlet snake of flame along the floor. I tried to shout, and whirled toward my sister, who had drooped over her desk as if asleep. A terrific explosion! The walls bulged; dust and flame, falling timbers. . . .

I started up, hitting my head sharply against a bunk. Thank God it was only a dream! I looked at my watch — 10 o'clock, time to surface. The watchkeeper had fallen asleep. I shook him, and to my surprise he slumped to the floor. I shook the captain, without success; his heart was barely beating. My own was racing and I sobbed for breath. I must have help to get us to the surface: by slapping faces and using water liberally I managed to get three men on their feet. They could neither concentrate nor stand without support, but we got C-23 up. I opened the hatch to find — daylight! We had been on the bottom for 24 hours; it was a miracle any of us were alive. Petrol fumes had overcome us.

I told the skipper of my vivid dream which had shocked me awake. "That dream," he said quietly, "saved all our lives." Back at base I found a letter and a telegram from my sister — "Are you all right? Writing." Wondering what prompted this unaccustomed message, I casually opened the letter: "We had an appalling accident here today. The filling shop exploded and 36 women were killed and hundreds badly injured. I escaped without a scratch. It was at exactly 10 o'clock, when I should have been going my rounds in the filling shop. For the first time in my life I had dozed off at my desk, and had a terrifying dream about you. I saw you and your crew lying inside your submarine, apparently dead, though I seemed to know you were still alive. I tried to wake you,

but couldn't make you hear. The explosion shattered the dream, but dreaming probably saved me from being blown to pieces. . . ."

In thoughtful silence I handed the letter to Carlyon.

Lady Eleanor Smith

in

"*Life's a Circus*"

IT WAS about three o'clock in the morning, and five of us sat in the dark, empty auditorium watching the final rehearsal of the "Snowbird" Ballet of *Ballerina*, a play based on one of my books. I had been inspired to write the book after I had watched Pavlova dance *The Swan* a few months before her death, years earlier. Directly or indirectly, Pavlova had inspired us all.

The stage revolved to show a woodland glade, and a slight figure, snow-white in a fluffy *tutu*, its head bound with swan's plumage, entered, paused and crossed itself. It seemed to me that the star, Frances Doble, had grown much smaller. Then, as she glided into the spotlight, I caught my breath.

The figure was not that of Frances. It had assumed the form of Anna Pavlova.

Pat Dolin, co-star with Frances, gripped my hand until I thought he would break it. I looked at him; he was ice-pale. He muttered:

"This is uncanny . . . what have we done? Oh, God — why did we ever bring up the past?"

The white form on the stage stood effortlessly upon one *pointe*; it pirouetted three times — a thing Frances could not do — and drifted like swansdown into its dancing partner's arms, as the curtain fell. I looked at my companions — Pat; Charles Landstone, our level-headed business manager; Henry Harrison, composer of the score; and his manager. They were white and dazed. Somebody mumbled: "We're all very tired . . . don't let's imagine things. . . ." Somebody else said: "We can't *all* have seen — what we saw. . . ."

Pat and I ran to the pass-door. We were afraid. Frances stood on the stage. She said in a perplexed, mechanical voice:

"Pat, I'm sorry . . . let's take it again. I couldn't dance. I must be awfully tired. My mind suddenly seemed to go blank."

Pat gave me a warning look, and we said nothing at the time. Later he affirmed: "We can't deny it. For a moment that particular spirit from the past had taken possession of Frances' mind and body."

(Longmans)

¶ Why don't people go to church any more?

Millions of Backsliders

Condensed from The Country Home Magazine

Dr. Frederick K. Stamm

Radio Minister for the Federal Council of Churches

THE DECLINE of the church's influence on American life is one of our grave problems. More than half our population belongs to the church, but no Protestant denomination dares claim that more than a third of its membership attends any given service except on Christmas and Easter. And it is estimated that rural churches are dying at the rate of 1000 a year.

During the ten years I have preached over a coast-to-coast radio network, to approximately 10,000,000 listeners each Sunday, I have received a quarter of a million letters revealing why people don't go to church. Many preachers contend that it is because of Sunday movies, golf and the automobile. But my listeners say that the chief reason is *poor preaching*, that they are tired of being bored by lifeless drivel and droning sequences of meaningless words.

There are thousands of wise, devoted men in the ministry — true spiritual doctors and friends. But there are other thousands who are destroying faith in the hearts of millions of our people by neglecting the business of religion for everybody else's business.

I met a preacher recently who was all excited over the pari-mutuel betting law. Now, a lot of people don't know much about the subject — and care less. But this pastor wasted precious minutes in the pulpit preaching against betting. To his congregation, eager for spiritual comfort and advice, he offered nothing.

Many ministers condemn Sunday amusements because they regard them as competitors of the church, and they want a monopoly of the people's attention. Others think their chief business is to rail against such "evils" as drinking and smoking. But if I were to devote my radio time to excoriating cocktails, cigarettes and petting, I'd soon have to stop preaching — for lack of an audience. Most people have had more experience with these "evils" than I have. But I have had a lot of experience with helping sick and weary souls, and that is what I try to do in my preaching. Let any preacher honestly probe into the great causes of human misfortune and misery, and nothing will keep people from his church. The whole world is groping in darkness today, seeking the light. Aboli-

tion of tobacco and cocktails and Sunday baseball won't save civilization, but religion will.

It is ministers of the kind I have mentioned who are shouting, "What is the matter with the people? They are deserting the church." I would rather say, "What is the matter with the preachers? They are deserting the people."

Another reason why people don't go to church is our stupid denominational divisions. Often a little village of, say, 400 people has three or four churches. The energy of such congregations is expended in a struggle for economic self-preservation. Such feeble institutions cannot be creative factors in their communities.

Let these churches unite. Let them have one minister — and a united church can afford a good one. Let them forget petty differences in ritual. Let them put up a community house where young people can gather, where they can play, where they can cultivate initiative and fellowship. And let no one call the young people bad because they use the community house, under proper supervision, for dancing, card playing and theatricals.

Too many churches minister to one group from a single social stratum. They are classbound in outlook and sympathies. Yet there is scarcely a community where there is not a blending of the older American stock with the newer — those we call "foreigners," whether they

have taken out citizenship papers or not. America today is crying for the preservation of democracy. But the church is doing little — by way of welcoming "foreign" residents — to fuse our varied population into a brotherhood.

Many of my listeners say they don't go to church because of the ugly, gloomy church buildings. Some churches seem to have been erected with regard to every other end than that of promoting a sense of worship. They are auditoriums and old-fashioned opera houses, and not good ones at that. They hold no inspiration for anyone.

I always enjoy visiting a Roman Catholic church. The architecture, the altar, the candles, the windows, the soft religious light — all create an atmosphere of sanctity. Religion must come to us through spiritual experience, but outer, visible manifestations of beauty will help us to catch its meaning.

Another reason why people can't go to church is that there is no real calling of people to repentance, to bring up to the surface of their everyday lives the noble things that have long been submerged, to be what they really want to be in their better moments. In a recent radio sermon I mentioned sin. A preacher wrote and asked why I dealt with such an outworn thing. But I still believe there is such a thing as sin from which people have to be saved. So do such eminent clergymen as George W. Truett, of Dallas; John

Haynes Holmes and Harry Emerson Fosdick, of New York; and Merton S. Rice, of Detroit, the two-fisted preacher whose church draws 4,000 every Sunday. They all believe in sin. But they don't waste breath denouncing the trivial faults about which many preachers prate.

The sins they set out to heal are the sins which hurt mankind everywhere. There are sinners who come to our churches — money-getters whose cupidity takes precedence over public service and respect for human personality; people who are good through fear and are monsters at heart; people who give their money but who refuse to be merciful, just and kind. There are people who hate other people, other races. These are all sinners. And thousands of preachers, instead of teaching them brotherliness, tickle their prejudices and their hatreds.

There is one final reason why people don't go to church, and that is because those who run our churches are too often old and bigoted. They do not understand or tolerate youth. Instead of moving out adventur-

ously into the broad, bright fields of religious growth, they are forbidding, regulating and punishing. They haven't learned the Christian gospel of humanity. One of the noblest sacrifices they could make would be to resign and give youth a chance to take over.

To the millions of religious non-churchgoers in America I have only this to say: If you don't like the church, change it. If you have a progressive minister in your town who is held back by the elders of the church, go to him and give him your confidence. You may find that he is eager to fight the battle with you if you will join up. And in his congregation you probably will find allies — people, dissatisfied like yourself, who still have clung to the organization and have kept it alive in a world which needs it.

Instead of leaving the church, why not get others to come to it who have aspirations like your own? The battle is yours — not alone the preacher's or the church's. It may be a long fight, but, if you are truly religious, you can win.



• *W*E SHOULD BEHAVE toward our country as women behave toward the men they love. A loving wife will do anything for her husband except stop criticizing and trying to improve him. We should cast the same affectionate but sharp glance at our country. We should love it, but also insist upon telling it all its faults. The noisy, empty "patriot," not the critic, is the dangerous citizen.

— J. B. Priestley, *Rain Upon Godshill* (Harper)

☞ Joseph Lee, born to Boston aristocracy and banking, devoted his life to spreading the playground idea

Godfather of Play

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "Singing in the Wilderness," "An Almanac for Moderns," etc.

IT WAS the work of a Providence that loves children when one day, in 1894, Joseph Lee noticed a five-line newspaper item about some boys who had been arrested for playing ball in the street. "Why," this son of one of Boston's first families stormed, "those boys were arrested for living!"

Joseph Lee promptly went down to Boston's tough South End to watch the urchins at play. In such districts healthy and natural pastimes were impossible where as many as 800 humans to the acre jostled for room to survive. The children were barred by law from playing in the little available space, but there was nothing illegal about bullying, loafing, and coasting the bright lights until the early morning hours.

"The boy without a playground is father to the man without a job," Lee said. "Every child has a right to a safe place to play. In the planning of our cities the children have been left out."

So this tall, thin son of Henry Lee, senior partner in the banking firm of Lee, Higginson & Co., ignored banking and his training as a

lawyer as well. Head of a growing family himself, he knew what children needed and he determined to get it for them.

Lee obtained permission to use a vacant lot on one of Boston's poorest streets. He cleared out the junk, but left things that children know how to play with — barrels and planks for teeter-totters, sand and boxes and bricks for building, old boards for slides. He called in the children and told them that this was their playground. Timidly they sidled into the lot, suspicious, ready to run. When they discovered that Lee meant what he said, they came with a whoop and a jump. But Lee saw that, unless he supervised the games, quarrels or even gang fights broke out. The children simply didn't know how to play.

Teach children to play? Guffawing legislators, supercilious parents, ten-foot-pole philanthropists made a solid bulwark of indifference to the idea. For the remaining 43 years of his life, Joseph Lee was to preach that children's play corresponds to painting for the artist, research for the scientist — that it is rightly the major business of the

young. "Play is synonymous with growth," he argued. "The child throws himself into his game up to the very limits of his courage and perseverance. He follows the ball each day further into the unexplored regions of potential character, and comes back each evening a larger moral being than he set forth." Joseph Lee even wrote a book about it. His *Play in Education* is a classic.

Down there in the South End district, Lee was giving the children of the poor the inheritance of which his native Boston had robbed them. When a utilities company bought the land on which he and the children had only squatters' rights, he transferred his experiment to the lot next door. Then, in 1900, he moved his swings and slides, sand-piles, and ball field to a larger playground on Columbus Avenue, one of the most desolate parts of the Hub. Here blossomed a corner for small children, $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres for big boys' teams, and 260 individual children's gardens. Lee took over two old stables for indoor athletics in winter. The boys played basketball, built their own bowling alley, formed their own club. Lee was a genial part of all their enterprises and he found young men and women to help as playground directors. They served at night, too, to give working boys a chance.

Throughout America, where hundreds of "arrests for living" were being made every summer month

in every big city, there had been nothing quite like Lee's playgrounds. Here and there a church worker or schoolteacher had made a similar effort, but they closed their gates at five, whereas Lee kept his open; they shut down in winter, but he went into winter quarters.

Leading social workers of the day — Jane Addams, Luther Gulick, Jacob Riis — agreed that this grown-up but inveterate boy, this whimsical, withdrawing young man with the overhanging Kipling mustache, had the right idea. And it caught on like wildfire. While Lee, with Mayor Quincy of Boston, labored to get civic action for his playgrounds, Chicago poured its money into a great system of them: little neighbourhood playgrounds, big municipal recreation centers, parks where nobody had to keep off the grass, public golf courses, public tennis courts. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, San Francisco, New Haven, and Providence followed suit. Police everywhere reported that for a radius of a mile from a recreation center, juvenile delinquency and street accidents fell off. Schoolteachers reported better attendance. Parents knew their children were safe.

Soon the movement had spread to more than 150 cities, and in 1906 an organizing group met with President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House, to form the Playground Association of America, forerunner of the National Recrea-

tion Association. In 1910 Joseph Lee was elected its president and served without missing a meeting until shortly before his passing in 1937.

Lee's fortune was not a mighty one, but he gave as unsparingly of it as of himself. His gift of a "nest egg," with enthusiasm that matched it, made it possible for the Community Service of Boston to enlist 20,000 girls and 50,000 boys in basketball and baseball leagues and social clubs. He gave the National Recreation Association \$360,000 and, more than that, devoted himself to the onerous task of getting other people's money. At this, said Bishop William Lawrence, "he was a magician, for he could charm a greenback out of you in such a way that you did not miss it."

And he got more than money; he got ideas. He started all-nations music festivals, traveling Christmas Nativity plays, Fourth of July pageants, all new in Boston then. He organized inter-block marble tournaments, set aside places for top-spinning, took little girls' hopscotch grounds as seriously as big-league baseball. Lee was a pioneer, indeed, in the whole idea of team games for girls. He felt that every girl should be a tomboy, should play with boys habitually, and learn to be a good sport. Tired girls, whether it be from office, shop or kitchen, need to dance, he insisted, as staid Boston gasped.

Nor did he neglect the grimmer

needs of children. Lee boldly pushed the legislation he knew was needed. He founded the Massachusetts Civic League, choked off measures that he thought bad for youngsters, put through twice as many that he thought were good for them. He led the successful fight to legalize the playing of games on Sunday. His 20-year fight to get juvenile offenders tried separately from adult criminals resulted in the Juvenile Court of Boston. He got medical supervision into the schools, a coöperative nursing service, and the ungraded school for backward and sick children. With the Boston School Committee he hammered until he got proper school buildings, schoolyards made into playgrounds, schoolhouses pried open for adult recreation at night and on weekends.

His alma mater had no school of education. Why not? Better teachers were needed, Lee felt. "A fine idea," said Harvard's progressive president, Charles W. Eliot, "but there are no funds for it."

"Open your school," said Lee. "I'll pay the salaries. How much will it take?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars to begin with," Eliot said.

Lee walked into his banker's office. "I've just promised Eliot \$25,000," he said cheerfully, and then, because he never knew about his resources, "Have I got it?" He had, and it went to start the Harvard Graduate School of Education.

Through all its years of experimentation and slowly gathering reputation, the school was underwritten by Lee, though he never tried to influence an appointment or an opinion or a method.

Born in the second year of the Civil War, Lee was at the height of his powers during the World War. As President of the War Camp Community Service, he saw to it that the men in training camps got the recreation they needed to keep up morale — and morals. The man who had shown how well he knew children proved his understanding of young men. At the end of the war, the now bald, bespectacled Bostonian received the Distinguished Service Medal. Later, when Harvard honored him with its LL.D., the citation read: "A citizen ever laboring for the welfare of the public and the joyful growth of children."

Throughout his busy years, Lee found time to play. At Harvard he had played on the freshman football team, rowed with the sophomore crew, won the middleweight boxing championship in his junior year. As a man he never missed the opening of the fishing season, though he cared little how many fish he caught.

In 1922, when most people had never heard of trailers, he made a trailer trip through Florida. For years he made an annual canoe trip down the Connecticut River. When he was 70 he still ice-skated with a pair of skates bought secondhand

50 years before. He spent his summers at Cohasset Beach in a house small enough to be known as "The Collar Box" and as close to neighbors as possible. He liked to lie on his back and discuss Plato with Harvard professors, only to jump up and play prisoner's base with his grandchildren. When he loafed in solitude, it was to make more plans for the National Recreation Association.

The job at which he worked so well and so long is not yet finished. Slums still flourish; 10,000,000 children in the United States still have no playgrounds; four out of five playgrounds do not yet have year-round schedules, although increased leisure is producing greater need for recreational facilities. But so great has the movement become that in 1938 this country spent over \$60,000,000 for free recreation activities, more than double the amount spent 10 years earlier. The National Recreation Association that year sent field secretaries to 732 cities and aided 6000 communities. Its help now extends to South America, Europe, Asia and Africa. Indeed, public playgrounds were almost unknown in other countries until America started them.

"Every institution is the lengthened shadow of one man," wrote Emerson, and the National Recreation Association is Joseph Lee's shadow. One of the first to see the need and to find the way, he was truly the godfather of play.

One-Man Legal Clinic

Condensed from The American Magazine

William A. H. Birnie

FOR 20 YEARS William Weiss was a successful corporation lawyer in New York. Then, in 1930, a crippling disease confined him to a wheel chair. Instead of succumbing to misfortune he worked out an idea which not only has filled his life with activity but is of definite service to his community. In his apartment he set up a legal clinic where "the little fellow" can receive advice for a nominal fee — usually \$1, and never more than \$10.

"Legal hygiene," he calls it. "My idea is to help people *keep* out of trouble rather than *get* out of trouble."

Thousands of men and women who are not poor enough to take the pauper's oath for free legal services, nor wealthy enough to retain a lawyer, have streamed to his study for help. In fact, the clinic has been so successful that it is being studied by leading lawyers throughout the country who feel that legal clinics are as necessary as medical clinics.

In practically every case that comes before him, Mr. Weiss finds, the primary need is for sympathetic counsel and the application of sound common sense. There was, for example, the elderly woman who begged him to do something about her landlord.

"He's going to evict me," she said. "I owe a month's rent."

She lived with her son in a \$30-a-month apartment. The son was paid every two weeks, and she had been in the habit of putting by \$15 out of each pay envelope for rent. But, a couple of years before, she had dipped into the rent money to pay a doctor's bill, and when the landlord appeared she had only \$25 for him.

"He was very nice about it," she went on. "He said he knew it was hard for me to keep loose money around and, as a special favor, he would collect the rent every two weeks instead of every month."

Mr. Weiss wrote the landlord, pointing out that the woman had been paying a total of \$30 every four weeks — thirteen \$30 payments a year, instead of the 12 payments required. And, since that had been going on for two years, the landlord actually owed her \$60!

Another day a frantic young husband told Mr. Weiss that a hospital was refusing to release his wife and new baby until he paid his bill. He didn't have the cash but had promised to pay at the end of the month.

"All right," said Mr. Weiss. "Ask the superintendent for a release once again. If he refuses, borrow

his phone and call the police. Tell them your wife and child are being held for ransom."

An hour later Mr. Weiss's telephone rang and a jubilant voice exclaimed, "We're on our way home right now!"

Events like that warm Mr. Weiss's heart and convince him that he is performing a much-needed service, one which any public-spirited lawyer can perform in his community until large, well-organized clinics are established. Weiss charges his clients a small fee simply because he hates charity. Thinks it bad for the person who gives it ("makes him feel superior") and for the fellow who takes it ("hurts his self-respect"). He goes over the standard fee of \$1 only when he spends considerable time looking up law or drawing up papers.

• And though legal ethics forbid him to advertise his services, stories of his helpful advice have spread. Many consult him by mail, some by phone. From the nature of each case, Mr. Weiss determines whether his client is entitled to use the clinic services; if not, he recommends a number of reputable lawyers for the client to choose from.

Most of Weiss's clients are people who have just enough business or property to require legal protection now and then. They need help most when faced with a contract representing the expenditure of what is to them a lot of money — say for down payment on a home or auto-

mobile. The man they are dealing with is familiar with legal forms and agreements, and they are not. They don't consult a lawyer for fear they will be charged \$25 or \$50, so they end up by trusting to the honesty of the agent.

One man came to Mr. Weiss with an agent who was selling him a new truck in exchange for the client's old one and \$350 in cash. Mr. Weiss glanced through the contract and idly wrote the word *new* before *truck* each time it referred to the one the client was going to get. Then he asked the agent to initial the changes. "I'll have to talk with my boss," the agent hedged. "Be back in half an hour."

At the end of an hour the prospective buyer called the truck firm. "Deal's off," was the response. One dollar's worth of simple advice had saved him from getting stuck for a truck that wasn't new at all.

Typical, too, is the experience of the woman who purchased a refrigerator on the installment plan from a cut-rate store. She met the first half-dozen installments on time, then lost her job. The store repossessed the refrigerator, but a few months later, when she got another job, it demanded the \$50 still unpaid.

"But you took the refrigerator back," was her indignant reply.

"Certainly, madam, but please read our agreement."

She read it then, for the first time, and learned to her dismay

that *all* the remaining installments were due, regardless of whether the refrigerator had been repossessed. She hastened to Mr. Weiss.

"She came, of course, too late," he told me. "There was nothing I could do for her. Just as there is nothing I can do for people who sign garnishees for their wages without realizing it. But if there were legal clinics all over the country, people would learn to consult lawyers *before* they sign agreements, no matter how trivial the sums involved. And that would save lots of grief."

That day may soon come. For it was the present chairman of the American Bar Association's committee on legal clinics who helped Mr. Weiss map out his idea. This man, Dr. Karl N. Llewellyn, a professor at Columbia Law School, foresees legal clinics in several cities within a year or two, under the direction of the local bar groups ("without such direction, a clinic could easily descend into a racket"), and consisting of a staff headed by two or three full-salaried lawyers, with 15 or 20 top-flight graduates of

leading law schools. These younger men would be hired for \$2400 to \$3000 a year on two-year contracts, which probably would not be renewed, to provide a turnover.

"Probably," Dr. Llewellyn says, "these clinics should be called Legal Service Bureaus, to remove the onus of charity. Sponsored by the bar groups, such a clinic should be self-supporting within a year."

Committees of bar groups have already gone on record in favor of such legal service bureaus and Justice Stone of the U. S. Supreme Court has endorsed the idea.

Not all lawyers, however, are enthusiastic. Some feel that the idea smacks of socialism. Others, that it would injure the dignity of the bar, that it would take needed clients away from struggling lawyers, that enough free service is being provided today.

Mr. Weiss is steering clear of the discussion. He is sure he is doing the right thing himself. "A legal clinic really uncovers an entirely new stratum of clients," he says. "It's the law doffing the high hat."



ON New Year's Eve, a Negro in Harlem added a new word to the language. He stood on a street corner and shouted: "Hallalouyear!"

Before morning, revelers all over the city were shouting "Hallalouyear!"

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

Skating Days Are Holidays in Holland

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

David Cornel DeJong

Novelist; author of "Old Haven," etc.

IN A COUNTRY where the Queen takes to the ice as soon as it is strong enough, where Father skates all day with the family at the expense of work, and where the astonished Spaniards were defeated on the Zuider Zee by troops which swooped down upon them over frozen water, skating is never looked upon merely as an incidental sport. In northern Holland, where I spent my boyhood, skating days are spontaneous holidays; shops and schools close; everyone is on the ice, even the aged.

Long before the wide brackish canals were frozen, we youngsters had tried our skates on small canals and ditches. With colder weather, grownups would eagerly test the ice hour by hour. In a town depending almost wholly on fishing, the men, passing the winter in enforced idleness, had plenty of time to be there at the canal.

First dogs were tempted to cross the ice. If it held them, young boys were enticed to pick pennies from the ice in the center. If it supported a 50-pound boy who was walking, it certainly would support an 80-pound boy skimming over it swiftly on skates. If the youthful skater survived without mishap, men twice as heavy and twice as swift were

ready for the ice by midafternoon. And dusk would find half the local population swooping over dangerously billowing and creaking ice. Some were destined to break through, but that was part of the game.

By midnight every canal-boat owner had been warned to tie up his boat, no matter how precious his cargo, for the all-important ice had to be kept unbroken. And every boat owner complied willingly.

The next morning there remained only the formality of running to school and handing the powerless schoolmaster a note signed by Father saying that because of ice and skating it was impossible to send Dirk, Jantje or Grietje to school. The teachers would face empty desks, or a room sparsely populated by the pastor's children, who had been taught to consider skating a devil's pastime. Then the teachers, too, would furtively finger their skates in their desk drawers, and before long they would be telling the pastor's children that it was impossible to hold classes with so few in attendance and take to the ice themselves.

By noon all shops would be closed. The town crier warned everyone. All servants and apprentices were dismissed, and mothers

started to prepare hearty stews and soups which could brew all afternoon while they went skating themselves. Every street had at least one decrepit old granny who for a few pennies would willingly keep an eye on the stews. Only the poor skate grinders were kept at their tasks till afternoon; then they too struck.

The disabled and very old set up booths, each one with Holland's red-white-and-blue banner, and sold chocolate, coffee, oranges and figs. Old people too dignified to have a booth sat around fires on the bank, watched, smoked and told about days when they had skated to all the 11 cities in the province in one day, faster and better than any of these youngsters could do it.

The appearance of married women on the ice marked the real beginning of the festivities. Of course, for half an hour or so Mother had to skate slowly with Father to get all the kinks and creaks out of her body. Then we were ready for the real test. Father stood still, his left hand behind him. Mother put her right hand in his and her left behind her back. Then the oldest child took his position, and so on down to the youngest. When Father gave the signal we took one tentative, not-too-long swoop with the right foot. Next a somewhat wider stroke with the left. In a few strokes Father achieved his correct swing and rhythm at the maximum speed possible with such a train in tow.

We swooped on for hours at terrific speed, our little legs struggling valiantly to hold 14-foot strokes, first on one foot, then on the other. Other families swept past us or tried to race us. On we went, stopping only at some booth for a cup of hot chocolate. And when Father had replenished his supply of pennies to throw to the men who swept snow off the ice we were ready once more.

Our destination was our ice-relatives — relatives who lived in villages perhaps 15 miles away and whom we visited only during skating time. Having several groups of ice-relatives, we were bound to catch at least one or two of them on their home canals. The womenfolk would go to a tea booth and discuss recent births, deaths and marriages, with their eyes warily on the clock, for an hour was sufficient to waste from skating. Father, with the older male relatives, would go to another booth to drink something more hearty. We children were supposed to rest. After one cup of hot chocolate, however, we matched our skating skill with sundry cousins.

Soon we would be on our way again. The relatives would promise to call on us the following week if the ice lasted, the first skating day next year if it should not last.

Evening, on the ice, was courting time. A poor skater, no matter how excellent his looks or wit, did better to reserve his secondary charms for the summer. During the rest of the

year, a few furtive meetings on the street, austere gatherings with parents present, were the greatest leeway any suitor could expect. But skating-time changed everything. The night and the ice belonged to youth. They could go where they wanted and the older people closed eyes tolerantly and kept away from the side canals where the courtiers skated. Life was brief, the skating season briefer. Let them skate all night.

Only on Sundays we did not skate. We sat in warm churches and

listened drowsily to our pale pastor, who told us that skating was of the devil, that one should use one's time more devoutly. It did not bother us. Time enough for that when the thaws came and the ice holiday ended.

The winters in Holland are brief and mild and two weeks of such intense feasting and enjoyment were really all we asked for. If the ice lasted longer, fine; but normal activities were resumed again. Schools, shops and stores reopened. We were content.



Defrosting the Icebox of the North

Condensed from Time

IN 1867 ALASKA was called "Seward's Folly" and "The Icebox of the North" because Secretary Seward paid \$7,200,000 for it and everyone knew it was a wasteland of ice and snow, inhabited only by wolves and Eskimos.

Under-Secretary of the Interior Harry Slattery now maintains that the planned development of Alaska "is an inescapable moral obligation" of the U. S., that its 586,000 square miles are the "last frontier," that U. S. economy and national defense demand its large-scale settlement, preferably by public-purpose corporations such as the East India Company that developed

India for Britain, the Plymouth Company that developed Massachusetts.

In his report to Secretary Ickes, Slattery blasted many antique U. S. misconceptions of Alaska. He found:

Less than three percent of Alaska is always under ice and snow.

Some Alaskan towns are cooler in summer, warmer in winter than St. Louis, Chicago, New York. Alaska is in the same latitude as Sweden and Denmark.

Alaska has 65,000 square miles suitable for farming, yet in 1930 had only 14 square miles in cultivation.

Besides its known riches of gold, silver and copper, Alaska has the only U. S. tin deposits.

The territory is a feminine paradise: 228 males to each 100 females (U. S. 108 to 100), but 57.6 percent are over 35 (residue of the sourdoughs).

Fresh milk costs 25 cents per quart, bread 18 to 25 cents per loaf, gasoline 35 cents per gallon.

In southeastern Alaska within five miles of tidewater, enough timber can be cut annually to supply one quarter of U. S. newsprint needs, in perpetuity, without denting the forests.

In 1938, the 60,000 people in Alaska bought \$42,000,000 of U. S. products — more than Denmark, Norway, Portugal, Spain or half a dozen other more thickly populated European countries.

The air route from San Francisco to Japan via the Aleutian Islands is 1700 miles shorter than the route via Hawaii.

Poorly defended, underpopulated rich land such as Alaska is "a standing temptation" to overpopulated, resource-hungry militarized nations. Alaska is 54 miles by mainland from Siberia, eight miles by the closest islands. The westmost end of the Aleutians is only 660 miles from Japan's eastmost naval base, while Yokohama is 3400 miles from fortified Honolulu.

There are not enough hotels in Alaska even to meet the present tourist trade.

Salmon fishing, the principal industry, now tops any other fishery in the world; the shrimp, herring and shellfish industries are still underdeveloped. Yukon mink bring the highest world prices, and production could expand 100 times without sinking the world price. Petroleum resources have not even been tapped.

Alaska's "vicious circle" is: underpopulation leads to high-priced transportation to high living costs to high production costs to unprofitable industries to seasonal unemployment to a discouragement of immigration and encouragement of emigration and thus back to underpopulation.

In 1887, 800 Indian victims of Canadian religious persecution got U. S. permission to settle in Alaska, founded Alaska's first refugee colony at Metlakatla. They now have Alaska's most prosperous municipality, with public-owned utilities, a 60-piece band, Alaska's only municipal hall. Modern Metlakatlans have fine homes (one fourth have organs or pianos), own boats valued from \$2000 to \$20,000.

Alaska cannot be developed without large investments of private capital working under government charters that would limit profits and prevent further drainage of Alaskan wealth to absentee owners.

Alaska is "perhaps the last country in the world where a hermit can build a cabin and never see a tax collector."

¶ A Montgomery County cooperative to beat the farm problem and provide homemade delicacies for Washington housewives

Country Kitchen Goes to Town

By

Stanley High

THE Montgomery Farm Women's Coöperative Market at Bethesda, Maryland, is more than a shopping place for discriminating housewives from the District of Columbia. For its 80 members, it represents a method of beating the farm problem. Their gross receipts this year will reach \$150,000. Their steadily mounting profits, over seven years, have been translated into paid-up mortgages, college educations, modernized farm homes — a sweet use of adversity.

Drought visited Montgomery County in 1930, and the consequences, to some farm families, were disastrous. As a possible way out, the County Home Demonstration Agent hit upon the idea of bringing together the productive skills of farm women to serve housewives in the adjacent sections of Washington.

The idea was advertised among women's organizations and the market was opened in February 1932. Nineteen women were enrolled. They spread their wares on card tables under a tent in a vacant lot at the less desirable end of Be-

thesda's main street. By August there were 60 sellers and a waiting list, and the coöperative was incorporated. By the end of the year, the women had employed a full-time manager and had moved from their tent into a large market building constructed especially for them.

All the stock in the coöperative is owned by the women sellers. They elect their own nine-member board of directors. Each

seller pays in two-dollars-a-month rent for space and equipment and five percent of her sales' income.

Regulations — both for personnel and products — are stringent. Each seller is required to be a bona fide farm woman; that is, she must live on and receive most of her income from a farm of more than six acres. At the market all sellers wear the same uniform — a white cap and white apron. Each is assigned a permanent sales stall and glass cases and shelves on which to display her products. The market, likewise, provides refrigeration.

All of the milk, meat and vegetables sold are regularly inspected by health authorities. • A home eco-

✦
*Depression-
Born
Businesses
—III—*

nomics expert samples and grades the large assortment of cooked products. Kitchens are inspected, graded as to cleanliness, sanitation and efficiency. Women who fail to meet the tests are reprimanded by the board of directors and, if they continue to fall short, are voted out of the coöperative.

The market is open on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Prices are fixed each month by a marketing committee of the sellers. They are slightly higher than in the local retail establishments, but Washington housewives cheerfully make the trip and pay the difference, because of the high quality and because they find here specialties they can get nowhere else: cornmeal mush packed into a loaf to be sliced and fried; beans baked in large deep pans and sold in cartons; hominy (which takes such endless cooking) only needing to be warmed up; homemade sausage and scrapple, candies and cookies; chickens beautifully dressed and stuffed, all ready for cooking; pots of herbs, bunches of cress, jams and pickles, and flowering plants.

The icebox rolls of Mrs. Edward West are famous on the tables of Chevy Chase. She sells 60 dozen a week. Mrs. L. Parent — a widow whose market earnings have saved her farm from foreclosure — sells, among other things, more than 50 dressed chickens each week. Mrs. Mary Hargett, 71 years old, sells 2000 jars of jelly and over 60 gal-

lons of chopped pickles a year. Mrs. John Darby disposes of 2500 dressed turkeys. According to the Home Demonstration Agent, her success and scientific farm methods have improved the standards and increased the business of turkey growers throughout the county.

Individual receipts, of course, vary widely according to the goods offered for sale. The least pretentious of stands takes in about \$5 on a Wednesday, \$8 on a Saturday; a stand offering comparatively expensive commodities may bring in as much as \$200 a week. Highest income of any single stand for a year has been \$8500.

In the opinion of the county agent, the most significant results from the profits of the coöperative are to be seen in the farm homes of the community. In many homes the first earnings go into the purchase of an electric refrigerator. Then follow labor-saving mechanisms and reorganization of the farm kitchen, and modern plumbing, new electric plant, or oil burner.

The modernizing movement has proved to be contagious. "The example of the women in the coöperative," the agent told me, "has put the county 50 years ahead in its agricultural ideas. It is no longer necessary to argue for up-to-date farm practices. Even more important, we are proving to the youth of the county that farming can be made to pay and farm life can be made attractive."

This Is Not 1914

Condensed from *Life*

Walter Millis

Journalist, historian, author of "Road to War"

IN INFLUENCE on American thinking, Walter Millis' *Road to War** ranks among the top books of the past 25 years. Popularizing the view that America drifted and blundered into the World War, it immediately became an isolationist bible and provided much of the steam behind the U. S. Neutrality Act. *Life*, believing that readers would like to know what the author thinks about the chances of America's involvement in the current war, invited Mr. Millis to state his views.

WITH another great struggle under way, will the United States retrace the same "road to war" which it followed from 1914 to 1917?

In one sense the answer is clearly No, for the simple reason that 1939 is not 1914. Just as it is so often said that the generals never prepare for the next war but for the last one, it seems to me that the Borah-Nye-Clark isolationists are too largely concentrating their energies on keeping the United States out of the last war instead of the one now actually under way in Europe. The results may well be quite other than what they expect. For if the United States does intervene,

* Condensed in *The Reader's Digest*, September, '35, p. 109.

it will be by a different road; it is starting at a different place, under quite different conditions.

I have never believed that there were any two or three simple "causes" of American entry into the World War. I have never believed that it was primarily propaganda, or the Morgan loans, or the growth of the war-supply industries, or the barbarity of the submarine, or the menace of German imperialism which "got the United States into the war." Rather, it seems to me that American intervention was the result of a complicated process with which each of these factors had something to do, but in which none of them was clearly decisive.

In 1914 the war broke suddenly on an American public which had little knowledge of either Europe or modern war. We reacted rather as we would have done to an enormous and extremely exciting railroad wreck. We took a passionate interest in the disaster, but with virtually no thought that we might become involved in it. However, our affinities of culture and language, and the character of our main sources of European informa-

tion, gave an important majority of Americans a strong bias at the outset in favor of the Allies.

This bias was enormously strengthened by the savagery of the German onslaught on Belgium, which came as a shock to a people that had no inkling of how savage modern war must be and no experience with propaganda to warn them against the atrocity stories which greatly exaggerated what was horrible enough in fact. From the first, probably most Americans believed that Germany had committed a colossal "crime against civilization," and this impression colored everything which happened thereafter.

Few Americans seemed to realize what this view logically implied: If Germany was committing a huge crime against civilization, then all to whom that civilization was vital must fight for her defeat. We could not go on pouring our moral indignation upon Germany and still remain deaf to demands that we do something practical about it.

Perhaps this psychological factor could never alone have brought this nation to a declaration of war. But its influence over subsequent events was all the greater because Americans themselves were largely unaware of its existence. They did not themselves understand to what extent they had ceased to be emotionally neutral.

Americans, too, had an imperfect idea of the real horror of the struggle. Hence, when its savagery did

directly touch us, notably in the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the outrage was magnified out of all rational proportion. And we were much quicker to resent it because we had only a vague notion of how much the resenting might really cost. Indeed, down to the moment of declaring war, not many imagined that the United States would lend much more than economic and naval support to the Allies with perhaps a "token" division or two. One of the curious things about the record of those years is the slight attention which Mr. Wilson and his advisers ever seemed to pay to the military problem. How many of the Congressmen who voted the war resolution dreamed that it would end with 2,000,000 American troops in Europe and another 2,000,000 on the way?

Because of sympathy with the Allied cause we acquiesced when the British, by methods which were scarcely legal, snuffed out our trade with Germany and Austria-Hungary. This loss made us only the more eager for the war trade of the Allies. Presently an immense war-supply industry, sustained in part by American loans, was bringing us a rushing prosperity. The idea that we were maneuvered into the war primarily by greed, to make good the loans, seems impossible to sustain. On the other hand, that the loans tended to cement our feelings for the Allies seems difficult to deny.

The Germans replied to the British blockade by initiating the submarine campaign; and President Wilson stated that he would hold Germany to a "strict accountability" for the results. Our position on this specific issue, over which we were ultimately to enter the war, was taken before anyone had any idea of the military importance of the submarine to Germany and, consequently, of the difficulty of holding her to a "strict accountability" in its use.

But the fact that he had taken the position tended to force President Wilson to stick to it, with the result that he found himself attempting to force the Germans to confine themselves to the "legal" use of submarines by the only available method — making more and more vigorous threats of war in case they did not. By the end of 1916 he had reached this precarious position: Whenever the German high command should decide that the military advantages of unrestricted submarine warfare outweighed the disadvantages of American intervention, the United States would be faced with a flat alternative between humiliating surrender and a declaration of war. That moment arrived in February 1917; the declaration of war followed within a few weeks.

Many reasons having little to do with the submarine were confusedly mixed up in the choice for war, and the confused way in which that

choice was presented has perpetuated the disastrous legend that we never chose war at all, but were "drawn" into the conflict by malign fate or personal devilry — British propaganda, the machinations of bankers, the egoism of Mr. Wilson, or what not — the implication being that the same fate awaits us this time.

The overwhelming difference between 1939 and 1914 is the fact that we now have the experience of the past 25 years behind us. This has given us a horror of modern war, a desire to have none of it. But it has also given us memories — of the blood shed at St.-Mihiel and in the Argonne, of the victory parade through the Arc de Triomphe — that link our emotions, our policies and our national interests much more closely with France and Great Britain than they were linked in 1914. It has given us a conscious place upon the world stage of which we were then unaware, and a far more vivid sense of the degree in which any great war in Europe must affect the United States.

In 1939 the war broke, with almost glacial gradualness, upon an American people probably better informed about European affairs than any other people. After all that we had seen of the World War, of China, of Ethiopia and of Spain, the savagery of the German onslaught upon Poland had no effect remotely like that of the German onslaught on Belgium. Our basic

attitude toward the war was not determined hurriedly, under the shock of horror and passionate wartime propaganda. We were acutely aware that the struggle must directly concern us in many ways, that we might eventually become a belligerent.

The American attitude of today does, of course, carry the same implication that the Allies are fighting our battles, and may ultimately generate even stronger pressure toward American intervention to prevent their defeat. But because it is more conscious and more realistic, it should lead to a calmer and more realistic calculation as to the necessity for intervening. There has been markedly less moral indignation and more practical consideration of how German actions may, in fact, affect the United States. And if we are led to adopt policies tending to support the Allies, we shall have a far clearer idea of just what we are doing. President Roosevelt has not summoned the country to be "neutral in thought," as President Wilson did. Our statesmen, and I think our people, are less likely this time to make the dangerous mistake of imagining that they are acting with perfect impartiality when in fact they are not.

Nor is there any danger this time that we shall underestimate the ferocity and horror of the struggle. The indignation over the torpedoing of the *Athenia* was a faint ripple by comparison with the

storm of anger evoked by the destruction of the *Lusitania* — partly because we now see such tragedies against the colossal tragedy of war itself, partly because we have so vivid an idea of the enormous costs which intervention to prevent them would entail.

The new war is raising much the same detailed issues as did the old, but against this different background they come with a different impact. Once more we acquiesce as the British snuff out our trade with Germany. But the trade itself is of much less relative importance to us now than it was in 1914.

Repealing the arms embargo and putting all war trade on a cash-and-carry basis will probably prevent the development of anything approaching the great war boom of 1916. The Johnson Act precludes our lending huge sums to the Allies. And even if a considerable war industry should develop, it might have no great effect in urging us into war. Businessmen now know by hard experience what it means to resign the rushing profits of neutrality for the colossal taxation and rigorous controls of wartime. Few things seem more certain than that, if the United States does become a belligerent, it will not be under the impulse of an industrial and financial community which probably has more ground than any other group to dread the social and economic dislocations that participation in a great war must bring.

It is obvious, on the other hand, that the Germans are going to wage economic war on France and Great Britain by every means in their power. We can be reasonably sure that there will be plenty of "incidents" calculated to arouse American anger and resentment. It seems incredible, however, that in dealing with them any American statesman today could create the same sort of trap for himself which President Wilson arranged when he promised to hold the Germans to "strict accountability" — or fail to realize the futility of going to war for such an objective. I believe that our policy will tend to meet new "incidents," as we have in China, by protests for the record rather than by threatening war.

If we do threaten war over some specific episodes, it will be because larger reasons seem to make it imperative that we attempt to decide the struggle. And both the government and the people will have a much better idea than last time of exactly what they are doing. As a considered guess, in the light of all the factors, I should conclude that the chances of American military intervention are considerably less today than in 1914.

To my mind the real question is not whether the United States will go to war, but under just what conditions, if any, the United States ought to go to war. We are not

inadequately prepared with devices for keeping out. We have statutes, controls, a great defensive navy and a considerable air force. The point at which we are grossly unprepared is in our formulation of just what interests are vital, just what circumstances would make going to war the lesser evil, just what aims are worth fighting for.

Would a complete Hitler victory produce so direct a threat to the United States that we should risk life and wealth to prevent it? If the menace is not great enough for that, is it not at least sufficient to justify our lending economic aid to the Allies even at the cost of unpleasantness from the Nazis? No matter how the war goes, a new international system of some sort will have to be erected upon the ruins. Have the American people any idea of what kind of system is possible and desirable, and of how much they are willing and able to do toward securing it?

These, I believe, are the real issues. The clarity with which they are explored will determine not, perhaps, whether the United States will "keep out of war" but whether whatever action we take will be wisely taken, and productive of some constructive result more satisfactory to the American people than were the results of our blundering course in the last world crisis.

Color Nut

Condensed from The New Yorker

Richard O. Boyer

RAYMOND G. TWYEFFORT is a custom tailor who believes it is his destiny to save American capitalism by dressing its chief exponents in canary yellow, scarlet, vermilion and other hues of the spectrum. Twyeffort, a slim man in his early fifties who has a habit of lisping when excited, regards his establishment — in Rockefeller Center, New York — as a sort of soul clinic where tired personalities are rejuvenated. Color, he believes, has a positive therapeutic value and, if used freely enough, can cure dyspepsia as well as feelings of inferiority and discouragement.

The wearing of red, Twyeffort claims, actually makes a man strong and dynamic, just as yellow makes him gay, green makes him amorous and blue soothes him. Dress American businessmen in scarlet, he says, and business will boom: they will soon construct emerald skyscrapers, yellow ocean liners and violet subways. Since no one can stand a vibrant color very long, all the world's goods will be periodically junked and replaced by new patterns equally resplendent. This will keep everyone working like mad, and the capitalistic system will be secure.

Although Twyeffort's theories may seem eccentric, his position in the world of tailoring and fashion is sound. He is a past president of the National Association of Merchant Tailors of America, and last year his business took in \$370,000 gross, at \$160 for a sack suit and \$220 for evening dress.

When Twyeffort began his crusade in 1926, conservative tailors promptly called him a nut. Characteristically Twyeffort giggled, "Yes, I'm a nut. I'm a color nut." Now he uses the term approvingly: "Oh, he's a color nut," he will say of a tailor who has begun to adopt his theories.

Because unrelieved black makes Twyeffort physically ill, many of his creations are designed to replace the black dinner jacket and black tails. His first original creation of this sort was called the host suit and was snapped up in 1928 by Herbert Bayard Swope, then executive editor of the *New York World*. It now comes in orange and brown, green and red, or in whatever combination seems best calculated to banish the personal problem of its wearer. Twyeffort is also the creator of summer dinner jackets in canary, eggshell, glade green, Gulf Stream blue and cocoa, as well

as informal winter evening clothes in 65 different shades.

Most of his ideas were so startling that there were no materials with which to carry them out, and one company alone has brought out 55 new silk fabrics as a result of Twyeffort's urgings, and hundreds of new woolens are on the market because of him. He has persuaded hat manufacturers to introduce bright-blue toppers, jewelers to offer garnet-and-emerald studs, shoe manufacturers to make footwear with green soles and green laces, red soles and red laces, and colored evening pumps. He induced manufacturers to add to their lines brightly colored dinner shirts and dinner ties of green, red, purple and yellow. Today many department stores sell more dinner jackets in midnight blue than in the old-fashioned black. The "color nut" regards all this as a personal triumph.

When a customer enters Twyeffort's establishment and orders a black dinner jacket, Twyeffort is in anguish. "Why do penance to yourself?" he demands. "Black! Black! Black!" he chants, dancing around picking up black books, black pencils, black ink, holding them aloft so one can see their ugliness. "Black! Death! Sorrow! The grave!" At this point he usually picks up a bedraggled stuffed penguin which he keeps in his shop. "Why be a penguin?" he asks fiercely, and with a lightning move-

ment replaces the penguin with a natty stuffed peacock. "Be a peacock!"

Twyeffort's first successes were with the aged. He solemnly assured them that the step would once more be firm, the eye bright if they only placed themselves in his hands. Many of the old bucks really did feel better: people paid more attention to them, the glances of women lingered.

To younger men Twyeffort talked of color as if it were an electric belt that would increase strength and manliness. "Color gives a man intestinal fortitude," he told them. "Why do the Northwest Mounted Police always get their man? Red coats. Irresistible. Lumber-jacks! They sissies? Cowboys! Indians! They sissies? Men love color. Go out and get sunburn. Painful, but they like it. Color is better than Vitamins A, B, C, D. Wear more vitamin color!"

Though his enthusiasm may hypnotize the customer, Twyeffort's policy is to begin cautiously. He believes that if he changed a man's soul too suddenly, the shock would be too great. Therefore he has colors which he calls "doorways," of some neutral tint like gray or beige. Once he gets his man through the doorways, he increases the pressure.

The case of one 84-year-old customer is typical. This man's rejuvenation began four years ago when Twyeffort noticed "he was a colorful type for his age." He built the

customer a doorway suit of midnight blue, later one "more adventuresome" of seafoam green, then one of maroon, and finally an orange dinner jacket to be worn with a yellow vest and scarlet cummerbund. The customer felt so good that he bought a 16-cylinder Cadillac which he drives himself. Last summer he was arrested for speeding. With variations this has been the color progress of such figures as Eugene Grace, president of Bethlehem Steel; William Fellowes Morgan, Harry du Pont, Bruce Barton, and many other of the country's more vibrant citizens.

As a youth Twyeffort was conventional, intent on following in the footsteps of his father, a conservative Fifth Avenue tailor. When his father died shortly after the war, Twyeffort succeeded him as president of the firm. About this time he was afflicted with stomach trouble, though his doctor could find no organic wrong. He developed a hatred for automobiles, locomotives and paved streets.

Until 1925 his dress was conventional. Then one day he happened to put on a scarlet hunting coat and felt so exhilarated that he began wearing vibrant ties, violent waistcoats, and brilliant pajamas. Before he knew it he had found peace, and one night the explanation came to him — color had cured him. His stomach trouble, his fear of automobiles, all had vanished.

He developed the convert's de-

termination to share his happiness and became a prolific letter writer, sending out monthly form letters to about 1000 people and many personal notes. When a manufacturer of beer started to sell his product in cans instead of bottles, Twyeffort wrote him, "You have dressed your beer in modern dress. Why not do the same with yourself?" The beer man came in and ordered some clothes. When Ralph Budd, president of the Burlington Railroad, placed a colored Zephyr train in operation, Twyeffort wrote, "Colored evening dress is to the world of fashion what your Zephyr train is to the world of transportation. Why treat your railroad better than you treat yourself?" Budd began treating himself as he did his railroad. Twyeffort has written scores of articles for trade magazines as well as letters to businessmen urging them to use colored stationery, to flour companies suggesting colored sacks, and to restaurants declaring that colored menus will so stimulate appetites that business will greatly increase.

His own wardrobe consists of 16 overcoats, three colored tailcoats, nine colored dinner suits, three vivid host suits, three cutaways, two director's suits, a dozen sports outfits, 17 business suits and around 30 hats. He keeps about half of these in his shop and changes clothes several times a day, in accordance with his mood. The first

clothes that he dons upon arising are chosen after a careful weighing of the weather, his own spirits and the nature of the duties he may be called upon to perform. Sometimes he decides he will not dress until after breakfast, since his spirits

require more brilliance than any of his suits can supply. Whereupon he dons one of his scarlet dressing gowns and lets its courage seep into his skin. For, as he sometimes says, "Red gives a man guts."



¶ Government entomologists range the world in search of parasites

Hunting the Pest-Killers

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

J. D. Ratcliff

Author of "Modern Miracle Men"

CURTIS CLAUSEN is baldish, blue-eyed, and mild-mannered. He suggests a successful but slightly weary businessman. Such a casual appraisal, however, is hopelessly misleading. For 23 years Clausen has traveled almost constantly; through Sumatra and Manchuria, Kashmir, and remote South Sea islands. Purpose of these wanderings: to find bugs which will destroy bugs.

We are probably the world's most pest-ridden country. Of the 80,000 North American insects so far classified, at least 10,000 must be ranked as destructive. Insatiable beetles, weevils, flea hoppers, leaf and ear worms do \$2,000,000,000 damage to our crops every year.

Clausen's work for the U. S. Department of Agriculture's Bureau of Entomology has taken him all over the world because hundreds of American agricultural crops came originally from other countries. Insects which prey on these crops came along with their hosts, but parasites which attack the insects were often left behind. With nature's superb system of checks and balances thus upset, destructive insects had no enemy to impede their extravagant multiplication.

The Hessian fly came with the troops which fought in the Revolution. It destroys 17,000,000 bushels of wheat a year. The boll weevil, from South America via Mexico, costs the cotton belt \$120,000,000

a year. There is no reliable estimate of the damage done by the Oriental fruitworm that came with the lovely Japanese cherry trees that decorate Washington's Tidal Basin.

Clausen's job — and the job of the 11 men under him — is to search out parasites which the insects left behind in their native countries, to capture and colonize them, and set them to work. This type of control has been far more effective than the use of poison sprays, and its first cost is its last.

The Division of Foreign Parasite Introduction maintains a permanent station at Yokohama. A second station at St. Cloud, outside Paris, closed because of war, will probably be transferred to Uruguay. From these centers periodic bug-hunting expeditions go out to remote corners of the earth.

There are something like half a million classified insects. Searching out from among this enormous population the desired parasite, oftentimes so minute that it is barely visible, is a job demanding patience and keen detective work. One of Clausen's expeditions will illustrate how it is done.

He was in Japan in 1920 when the order went out to find a killer bug for the Japanese beetle. This fearfully destructive pest had slipped into New Jersey with a shipment of irises. Armed with a hand lens and a few cotton-stoppered test tubes, Clausen started north into the orchard country. Here, he knew, the

beetles were present but offered no problem. Some parasite held them in check.

Near Sapporo, examining adult beetles, he found, firmly attached to the body of one of them, a nest of minute white eggs. Clausen was thoroughly familiar with this old parasite trick; a means of providing food for the young. When eggs hatched, larvae wriggled forth, bored their way into the host's body and ate it hollow. But, to identify the parasite, he would have to watch the eggs hatch, and allow the larvae to grow.

He quickly set up a field laboratory and announced that he would pay 25 cents for each 100 beetles carrying such egg masses. Attracted by visions of sudden wealth, 200 children collected 100,000 beetles in a single day.

The parasite, it turned out, might easily be mistaken for the common housefly. In a week's time this potent killer would destroy 90 percent of the beetles in an orchard. Clausen dispatched shipments of his parasite to the United States. But here, for some reason — perhaps climatic — the fly's life cycle no longer synchronized with the beetle's. The fly emerged a month early and its days were over before the beetle crawled out from hibernation.

Clausen set out again, this time with success. He found two minute wasps which, seeking out the beetle grubs underground, stung their

prey into a state of paralysis, then attached eggs to their bodies. Hatched larvae ate the grubs. These wasps are now being colonized along the Atlantic seaboard with promising results.

One of Clausen's outstanding jobs was finding the parasite for the Cuban black fly. This pest was eating foliage, stunting fruit and killing trees in Cuban orchards. The United States Department of Agriculture feared it might jump to Florida and endanger the state's \$2,000,000,000 citrus industry. Clausen took ship for Singapore and started working his way through the citrus orchards of the Malay States.

After months of labor he found a wasp, even more minute than the gnat-sized black fly. This wasp punctured the body of the black fly and inserted her eggs. When the hatched larvae were through feeding, the black fly was a hollow shell.

Discovering this harsh little drama of nature was only a start. How get the short-lived wasps to Cuba? Several generations would eat, breed and die in the time required for the voyage. Clausen would have to provide black flies for the parasites to eat, and, in turn, something for the black flies themselves to eat.

Clausen packed hundreds of potted mango seedlings tightly in a dozen screened cases. He stocked each case heavily with black flies — enough, he hoped, to outlast the wasps. The shipment got through

— just. All the flies were dead but 40 parasites arrived — enough, it proved, to populate the island, erase Cuba's plague, and remove a threat to the United States.

Altogether, scattered through the world, there have been 25 examples of insects being brought under complete control by parasites. The first and greatest was the cottony cushion scale which late last century devastated California citrus fruit. Orchards were being abandoned and bankruptcy threatened whole communities when Albert Koebele, a self-trained entomologist, started on a dramatically successful expedition.

The scale, Koebele knew, was taking a terrible toll in the orchards of New Zealand. But it was no problem in Australia, the source of New Zealand's nursery stock. Apparently the parasite had been left behind when trees and scale were shipped to New Zealand and the search should begin in Australia. Koebele sailed in the fall of 1888. In an amazingly short time he found a small beetle which laid its eggs on top of the egg masses of the cottony cushion scale. When the beetle eggs hatched, larvae crawled out to consume the scale eggs.

Koebele managed to get 129 of his parasites back to California alive. In a year's time millions of descendants had completely controlled the pest. Subsequent shipments of the parasite have erased the plague from 40 countries.

Two of our parasitic newcomers work well against the European corn borer in New England, and another against the satin moth on the Pacific Coast. Why don't they work as well in other regions? No one knows. A fly which arrived on the first commercial trip of the transatlantic clipper appears to be highly efficient against the asparagus beetle. And good results are coming from a parasite for the spruce sawfly — the insect which, in one recent year, destroyed enough trees in Canada and New England to keep pulp mills running for a quarter of a century.

Complete extermination of any pest is generally judged an impossibility, yet even that has happened. When the Mediterranean fruit fly was discovered in Orlando, Fla., in April 1929, a gigantic campaign began. At stake were the state's citrus and winter vegetable industries. Millions were poured into the process of destruction and rigid quarantine which ultimately ended in complete victory.

With little hope of duplicating this performance, most entomologists are satisfied if they can keep insects in a state of balanced control at a constant low level.

New problems are always arising.

The white-fringed beetle, for example, appeared in Florida three years ago, apparently from the Argentine, and has spread along the Gulf Coast all the way to Louisiana. In four hours one man in a badly infested area collected 80,000! As a grub living underground it eats roots of plants, and as an adult it destroys whatever vegetation is left on the surface. Another ominous threat is the pink bollworm which slipped across the Rio Grande into the cotton fields of Texas.

Search for parasites for both these pests is under way. The work of Clausen's band of hunters has been speeded up tremendously by the advent of transoceanic plane service. Parasites which formerly required tedious nursemaiding and frequent stopovers can now be shipped directly to receiving stations in New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Oregon. About 30 promising new species enter the United States each year. Climatic, nutritional and other conditions kill some off. But to date 70-odd new species have thrived in their new home, and are doing their part in re-establishing nature's balance which man upset. Many times over they have paid the cost of maintaining the globe-trotting bug hunters.



YOU CAN'T believe everything you hear — but you can repeat it.
— *Answers* (London)

So You Want to Be a Writer?

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Sherwood Anderson

Poet, novelist and editor; author of "Winesburg, Ohio,"
"Dark Laughter," etc.

IN ANY GROUP of young writers you will inevitably find those who want to write and those who merely want to be writers. The latter want, it seems, what they think of as the distinction that comes with being a writer. It's odd. I daresay a kind of distinction, always I fear a bit synthetic, does come to a few, but really there are so many writers nowadays.

Let us say you are a writer. You write and write and finally you get a book published and then another and another. You get your picture in the book section of the *New York Times* and in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

So you go about. You meet people. You are probably thinking to yourself that everyone knows who you are. You forget that to be what is called famous as a writer only about one out of every 100,000 people need have ever even heard your name.

When your last book was published your publisher, thinking it would boost your sales, sent an advance copy of your book to a lot of other writers. He said, "We think this is a great book. If you agree with us, please write." When another publisher puts the job up

to you, you do it. You think, "If I don't puff his or her book, she or he won't puff mine." Very likely, however, you don't read the book. You get your mother-in-law to read it. Anyway that's my system.

The point is that you get to thinking everyone must know you. You have been going about with other writers and they have said you have "a wonderful style" or something like that and you have paid them back by saying something nice about their last book, and you have got rather to expecting to attract attention wherever you go.

Then you get a jolt. Just when you want to be known, no one knows a thing about you. You have gone somewhere and have been introduced as an author. You are introduced, let's say, to a doctor. He doesn't go about with a certain queer expectant light in his eyes, thinking that people who don't know all about him aren't cultured. He may even, up to the moment when he is introduced to you, have never told a lie. But he tells one now. "Dr. Jones," someone says, "this is Sherwood Anderson, the author."

Dr. Jones says, "Oh, yes. I have so enjoyed your plays."

He thinks you are Maxwell Anderson or Robert Sherwood.

In a case like this, a man caught like this, in the company of an author he has never read, may try to get out of it by pretending he is a little deaf and hasn't heard when told you are an author. But he can't get away with that. It may be that you would let him get away with it, would be glad to, but someone is sure to pop up.

Let us say your name is Smith.

"How do you do, Mr. Smith? Glad to meet you," he says and tries to make a getaway.

"But this is Mr. Smith, the author," someone insists.

He gets a kind of hunted look on his face. There is a pleading look in his eyes. Please, if any of you who read this happen to be writers, when a thing like this happens to you, be kind. Help the man out. Don't force him to tell too many lies. Let's say you have written a novel about a banker. Of course, I know none of you will be that foolish. No one ever writes novels about bankers. Writers can't even borrow money from bankers. Nowadays it isn't worth while writing novels about any class other than the proletariat.

So you are face to face with the man who has not read your novel about the banker and who has made the mistake of pretending that he has. He has really made the bluff out of kindness. You ought in turn to be kind to him. Give him a

lead. Say something like this, "I think the banker in my novel was a most unusual man, don't you?" That will let him know that the book is about a banker.

Then go a little further; mention the name of the town in which the banker had his bank. That will help. And then, if your banker ran away with the wife of the cashier, mention that. Try to drag it in. You will find it worth while. Authors should occasionally do these little deeds of kindness. Oh, the glad look that will come into such a man's or woman's eyes.

I remember once being at a party with Ring Lardner in New Orleans. Ring had come down with Grantland Rice and Grantland was afraid the people of New Orleans might not know Ring was there. So Rice had done a lot of publicity for Ring. He had called up the mayor, the president of the Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis Club, the Rotary Club, the Lions Club. There was a big party at some rich person's house, and Ring took me along. He said, "Come on, Sherwood; let's give them two authors."

So we did go and they knew we were authors. Grantland had told them. He got there ahead of us. He pointed us out. "There they are. There they come," he said.

He did everything but tell them what books we had written. He slipped up on that. That was what raised the devil with them. A kind

of dark shadow came over the assembly. People went about with troubled eyes. They gathered in little groups, whispering to each other, but finally out of one group a woman emerged. She was, I remember, very determined-looking. She had that kind of jaw, that kind of eyes. She tackled me first.

"Oh, Mr. Anderson," she said, "I'm so glad you are here. I have been so longing to meet you." She said that she felt she already knew me through my books. She got that off, and there was a pause.

"Oh, that last book of yours," she said. She thought it was very, very beautiful. Suddenly I had a vicious impulse.

"And what book do you mean?" I wanted to say that but I didn't. I kept still and there was another pause. It was the kind of pause that, if it had been pregnant, should have brought forth triplets. Then Ring, out of the fullness of his heart, helped her out.

"You mean of course *The Great Gatsby*," he said, and there was a look of joy and gratitude on that woman's face that I'll never forget. It was the kind of good deed on Ring's part that inspired other good deeds. It inspired me and I told the woman that Ring was the author of *Sister Carrie* and of course she ran about and told all the others. It made everything all right. It made an evening that had started to be a flop a great success.

So there we are, we writers. We

go about among people. We are presumed to be reading people as a man reads the pages of a book, but most of the time we are doing nothing.

People keep coming up to a writer. "What are you at work on now?" they ask. He isn't working on anything. He has a tooth that needs filling and it hurts. He is wondering where he will get the money to buy a new car. He isn't at work on anything but he knows what is expected of him. It is expected that he will be at work on some serious task.

"I am at work on a history of the American Civil War," I say. It sounds dignified and scholarly. A look of awe and respect comes into the people's eyes.

"What a man!" they are thinking. It is wonderful. At times I almost convince myself that I am at some great task.

We become self-conscious. If we get up a little in the world people write about us. They put our picture in newspapers and magazines. What we do about that is to send one taken when we were thirty, when our hair was thick and our teeth were sound.

Occasionally someone tells us that we are great.

It is so difficult not to believe and if you do convince yourself that it is all bunk, you are miserable about that too.

So you want to be a writer?
Isn't it wonderful?.

Our chemists have made the United States practically independent of happenings on the high seas

Europe's Blockade Can't Shut Us Down

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Denver Lindley

WEREN'T CAUGHT flat-footed this time as we were in 1915. When, in that year, Britain slapped a naval blockade on Germany, we suddenly discovered we were dependent on German sources for our dyes, medicinals and fertilizers. We couldn't even make optical glass or the chemicals needed for research. If it hadn't been for the chemistry lesson taught us by the last war, we should be in a far worse position today. A whole new series of industries, from automotive to air-conditioning, would be thrown out of gear. But the current blockade of Germany leaves us undisturbed. In the past 25 years our research workers have made us the most self-sufficient nation in the world.

In 1914 the Germans had a virtual world monopoly in the practical application of organic chemistry to the manufacture of a vast variety of things — from high explosives through perfumes, anesthetics and aspirin to, most important, dyes. They synthesized these products from coal tar, the gummy substance which condenses from the heavy vapors rising from heated coal.

Within a few months after the blockade, German anesthetics were worth their weight in pearls. United States industries that required dyes were threatened with stagnation. The textile industry was slowing up. Other businesses — printing, paints, paper and leather — were affected.

The German-owned dye patents which were taken over by the U. S. government helped some, but many of the patents were so scanty as to details that the processes could not be worked. Others were so written as deliberately to hide the best way of carrying out the chemical reactions involved. Still, we did establish finally our own dyes industry, now the best in the world.

We learned a lesson about nitrates, too, vital for fertilizer and explosives. At the outbreak of the last war the commercial source of nitrates was sodium nitrate, found only in one long, narrow valley in Chile.

Sir William Crookes had prophesied with gloomy certainty that the human race was headed for starvation as soon as the Chilean nitrate deposits were exhausted. But the Germans, cut off during the war

from Chilean nitrates, used the Haber process of "fixing" atmospheric nitrogen. When the new process went into commercial operation in this country in the '20's, the price of ammonia dropped and as it fell new uses were found for the product — petroleum refining, for one. Subsequently the erection of an American plant to make synthetic nitrate of soda made us independent of foreign producers, and assured the American farmer of plenty of concentrated plant food, whatever might be happening on the high seas. Furthermore, since we have now developed potash deposits in California and New Mexico, and since Florida and Tennessee can supply us with all the phosphates we need, it would be possible for us to get along without importing a dollar's worth of fertilizer of any sort.

We are also indebted to the last war for the development of our synthetic plastics, lacquers and finishes. In the making of explosives for shells, nitrocellulose is a principal ingredient. One solvent for that is acetone. So tremendous stocks of acetone were urgently needed — especially since it was also used for "doping" airplane fabrics. But the prewar method of producing it by distilling wood proved too slow and too expensive.

The problem was solved for the Allies by Chaim Weizmann, present leader of the Zionists. He isolated a strain of bacteria that would produce acetone by fermentation from

grain. Certain whisky distilleries on this side of the Atlantic were converted to house Weizmann's little pets, and acetone began to flow in a steady stream. With it, as a by-product, came butanol.

After the Armistice huge quantities of both butanol and nitrocellulose had accumulated. What could be done with them? Some of the nitrocellulose was converted to the manufacture of celluloid, one of our two prewar synthetic plastics, and a product for which a thousand uses had been found, including photographic film. Then chemists who had been toying with the idea of making lacquer, by dissolving celluloid and depositing it in a thin coat, found that butanol was just the abundant, cheap solvent they had been looking for. So the two waste products contributed to the lacquer industry — with what success you can see by taking a look at your car.

Our other prewar plastic was bakelite, synthesized from carbolic acid and urea. For the latter we were completely dependent on Germany. When synthetic urea began to be produced here in quantity a host of synthetic plastics followed, which began to remodel and improve countless articles of commerce.

According to Dr. E. Berl, research professor of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, the United States has today only four glaring deficiencies — rubber, tin, antimony and chromium. Even here the case is not desperate. We have native de-

posits of antimony and chromium that, if developed, would meet about half our needs. And in an emergency we could rely on our metallurgists to find ways of getting along without the other 50 percent.

Nor does tin present an insuperable obstacle. At present we depend chiefly on British Malaya. But there are deposits in Alaska that might supply at least half our needs. Besides, it's quite likely that we won't need tin for tin cans in the near future; chemists are working on suitable lacquers to take its place.

Rubber is a more complicated story. We have large amounts of old rubber, mostly in the form of tires, that could be reclaimed. We might also take to growing guayule bushes from which rubber can be made. But more hope lies in the laboratory where for years our chemists have been producing artificial rubber.

Neoprene, for instance, is a chemical rubber synthesized from coal, limestone, salt and water. Its price is higher than natural rubber, but since it has much greater resistance to heat, oil, gasoline, and sunlight, there has been a good market for it. The last time you stopped at a gas station, your tank was probably filled through a neoprene hose. Within the last few months chemists have synthesized another rubberlike substance from butane gas, practically a waste product of the oil fields.

(The Germans were ahead of us here, but our product is said to be better than the German "Buna" rubber.) These two synthetic rubbers should, in an emergency, go far to relieve a rubber shortage.

Silk is another U. S. deficiency. But in its place we now have nylon, one of the chemist's most amazing creations. It is possible that other substances can be synthesized to produce substitutes for wool, leather and perhaps certain foods. But these will not be substitutes in the sense of German *Ersatz* — counterfeits used because people can't get the real thing. These will be superior products, better than the natural ones because they are designed especially for man's use and not simply adapted from the animal kingdom.

More important than any specific achievement are the potentialities represented by some 32,000 research workers in the laboratories of the United States. If we are sitting pretty among nations, it is thanks in no small degree to them. But if the chemist can make a nation self-sufficient in a war-torn world, can't he do something about removing the causes of war? President Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology foresees the time when science will do just that — by producing in the laboratory the raw materials for which nations are now ready to fight.

¶ These scientists refused a fortune — that science and their fellow men might benefit

Million-Dollar No

Condensed from The Rotarian

William F. McDermott and J. C. Furnas

LOOK AT your milk-bottle cap tomorrow morning. If it reads "Vitamin D — Steenbock Process," it is telling you the story in condensed form of tall, baldish, soft-spoken Professor Harry Steenbock of the University of Wisconsin, who said No to a million dollars. This amount he could have had for his discovery of the process of adding extra quantities of the "sunshine vitamin" to foods. But he turned that million, and other millions since, into a fund to finance other scientists' work.

Seventeen years ago Steenbock proved that the ultraviolet rays in sunlight are closely related to the bone-building Vitamin D. Young rats afflicted with rickets would grow to normal health when exposed to ultraviolet rays. Then he learned that those same rays would mysteriously concentrate Vitamin D in foodstuffs directly — as, for instance, when a flowing film of milk was exposed under proper conditions. Milk from cows fed on irradiated yeast proved richer in the vitamin. Directly radiated hens not only laid eggs containing more Vitamin D but more eggs as well.

That was important news not only to science but to business. This "sunshine vitamin," which window glass, smoke and fog largely cut off in winter, would appeal tremendously to a vitamin-conscious public.

As a scientist interested only in the advancement of knowledge, the professor was supposed to let the world do as it liked with his discoveries. But Steenbock, an intense individualist, applied for patents. Big business came swarming, just as he had foreseen, with fabulous offers. Steenbock shook his head: "I don't want it that way."

Since he had made his discovery as a scientist and a member of the Wisconsin faculty, Steenbock wanted Wisconsin and science to get the benefit. He knew all too well how hard it is to get money for research, and he wanted to turn his patents over to the University, which could collect the royalties and pass them on year after year to promising research men. The financial fruits of new knowledge would be ploughed back as fertilizer to produce still more knowledge.

But, unprepared to administer such a scheme, the University de-

clined. Steenbock went to key officials. "Something certainly should be done," one of them admitted. "Last week in Chicago I saw a crowd at a drugstore window watching what the sign said was a 'demonstration of the Steenbock Vitamin D process.' They were dripping olive oil on a revolving glass platform under an ordinary electric light bulb and selling the oil at a dollar a bottle."

Steenbock blessed himself for already having those patents applied for. Protection of the public from shyster exploitation of this new boon to health was part of his plan. If the University couldn't take the responsibility, what about the cream of her alumni, acting privately? That was the genesis of the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. A group of old grads put up \$900 to found a corporation that would administer Steenbock's patent rights and pass the proceeds on to the University for science. The WARF paid Steenbock exactly \$10 for the patents. Its total grants for research to date are over \$1,200,000. Last year's were \$185,000, largely interest on investments, which means a sizable endowment. Probably \$10 never bought so much before in history.

A certain percentage of these revenues has been regularly set aside for Steenbock, but he consistently pitches his share back into the till. A bachelor, he still lives on his professor's salary.

The conditions Steenbock imposed on the Foundation's use of his patents are shrewdly realistic. From the start he stipulated that, in order to benefit the greatest possible number of people, irradiation should be used only on "essential foods regularly consumed." That meant turning down offers from makers of candy, beer, pretzels and gum. The WARF will keep its royalties to practically nothing — say one twentieth of a cent per quart of milk — if the manufacturer agrees not to raise the consumer's price. Contracts with manufacturers give the WARF the privilege of censoring any advertisement mentioning Vitamin D. To make sure that Vitamin D is in the product as advertised, the WARF constantly tests manufacturers' samples of irradiated foods — plus samples bought at random by field agents.

By now the scale of the thing is enormous. Two billion pounds of evaporated milk annually, hundreds of thousands of quarts of fresh milk supplied daily by 400 dairies to 40,000,000 people, pay royalties to finance research under Steenbock's plan. Other large sums come from breakfast foods, crackers, yeast.

No wonder the money rolls in. It rolls out even more impressively. Part goes to pay fellowships to brilliant young scientists brought to Madison from all over the nation. The rest finances promising work in such varied scientific fields as Diesel-engine fuels, soil chemistry,

tumors, anesthesia and the treatment of mental disease. And the Foundation spends a good deal trying to find out more about Vitamin D. Its big dentistry project will be working for three years on 225 inmates of the Wisconsin State Penitentiary who have volunteered to be guinea pigs in investigating the relation between Vitamin D and tooth decay. And Vitamin D's connection with tuberculosis, rickets, arthritis and skin infections is being worked on in medical schools at a cost to date of \$150,000.

When a researcher working with WARF funds finds something potentially patentable, it's his own to do with as he likes. He can give it to the world unprotected, or pocket whatever revenue is coming. Or he can ask the Foundation to take over his patents for the good of science. So far the WARF has thus acquired rights to a number of important new patents.

Steenbock's scheme has spread into other important universities. Indeed, in making arrangements to take over and operate patents way back in 1918, the University of Illinois even anticipated some of Steenbock's ideas. Purdue, since 1930, has acquired title to 145 patents or patent applications on discoveries made by its researchers, accumulating thereby well over a million dollars in trust funds to further research. Insulin, the diabetic's lifesaver, is controlled by the University of Toronto, where

it was discovered. Synthetic hormones, important in adjusting glandular disorders, bring in small but handy revenues to the Universities of Minnesota and St. Louis. Cornell derives income from a new method of preserving eggs. The University of California rents industry an ingenious and profitable way of getting the meat whole out of nuts — by exploding gas inside their shells.

The University of Cincinnati has created a flourishing, self-supporting research organization. Started in a garret on a meager appropriation, the Cincinnati Basic Science Research Laboratory worked out a brilliant utilization of the bacteria-killing qualities of ultraviolet rays that General Foods snapped up for enough money to provide the University with a good new laboratory and pay its bills for a long time to come. The basis of the process is the fact that ultraviolet light kills bacteria. But, when used to kill bacteria in bread, for instance, ultraviolet rays also ruin the enzymes (digestive agents) which the breadmaker wants active in the bread to produce the right flavor and texture. Cincinnati's researchers found that they could block off the wave lengths that attack the enzymes while leaving in those that kill bacteria.

This means of helping pure science support itself was foreshadowed before the World War when a young California scientist, Fred-

erick G. Cottrell, developed a method of extracting poisonous chemicals from the smoke that billowed out of factory chimneys. Two chemists and a lawyer helped him raise \$20,000 to work out the details and get patents. Before they were through, the whole thing had broadened amazingly. The Cottrell process — a matter of making any gas carrying liquids or solids pass among electrically charged plates that precipitate all but the gas — has become indispensable in cement plants, oil refineries, gas mains, pulverized coal burners, even for recovering gold dust from the air in factories where watch cases are polished. Its uses are still expanding.

Cottrell's desire to use the profits from his discovery for the advancement of science resulted in the founding of the Research Corporation. Its charter specifically prohibits its ever paying a dividend. But all over the country institutions of learning, individual researchers, private industries feel the vivifying flow of its dollars. Its grants have built atom-smashing equipment for the University of California and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It has financed the Smithsonian's sweeping experiments in the effects of light radiation on living things and Princeton's work in using spectroscopic examination of surface soil to spot oil deposits deep under ground.

Since its founding in 1912 the Research Corporation has steadily accumulated new patents on potentially valuable ideas: a new synthetic Vitamin B-1, for instance, a new way to make glass absolutely transparent, a 1,250,000-volt X-ray machine with a great future in both industry and cancer therapy, and Alsifilm, an astonishing synthetic mica.

Dr. Cottrell now lives in Washington in a comfortable old-fashioned home surrounded by files and books. Since signing over his potential fortune, he has further distinguished himself in such fields as the utilization of helium and the fixation of nitrogen for human use. As for Dr. Steenbock, ensconced in his own laboratory at Wisconsin, he is working brilliantly on other vitamins, on nutritional anemia, on the notion of producing kidney stones artificially in rats as the first step toward preventing them in human beings.

Examples of how admirably ideals can make men behave are so rare that this picture is hard to believe. If these two brilliant men had not been so thoroughly devoted to science, there might be just two more yachts in a harbor somewhere. As it is, two gentlemanly scientists are still at work in the laboratories they love — happy in the thought that they have enabled other brilliant minds to advance the frontiers of human knowledge.

BOOK SECTION

I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD

By
WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

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I'LL TAKE THE HIGH ROAD

I AM NO helmeted, begoggled hero of the skies. As a pilot, I am merely an amateur, and I know it. The air itself has a way of reminding me. But I can't help talking. You take the air, you take America, and you take an airplane, which of all the works of man is the nearest to a living being — mix them up, and you have a drug which will knock all proper reticence right out of you.

And so, here I go talking.

The time was when the sound of airplanes used to torment me. It came down to me where I sat in the university library, a research assistant to a Midwestern college professor. I had a pilot's license, earned the hard way, in two or three half-hour lessons a month. But it seemed that I should never be able to use it as it was intended: for travel. Flying Time on a training ship cost \$15 an hour; merely to keep my hand in took all my money. Yet if I stopped flying, I would lose both my license and my flying ability. I had a white elephant by the tail.

I tried hard to forget about flying. But every afternoon at three, the sound of the transcontinental mail ship came down to me in the

library, plaguing me. The mere name of the airline seemed absurdly proud and exciting — Transcontinental and Western Air, Incorporated. They had conquered the air, sewed the continent up in a bag and incorporated it; and meanwhile, I had never flown out of sight of the airport.

As I was thus tormented one afternoon, something snapped: I put on my hat and drove my old car to the nearest used-car lot. It fetched exactly \$75: five hours of ship time.

Out to the airport, on the airport bus, a happy fool. I was going to fly cross-country.

I sought out George Adams, my instructor, and told him the news.

"Frankly," he said, "you're not ready for cross-country. The way you fly now, you'll break your neck if your engine quits. You need more practice on approaches, more Time."

There I was again, a man without a ship; almost two years after my first solo flight, and still stuck in port.

Cross-country: it sounds so matter of course. What would one fly an airplane across, but country? I had decided I would see America

by air, and had thought that I'd have only to take out my license and go.

But at the airport, one soon learned much more respect for the air. A pilot must be cured thoroughly with that sour ingredient, Experience; he must be aged expensively, at two bits a minute. Meanwhile, he must be kept where his instructor can keep an eye on him, within the few cubic miles of air surrounding the airport. Anything beyond became a mysterious forbidden region, something like what Life used to mean to us at school, something exceedingly earnest for which one was not yet ready.

The Mysterious Factor X

IT WAS still dark when I arose the next morning. When I reached the airport, the ship, shiny and taut-skinned, stood on the line, warming up. All my money had gone into that ship for two years. It had swallowed my camera, and my books, and a decent car I'd had; and a middling car I'd had, and now even that last jallopy. Always I seemed to need more Time.

I gave the engine the wide-open test, letting its sound reverberate gloriously from the walls of the hangars, and waited for my instructor to kick the chocks from under my wheels.

Mine was the first take-off of the morning. I taxied away and thundered out across the line of hangars

into the cool morning air, my first job being to get into position at exactly a thousand feet, exactly over the airport. . . .

The thing that is uppermost in the mind of a flyer is something few ground people have ever heard of, though it is the very essence of flying; the one thing in the whole art of piloting that can't be learned in a few hours of practice.

It is purely psychological. There is something in the air that befuddles a man's sense of space. When in the air one cannot sense his own speed or judge his own height. For the pilot, that means trouble. He cannot gauge decently the things he most needs to gauge. Strangely enough, this befuddling power of the air has no official name; call it the factor X of flying.

Factor X is never as noticeable as when you want to come down. The landing itself is simple enough, but first you must make your approach. Out of infinite spaces of air, you must bring your ship down to the intended spot, within feet exact, and at slow speed, and that is exasperatingly difficult.

Why can one never deal with this mysterious factor X the way one usually deals with trouble, either by brain, or by force, or by courage? To our wings, the air is a fluid which they plane much like surfboards; to our propellers, it is almost a solid in which it screws itself forward. But to our eyes it is nothing but empty space, an optic vac-

uum. One's impression of depth is caused by each eye seeing the same view from a different angle; this difference the brain interprets as depth. But that effect is good for a few hundred feet at best; all right for playing ball or driving a car, but useless in the enormous depths and distances of the air.

One usually judges distance by the way familiar things are arranged in space, as, for instance, cars on a highway. But in the air there are no things; at least not usually. Sometimes there are, and then the optic vacuum is punctured, with startling effects.

For example: near the airport there was a radio tower, about 300 feet high. Once I crossed over it at 800 feet, when another ship was crossing at perhaps 600. For one rare moment there had existed an optic ladder: my own ship's wheels, the other ship, the tower's head, the ground: and for that moment an attack of ordinary high building dizziness went through me like an electric shock. I had, for an instant, realized my height.

Close to the ground the bane is off, you can see again the way you are accustomed to see. But at altitude, you must eternally contend with factor X.

In my first landing that day I undershot the chalk mark. If you overshoot a landing, that's bad enough; in a real forced landing, you would have rolled into a fence or ditch, probably wrecked your

ship and landed in the hospital. But if you undershoot a landing, that is aeronautical sin: in an actual forced landing, you would have hit the trees around that cow pasture in full flight, and theoretically, you and your passengers are dead.

Up again for the next try. Overshot by 200 feet. The third was undershot; the fourth overshoot. From the hangar, my instructor waved me in. My 45 minutes were up, and I mustn't waste money by flying when I was stale. "Try again," he said, "in a couple of days."

GEORGE HAD SAID that as soon as I could give him three perfect approaches in a row, he would let me take the ship cross-country. Next time up, I was determined to do my utmost.

It takes a little over two minutes to come down from 1500 feet; the critical moment comes at about 400 feet. All the maneuvering above that height merely puts you in position for this instant. Here, then, is the way a pilot brings in his ship to a landing:

The field is on my left; I am gliding, losing about 10 feet altitude every second, and waiting for the moment when altitude and distance will be just right for this ship, in this wind, to turn in toward the field. Not yet; the field still lies too steeply below me. I wait another second: two, three; the field takes on a more slantwise perspec-

tive. *Then* — well, not quite yet; but *now*. I turn.

Then comes the proof; the airport runway stretches in front of the ship's nose, drawing nearer, coming up. I seem a little high, but I can't tell yet. I am too low, no, I am too high, yes, no, *yes*: I am a little too high and overshooting.

The temptation now is to point the ship more steeply down at the field; but that won't help. If I nosed down I would pick up speed; and when I killed the speed before landing I would balloon away from the ground. I hold the airspeed indicator at 65 miles per hour, which is slow for this plane; at 55, her buoyancy would suddenly go.

I could tilt her on her side and let her slide off sideways, thus killing height without picking up speed; but my instructor won't allow it; side-slipping is a trick I must keep up my sleeve for emergencies. So instead, I pull the ship's nose up. I float across a golf course, a boulevard, then across a hangar roof, propeller windmilling slowly, the nose almost level. The controls feel slack, like the tiller of a sailboat that is becalmed; a little less speed and she will drop out from under me and crash. I must drop the nose again and pick up speed.

Now the runway is under me and the spot is coming, but I am still floating. It is nip and tuck: how much buoyancy left, versus the distance still to go. I pull back the

stick as fast as I can without letting her soar back into the air; she is still at two feet altitude, a magic automobile that refuses to touch the ground. And there, at last, she settles. I can feel the three-point landing, two bouncy wheels and a grinding tailskid making contact; and within a few feet of the spot!

Up again. Perhaps I can pull off the series of three today. But the next was 100 feet off, overshoot. The one after that was far overshoot. 'There was factor X for you. I gave up, for that day.

Three of my five hours were used up before I made the grade; before my instructor gave me his final blessing. But when I finally brought the ship safely in from my first cross-country flight I felt enormously proud.

Knapsack of Salvation

ONE DAY that summer, the airport grapevine had news for me. A fellow named Barnes, an operator at a small field in the Sunday motoring country, wanted to stage a weekly parachute jump, and was ready to pay the jumper in Time on one of his ships. My money was gone, and I wanted cross-country Time; the idea was tempting.

I cornered Barnes and made a good agreement: three hours of ship time per jump, and two hours extra if I landed in front of the spectators. But there was one condition. I

must first make a practice jump at my own expense, so that I could technically be rated as experienced in case the government inspectors made pointed inquiries of Barnes.

So, if I wanted more cross-country flying, I had to learn to handle a parachute.

The local parachute specialists, Miller and Johnson, agreed to give me my first jump for \$30. We fixed a day for the jump, and a place — an abandoned flying field, five miles away. They went to work immediately selecting the 'chute and fitting the shoulder, leg and chest straps of the harness.

"Now, when you pull the ripcord," said Miller, "don't be gentle about it. Give it all you've got. But remember not to pull too soon. It is as much as your life is worth." And he explained how the 'chute might get fouled in the ship's tail and throw it out of control; the pilot, he said, would wear a 'chute himself and would jump. But I would be killed.

I asked how long I should count before pulling. Miller said not to count at all. "A man can count so fast." He said to use my own judgment and wait until I had fallen clear. "Don't worry though; the pilot knows his job, and will kick the tail out of your way."

"When you land," said Johnson, "just go limp. Never mind if it rolls you over a few times. Just go limp."

The day of the jump was fine; the wind was slight. They harnessed

me up, and we filed out of the hangar, Miller ahead, Johnson behind me, not unlike a condemned man's walk to the chair.

Johnson had a last-minute thought: "Now don't throw that ripcord away in your excitement. It costs five dollars."

I said, "I'll do my best." He said: "You pay for it if you don't."

I climbed into the ship. It took off. At three thousand feet, we crossed over the state fair grounds, headed into the wind. The pilot cut his throttle, to slacken the propeller blast and make it easier for me as I climbed out on the wing. He put on the power again, and I had to hold tightly, for the wind threatened to throw me off.

I looked down; half a mile down. . . .

I should like now to report hair-raising sensations. But actually I was cool. It was the factor X again, coming in handy; I had no animalic fear of falling, because I could get no animalic sense of the depth. It was different when I looked at the pilot. He was tense and worried, thinking probably about the chance that something might miscarry and he might have to jump. I preferred not to watch him; fear is contagious.

He throttled back again and nodded. I felt no reluctance. I let go of my hold, grasped the ripcord ring, and with one long step walked out into the farms below.

The fall was violent. I fell and fell and fell face downward, my

left hand clawing at a cornfield, right hand on my heart, holding the ripcord. I fell so hard I couldn't even be afraid; I was all filled out by the feeling: "Oh, boy, oh, boy, here I go."

Falling is falling, from old habit, whether you do it in an optic vacuum or not. No factor X deadened that sensation. I held my breath, or rather my nerves did; they expected me presently to hit with terrific force, and to get hurt; they had never known me to fall and then not hit and get hurt. I remember hearing myself gasp, which shows that I must have fallen well below the airplane and its noise. I waited as long as I could. Then it seemed horribly urgent to find out whether the contraption would work.

I pulled the handle.

It came out with hardly any resistance, and went slack in my hand. I grasped it hard; I must not lose it: point of aeronautical honor. I held it stretched out, the way Marshal Blücher holds his saber, in the pictures, riding to attack; even while falling, I thought that was funny. And I waited to be caught up.

Nothing happened.

Then there was a vision of laundry fluttering on a line — the silk, stringing out behind me. A gentle force seemed to lift me by the shoulders and pull me upright, as one might pick up a child who had fallen, and I had just time to think, "Is that all?"

Then the canopy opened. The harness grabbed me around the thighs, jerking my legs apart. A bolt of energy struck down my head, traveled down along my spine, my legs, and my feet as a crack travels along a whip, until I thought my feet were going to snap off. Something jerked me upward with a huge lift — a fish would feel that way when he is hooked. And I remember hearing myself groan — against that peculiar stillness. Then the forces subsided, and I was afloat.

O^f faring, floating under a parachute is the most dreamlike. It begins with a wave of triumphal emotion that is unlike any other experience — there is in it the sudden deliverance from danger, release from the most concentrated bit of waiting there is — and the exultation of being high in the air, flying for once in silence, for once almost without a machine. It is like flying in dreams, flying simply because you are light.

My chute quivered high above me, the merest handkerchief in size; it seemed incredible that so small a bit of silk should have such holding power. In the stillness it gave out a thin sound, like a peanut whistle. That was the air escaping through its center vent hole — a warning, though I didn't understand it, of the speed with which I was coming down.

I experimented with the 'chute by pulling the lines so as to set the canopy askew; it let me slide off sidewise obediently enough. But it also set me to swinging. To stop it, I threw my weight about, the way a child stops its oscillations on a swing. When I looked down again I was bearing down on the fair-ground race course. There was the landing to think of now.

I seemed to be undershooting. The probable point of contact, now, was the race-track grandstand. If I struck that, I should get hurt. My objective was the field beyond it. I pulled the two forward lines, and the wind combined with the 'chute to carry me forward beautifully. I flew across the roof of the grandstand, across the race-track, sliding along weightless, without footing, like a ghost.

But again the maneuver threw me into violent swinging. I worked hurriedly to stop it. The grass was beginning to dilate under me as if pulled up by a magnifying glass. Only one hazard remained: a fence. Beyond it was the clear field. I was too low to do any more maneuvering. I had to take what was coming. It appeared that I was going to light exactly on the fence. But no, I was across. There was just time to go limp before the grass took a lunge.

It came up through my legs and my whole body, went right at my chin, and swatted the living daylight out of me. When I looked up, people were running across the field,

and the ship was coming in for a landing. A deep hollow was scooped out of the soft ground where I had hit. My shirt and trousers were torn; my cheek was bleeding.

There was a great deal of excited talk. I had been lucky. The fence was nine feet high, with steel posts and very tight wires. If I had landed on it, with that force, I would have been cut in two. We stood around the 'chute. It lay there flat and dead on the grass. I felt as if I had landed a monster fish.

Miller and Johnson made out a certificate that I had "made a parachute jump near the local airport. This jump was cleverly executed, and we are pleased to recommend this man's performance." I went immediately to look for Barnes. At his hangar, the mechanic said he had flown to Kansas City. Three days later he was back. He was embarrassed to see me; the deal was off. He had taken a job as co-pilot on an airline. I was discouraged. It seemed that there were no breaks in flying for me.

Flying Team

ONE DAY at the airport I fell to talking with Ellen, a big blonde girl flyer, a fellow student I had often seen at the field. She had more of a gentleman's slant on flying than anyone I have ever met. She wanted to fly airplanes the way a gentleman rides horses or sails a boat — not for business, not for

snow, but for some deeper reason. She had never been out cross-country, but wanted to go. We went over to the airport café for a chocolate malted milk and talked it over.

I thought I had done well, building up my Time the way I had; Ellen made only \$18 a week, typing in a real estate office; out of that she paid her parents \$7 a week for board, and bought herself a few poor dresses; she had built up her Time — more than 150 hours — on the remainder. She had \$45 saved up, and I had a similar amount. She thought she could get more from an aunt, and I thought I could get more somehow. A new ship was coming to the airport that would rent for \$10 an hour; by combining our resources, we might get a lot of Time.

We decided to team up. By solemn agreement we split up the responsibilities. Outward bound, she would have the controls; homeward bound, I would. Navigation was to be my responsibility on all flights; emergency landings — even during my spell of piloting — were hers.

We were an efficient crew, and we had no fights. In the course of that fall we covered the whole Middle West, in week-end flights along routes determined by a geography of convention with overnight stops where the girl had suitable aunts. When we sat out the long hours high above the country, we were both happy.

As far as I knew, Ellen had no

beau. But one day she told me a new pilot had come to the field. There was a peculiar ring in her voice, but that it was an attack of love I never guessed. She merely said that he had the most marvelous — well, not what one might expect to hear in such a case — the most marvelous inverted fuel system. His engine kept running even while the ship was upside down, when ordinary engines quit after a second or two.

The new man was a professional stunt pilot. He had a huge body and huge face and a bearing that made you want to address him as Major.

Ellen went in for his art full out. She had begged some more money from an aunt, and was going up with him several times a week. "I love to kick a ship around," she said to me. "Not rough, you know, but nice," and she made a gesture with hands and hips that only a pilot could understand — half of it was a pilot kicking the ship around, and half was meant to be the ship itself, rolling over.

Once, after one of their flights together, I asked the stuntman what he thought of our girl flier. He seemed eager to talk about her, especially about her hair. He liked it, he said, and was thinking of teaming up with her. He might have her fly upside down past the grandstand at county fairs, that blonde hair streaming out behind her. He thought the customers would eat it up.

THE EVENING when I came out to the hangar, everybody was looking up. Word had gone round that Ellen was up solo in the stunt ship, and was going to do an inverted spin: a tailspin done while the ship is upside down and the pilot is hanging against the safety belt.

I stood with them and watched. She started at about 5000 feet, high in the evening sun. She went up into the first half of a loop, and straightened out on her back, wheels pointing at the sky and the yellow topsides of the wings shining down. She cut her power and pushed her nose up to stall the ship; and one could see her kick the tail around, to start the spinning. She capsized over and started coming down, whipping around as she went, the nose pointing down at 45 degrees or so.

Everybody counted the turns:

One, two —

A tailspin is slower than a simple fall; but she was approaching the ground at perhaps 90 m.p.h., twisting down in a corkscrew pattern.

Three — it was time she came out of it.

It is bad policy, even in show flying, not to have a margin of safety, some excess altitude.

Four —

My heart began pounding. She was shaving it so closely; she should have come out after three turns. She must be confused after all that turning. She was doing number

five. I could see her head now in the dark hole of the cockpit.

I didn't know what I was seeing — a stenographer coming to grief in a hired airplane, a flier trying a thing that was beyond her personal limits, or a woman doing a dance to please a man.

When she came into the sixth turn I felt exceedingly angry. Upside-down flying is like writing mirror-script — you have to do the right thing in the wrong way, and I knew that this type of reasoning came hard to her.

Half a turn later, horribly late, she began to recover. She stopped the turn and went into a straight dive, nosing down vertically. As if coming out of a loop, she was beginning to pull out right side up, when she hit the ground.

The front of the ship crumpled, and the wings cracked and folded backwards, and thus the ship stood on its head, for a moment quite like an arrow quivering in a target. It was a quarter mile beyond the airport fence. Everybody started running. There was a bit of smoke, and out of that broke a high yellow flame which kept burning for almost half an hour while the sirens howled.

The Poor Man's Airplane

SOON AFTER THAT I moved to the New York area. I had a job as instructor at a college, and a salary. The day I cashed my first check, I

set out to rent a ship. Meantime, something big had been happening, right under my nose, but in common with most of the airport crowd I had failed to recognize it. It was the advent of the people's airplane; the flivver, as it were, of the air.

I remember the first time I saw one. I found it one morning under George's big Bellanca, an airplane calf under an airplane cow, very small, very low. With its overgrown wing and spindly body, it was appealing. "Not a bad airplane," I remarked to the mechanic. But he replied rather sharply: "That ain't no airplane, that's a powered kite." Hell, it cruised at only 60 miles an hour.

Nevertheless, since it was cheap — only \$6 an hour — I, being curious, tried the little ship. Against a good breeze, it took off almost from the spot. Felt through its controls, the very air was different: not like air at all, but thick, more like mashed potatoes. That was because its wings were so big in proportion to its weight. When you stalled it in flight, it merely dropped its nose a bit and took hold again almost without losing altitude. And when you landed, it settled down almost at walking speed, said "rrrumps" once as the tailskid struck, and stood still.

This kind of "light stuff" was called all kinds of names: pop bottles, puddle jumpers, playthings. And not without venom; for they were undermining the most pre-

cious thing around the airports: the secretness of the art, the "insiderdom" of the insiders. Your old-time pilot's worth was based on command of a dangerous and exclusive art, for which he had trained in a long and tough apprenticeship. At heart he still liked ships that were hard to fly. Of such airplanes he said lovingly that they had to be *flown* every minute; while the stamp of ultimate vulgarity in aircraft was the judgment: "It flies itself."

But as time went on it became more and more difficult to uphold these standards of aeronautical decency. It required more and more talking to make a new customer see that there were real airplanes and airplanes not so real, and that he wouldn't get the real thing unless he spent at least \$12 an hour, preferably \$15. By 1935 it had got so that the real airplanes were apt to stand on the line waiting for customers while the small ships were doing all the actual flying.

For some time I had been noticing, in aviation magazines, a series of ads by a New Jersey operator named Bennett, who specialized in these light planes. I now decided to go down and see him. I found him on his field, way out in the New Jersey countryside. It was an ordinary cow pasture with one small hangar of corrugated tin, a wooden shack for an office, and a dozen of the small bigwinged fellows sitting in the grass.

Could this sort of ship be flown cross-country? I asked him.

Why not? Where did I want to go?

Actually my dream was to fly the whole Atlantic Coast, down to Key West and up to Bar Harbor. But it seemed a bit wild. "How about Richmond?" I said, feeling my way. "Or Miami?"

"Let me see your log book," said Al Bennett, and leafed through it. "Sure," he decided. "You ought to fly out and see Key West."

"A lot of water between those islands," I said. "What if the engine quits?"

"That engine quit?" He gave a grunt of disdain.

We went up together to check me out. From then on that New Jersey meadow was my home field, and the small light airplane my kind of ship. And a very different style of flying it was.

AL BENNETT'S flying field was less like an airport than a concession on the park lagoon where one can rent a rowboat by the hour. Instead of keeping prices up and guarding the prestige of his art, he was out to make the public accept the small personal airplane as it had accepted the automobile. At his field you could see a most remarkable sight: 30 years after Kitty Hawk, the common man taking to the air.

Al Bennett would take on all comers, and undertake to solo them

for \$50. He had soloed his mailman and his grocer, and when I first saw him he was working on his pants-presser. He had some 200 customers: farmers, mechanics, housewives, high school kids, salesmen. He delighted in getting licenses for people who had once been refused by the examiners. He had trained a man of 68, and sold him an airplane; he had rigged one plane so that the rudder could be worked by hand, and soloed a boy who had two lame legs.

He delighted in making people fly who had never flown before, were not thinking of flying, and were actually afraid to fly. Once I watched him administer the aerial baptism to an elderly lady who had been dragged there by her young nephew. Bennett noticed her sitting in a car at the edge of the field, viciously uninterested in airplanes. He asked her courteously to take a short flight with him. His manner inspired confidence and was at the same time gay. He made her do it.

Once installed in the rear seat of the little ship, she found that she must take hold of a stick and put her feet on two pedals, and she probably thought one always had to do that in an airplane. He got into the front seat, and off they went together. When they came back at 300 feet his hands were sticking out of either side window for us to see. When they taxied up again a little later she had made a complete student-circuit of the

field, all with her own hands, guided merely by his directions from the front seat.

Bennett figured that such educational flights, thrown at random into the population, would do more than a lot of publicity to dispel fear of flying; but I suspect it was actually largely exuberance with him, a happy conviction that the small airplane deserved not much more awe than a rowboat.

Sometimes, on a balmy Sunday afternoon, all his ships were in the air at once, and the customers were waiting their turn. He was reputed to sell more civilian airplanes than any other man in the world. One young couple bought a secondhand plane for \$800, learned to solo it within a week, and before long negotiated the trip to Miami. Another couple flew across the continent with their six-month-old daughter, using the luggage compartment as a crib.

But these were the exceptions. Nine out of 10 of Al Bennett's sales were to flying clubs. He had doped out a way for people to fly for as little as \$3 an hour. He trained a student until the student could in turn act as an instructor. Then he sent him to some small town to drum together 10 or 20 local boys into a club. Each member would pay in advance for a number of flying hours, and this money went to Bennett as down payment for a new airplane. Thus a new group of young pilots was started, and an-

other cow pasture blossomed forth as a flying field.

Adventure in the Forest

THUS, in a poor man's plane, rented from Al Bennett, I began touring in earnest. The Atlantic Coast became my hunting ground for the next 150 hours of flight.

With that experience behind me, I felt that I was ready for a long trip. But there is something about experience — and expense — that demands to be shared. I needed a passenger. I let my mind run over the possibilities. It stopped every time at an architect I had seen only a few times at a friend's house. She was not only a lady but so much of a lady that she could afford the breach of etiquette involved in flying alone with a man. I sat down to write her. How about flying to Key West during Christmas vacation? Next morning I had a wire saying, "Count me in."

And now I must confess that on the return trip from Key West I dropped the ship and the lady into the woods. That such a thing might happen had been part of my sales talk to her. A light ship such as the Cub, I had explained, was in a way safer than the most expensive twin-engined ship with \$10,000 worth of safety gadgets. According to the laws of physics, the Cub, touching down at only half the speed of a heavier ship, would hit only one

fourth as hard — no harder than a car slithering into the ditch at 25 miles per hour.

That was the theory. Its practical test took place in the pine forests of Georgia. We took off at dawn with full tanks (three hours' gas) and the wind on our tail. We should have telephoned Jacksonville for weather reports, but the sky was clear, except for tiny wisps of mist floating just above the tree tops. We had encountered such mist the morning before, and had seen it burn away an hour after sunrise.

Almost immediately we were lost over the pine forests with nothing on the horizon but trees. Twenty minutes later, I saw in the distance, lying across our course, a solid pool of white. Fog.

To strike the proper balance between caution and one's determination to keep going — that is the essence of flying judgment. Caution 100 percent doesn't work; you'd never get away from the airport. I kept on my course, but climbed to 2000 feet to look around. The fog might be only local.

When I finally banked around to run back, the whole adventure had suddenly turned grim. The patches of fog underneath us were coalescing fast into a solid layer. It was like swimming in a ghostly surf that rolled over you, blotting out your vision and giving you an ugly sense of choking. I had waited too long. The only chance now was to

intercept a certain railroad track which eventually would lead me back. There were no blind-flying instruments on this ship. I must fly contact; and the only way to do that was to go all the way down. Below, the light was dim, a whitish gray, through which the tree crowns showed indistinctly. The horizon now was a hundred yards away; the world was a mat of pine tops, emerging out of the fog and rushing past 10 feet under me.

I put on power again and settled down to wait for the railroad tracks. The minutes dragged.

We passed over a group of roofs; some settlement, but apparently not a farming one; the forest stood all the way into the back yards of the houses. Five minutes later, the stuff thickened, blotting out all my contact with the ground except for a pine-tree top, which hastened past at a slightly wrong angle.

We were finally caught.

Clearly my choice was between a full-size crash very soon, or the best landing I could pull off in the forest. I turned back, regained the thinner patches of the fog, regained the cabins.

I saw an opening slide by, a bald spot in the forest. I turned, cut the gun, and said through the sudden silence, "Watch your head. I'm going to land."

My passenger made a small sound. The ship slowed up and the controls felt soft; her lift was almost gone. The more slowly I could

bring her in and still not drop or spin, the less it would hurt if we did hit something. I kept the ship barely flying with small bursts of power, just clearing the trees hoping the clearing would reappear.

Then it opened up under me.

The ship was mushing down like an elevator; out of the corner of my eyes, I saw the trees grow up beside us. Halfway down I gave her another blast of power so she wouldn't drop entirely out of control. Two tree trunks loomed up dead ahead: the crash.

I kicked the rudder and jerked the stick over to put the ship's nose between the two, so that the wings would take the shock. But before we reached the trees, the wheels brushed through some flimsy greenery, and the ship stopped almost on the spot.

The forest was quiet, green and almost motionless. It was simply a dull gray day. All the hurry had stopped except in myself. I climbed out, and shook my passenger's hand and somewhat aggressively congratulated her on being alive and unhurt.

I fingered the propeller, and it was whole. Incredulously I grabbed the wings and shook them; they were rigid as ever, and were not touching anything but soft branches. The ship was intact. Ten feet before us were some high tree stumps. Ten feet behind the tail were some young pines, double man's height. All around was forest.

We sat down on the tires and ate our breakfast of sandwiches and coffee. Soon there appeared out of the forest a hunter with dog and gun. He inquired if anyone was hurt, then asked, "How are you going to rise again?" And with that, he pushed us back into our problem: What next?

More men came out from among the trees, woodcutters, in overalls. There was a council. The nearest airport was 35 miles away. Was there any stretch of road, anywhere, where the trees stood a little back from the road? They knew of such a place, nearly five miles away, and helped us to push the plane to it, carefully switching and twisting it through the forest and along the road to avoid damaging the wings. By the time we broke out into the clearing, the fog was lifting.

My passenger would not be able to fly out with me. We hired the hunter's car to drive her and the luggage to the airport, and went to work lightening the ship. Every pound less would help. Out went all the luggage, the gasoline cans, the fire extinguisher and first-aid kit, the tool kit, and the front seat cushions. When I got through, I had lightened the ship by almost 300 pounds.

Then, from a point well back in the trees to afford maximum runway, I started down the narrow clearing for the take-off. When I called on her, the ship rose up against me from below and, like

a horse jumping, lifted me up. The trees gave way and sank down out of my line of sight, and behind them the far horizon came up.

My Kind of Flying

WHEN I DID my navigation the next evening, working on the further homeward route, I realized that my personal conquest of the air was now accomplished.

I was no longer merely training, playing at something which I might sometime perhaps do in earnest. I was doing the real thing, and I had been doing it right along, for the last 3000 miles or so. Out of those weeks of airport waiting, those 25-cents-a-minute hops and the first timid pokings cross-country, a new kind of flying had crystallized for me; a kind of flying that in its own way was as clear-cut as airline flying and military flying were in theirs. You might call it personal flying.

True enough, this kind of flying — my kind — is small-time stuff. Flying a rented air flivver at 70 miles an hour falls somewhat short of the adolescent dream. But it works. I spend no more on flying than many men spend on golf. You get more than 20 miles to the gallon of fuel. From New York to Key West, some 1350 miles, we spent exactly \$21.50 for fuel and oil, hangars and an engine check. A hired airplane will get its two occupants to a destination at a little over four cents a mile each — about the same

as first-class train or airliner travel, and it is infinitely more fun.

One flies where one pleases. Think about that one thing for a minute: *one flies where one pleases*. What one sees from the airliners is only a weak foretaste of what the private flier sees.

In one large swing over town before landing, you can see all that the terrestrial sightseer must scramble for days to see bit by bit: the harbor and the ships therein, the new bridge, the old fort, the slums, the skyscrapers, the big residences — the whole layout, including the surrounding country.

From an airplane, you see not only the bend in the river, but also what lies beyond the bend; not only the range of hills, but also the country beyond. That is one thing I could go on about for hours: simply how much country there is of which one never thinks.

Those big swamps of the Carolinas, for instance; you could never get near them by automobile. Or any one of the big cities of America, as one whole thing, how it sprawls, how it smokes all over heaven, how it crawls in all its streets at once. Or that outermost fringe of America, the lonely barrier beaches and light-houses, the uninhabited regions where ocean and continent are mixed in swamps and lagoons, the great capes.

And you will never know how vacant the ocean is until you have seen it from the air. Looking out

over the blue one can understand why the older writers used to speak of the winds, rather than simply the wind. One could actually see the winds, many of them; they appeared as dark blotches that ran over the sea in packs, like wolves.

Yes, there are magnificent things to be seen. But of them all, there is nothing so beautiful to the flier as the airport of his destination, seen from afar, waiting there with its runways long and broad and flat. You put your map away, cut your gun, and start the long glide down. Then comes the day's last job: a last precision approach; one last finely-timed turn toward the runway; a last slow glide with the nose held up and the wings almost dead, and then — stick back, and plunk.

In touring, I seldom pass up an airport. If there is no other reason

for landing, there is always the amateur's itch to test one's precision in yet another strange-field landing.

Those wayside stops of the air: the small airports of the country. The airport dog is there, sniffing at me, and the men are there who make their living in the air. A touch of local color, Western, Southern, or New England. There is airport talk, the never-ending airport talk; you pick it up in Colorado just where you left it in Michigan. On and on we talk, about ships, about the dangers of the air, about pilots and what they did right and what they did wrong, until the weather sequence begins to come in over the loud-speaker, droning, yet like a fanfare:

"Cheyenne, Cheyenne. Ceiling unlimited, ceiling unlimited; high scattered clouds. . . ."

And I get going.



And So They Married — VIII —

Lauritz Melchior

Great Wagnerian tenor

WHEN I was a struggling young music student, living in a small pension in Munich, I was sitting in the garden one day learning the lines of a new opera. As I sang the lines: "Come to me, my love, on the wings of light . . ." there was a flutter, a flash of white, and there, sitting at my feet, was a beautiful little creature who had dropped right out of the blue.

It was Maria Hacker, a diminutive Bavarian actress. Stunting for a movie thriller, she had leaped from a plane and landed, parachute and all, practically in my arms.

And that was She. I thought then she came to me from Heaven. I still think so.

— As told to Peggy McEvoy

My Animal Guests at Ajawaan

Condensed from "Tales of an Empty Cabin"

Grey Owl

Author of "The Men of the Last Frontier," "Pilgrims
of the Wild," etc.

MY SMALL LOG CABIN on Lake Ajawaan, in the remote Canadian Northwest, is not exactly as I planned it. For my friends, the beavers, with unconquerable fervor, have insisted on alterations. Most of the water front is covered by a 30-foot raft of logs, which conceals the deep-water entrance to the outer room of their lodge; which, in turn, backs up against my cabin. Their inner bed-chamber, an imposing structure of interwoven sticks and mud, they have built *inside* my cabin, my wall forming a convenient partition for them. An opening gives them easy access to my room. From their bedroom, in the night, I can hear the low murmuring of childlike voices, as the engineers confer on new improvements.

One evening in May there came from the lodge a thin wailing startlingly like the cry of a tiny baby. Another and yet another quavering voice joined the feeble chorus, mingled with the crooning and mooing sounds with which both parents endeavored to soothe their young. Carefully I peered through the

opening: four fuzzy, reddish-brown little beavers about four inches long, with round black eyes and short rubbery tails, lay helplessly while the handlike forepaws of the mother ministered to their immediate wants.

When all was quiet again, the father crept to the tunnel and disappeared. Once outside, with loud cries he disported himself, rolling in the water in ecstasy, or perhaps relief. He then started on a tour of the lake, I accompanying him in the canoe. It was a watery march of triumph. The excited 'beast climbed in and out of the canoe, rushed precipitately on and off landings, calling loudly at intervals, seemingly at a loss to adequately express his feelings. For many weeks he shared with the mother the care of the kittens, tending them devotedly while she went abroad for food.

From their first appearance in the open, the kittens were brought to me by the parents and now they actually seek my company. They rush up in breathless haste with arms outstretched to grasp the prof-

fered hand, or race up the board attached to the canoe for their convenience. They have ceased making loud outcries when in the open, but when safely inside the lodge they become garrulous. Beaver are most articulate beasts: I have often caught them alone, talking to themselves in a low, throaty little voice. The mother's attempts to make herself intelligible to me are pathetic. The children's complainings, the scoldings of the adults disciplining the greedy ones closely resemble the sounds I imagine a child of three would utter if he had never learned to talk in any language.

Solicitude for the young is not confined to the parents. A wild beaver came to visit us, and though he eventually became tame his initiation took months, for he had evidently had reason to distrust man. Yet when he saw the brood of youngsters gathered around me he dashed over and scattered them, approaching within a few feet, threatening me with voice and action. That he was risking his life must have been to him certain, but he took that chance to safeguard these small creatures to whom he owed no obligation; and to see him nosing them homeward if they strayed too far touched the heart.

Ajawaan is the gathering place of many other creatures. Animals quickly recognize a sanctuary. Some need time to figure out the situation, like that old beaver. But others respond almost immediately to

my advances, like the deer I saw recently feeding near camp. I stepped outside smoothly, but without any suggestion of stealth. He tensed every muscle, raised his head and stared at me. I spoke softly, soothingly. Finally he flicks his tail — that is the sign; his mind is made up. Either he will bound off with high rocking leaps, or he has decided to stay. I speak again, advance a little, talking quietly. He relaxes. Supreme gesture of confidence, he turns his back on me and nibbles at some pine shoots. I have made another friend.

I believe that on the whole an animal is able to divine almost instantly man's intentions toward him. In areas where man is still uncommon, he is only an object of curiosity, and creatures will sometimes stand in full view, gazing at him in wonder. On the man's actions then depends their estimation of him: by a few overt acts a man will alienate for all time the inhabitants of the entire district; but an actively benevolent attitude will soon attract the interest of these creatures, some of whom will, after a few experimental sortics, begin to frequent the habitat of that queer, two-legged animal.

I have but to step outside my door for some little beast, seeing me or hearing my low call, to come to find what I may have for him. It has not taken them long to discover that no one ever leaves empty-handed. They range all the

way from the small, black woolly beaver-mouse, who goes hopefully around the cabin wondering when I am going to leave the lid off the butter dish, to the great moose, as big as a horse, with antlers $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet across.

I had made no attempt at friendly overtures to this bull until he came boldly down one evening to observe the beaver at work. They speedily collected in a body and treated him to a salvo of splashing — which only drew him closer to see what it was all about. As I stepped out of the cabin he fled up the hill, and I commenced calling to the beaver to calm them. At the first sound of my voice the moose slacked down, turned, and slowly came back, browsing unconcernedly around for upwards of an hour. For this wild, free creature to respond to my voice and willingly to place himself in my power must mean that he had figured the situation out for himself, had become accustomed through previous and lengthy observations from nearby thickets to my voice and had come to share in the sense of security it was intended to convey. Since then he spends a good deal of time strolling complacently around my camp. He does some of his heaviest thinking while standing outside my window — and stepping out from the cabin into the night and almost falling over a beast weighing half a ton is quite a surprise. I think he comes chiefly for entertainment, for all animals

love the introduction of something unusual into the monotony of their lives, provided it is first proved to be safe.

Birds, more practical, make no bones about being swayed by economic considerations. Especially the whisky-jacks, chisellers of the first water, who want not part of your lunch but all of it. These engaging rascals will sit around with a reproachful, half-starved look that causes the inexperienced to make further contributions for very shame. My exit from the cabin is the signal for watchful sentinels to call loudly, "Here he is, boys!" Most of them have learned to alight on my hands, and will sit there picking daintily at their portions. Others dive at me like attacking planes, seizing their share in passing.

I cannot get far before I hear behind me a light but furious trampling, and a squirrel hurls himself on my shoulder to snatch the peanut I always have for him. This is Shapawee, The Jumper: he lives at the rate of about a hundred miles an hour, ever in a state of delirious activity. Vastly different is my little friend Subconscious, so named because when quite young he would roam around the camp without apparent object, like one in a dream. Another of these flying acrobats added himself to my bodyguard last year, so now my footsteps are dogged by three most unsociable-to-each-other, pugnacious little bundles of dynamic energy.

A family of muskrats lives under the flooring in one corner of the cabin. They come to my call precisely as the beaver do, and frequent the cabin with the same freedom, loudly rattling a loose board outside and chittering with impatience until admitted. And there was an amiable old lady woodchuck who used to watch me at work and allowed me a number of privileges, including the rare one of handling her young ones. She has gone, her time fulfilled, and another has taken over her old home — a trim young matron who tries to look in my windows. I must meet these losses with equanimity; yet I miss these friends, for each animal has his separate personality, easily distinguishable to one who knows him. Their actions and manner of expressing their emotions, sometimes so childlike — the little side glances, the quaint gestures, their petulance if annoyed, their distress when in trouble, their so-evident affection for each other — each one remains in my memory, a small, humble presence that has entered, for a little time, my life.

None of my guests stands in any need of gifts from me. They fended for themselves before I arrived, and if I were to disappear, no one would be a whit the worse; though I like to think that some would miss me. But it pleases me immensely to hear some hungry worker, absent for hours on a working party, mumbling his satisfaction as he eats a well-earned apple, or steps into a dish of rice with both hands. And in winter I view with deep satisfaction a hole in the snow beneath an old root, the home of some happy little beast who has a full belly and is fast asleep.

Seldom am I without one or another of my retainers, even though they are not always visible. As I write, the door is thrown open and a load of mud and sticks comes in, borne in furry arms to repair the beaver lodge in the corner; then a light pitter-patter across the floor, as a muskrat calls in for his nightly apple. Then comes the rattle of antlers among the willows — these sounds, as familiar to me as street noises to a town dweller, tell me that I am not alone.



TO COLOR the flames in your fireplace to order, soak pine cones or pieces of wood in the following chemical solutions for two minutes, and dry in a warm room:

Green flames: To one gallon of water add one pound boric acid.

Blue flames: To one gallon of water add one pound copper sulphate.

Red flames: To one gallon of water add one pound strontium nitrate.

— Free Press Prairie Farmer

Flush times in Nevada, when it was harder to spend money than to make it

The Sanitary Flour Sack

Condensed from "Roughing It"

Mark Twain

SHORTLY AFTER my entry into journalism in Virginia City, Nevada, in the early 1860's, the grand flush times of Silverland began, to continue with unabated splendor for three years. Virginia grew into the liveliest town, for its age and population, that America had ever produced. The sidewalks swarmed with people; the streets, with wagons and freight teams. So great was the pack that buggies frequently had to wait half an hour to cross the principal street. Joy sat on every countenance, and there was a glad, almost fierce intensity in every eye, that told of the money-getting schemes that were seething in every brain. Money was as plenty as dust; every individual considered himself wealthy. Yes, the flush times were in magnificent flower.

While half of Virginia's 15,000 population crowded the streets all day long, the other half worked hundreds of feet down in the earth directly under those same streets. For the drifts and tunnels of the great "Comstock Lode" stretched through the town, from north to

south, and every mine on it was in diligent process of development. One of these mines alone employed 675 men who worked in three shifts, so that blasting and picking and shoveling went on without ceasing, day and night.



The city and all the mountainside were riddled with mining shafts. There were more mines than miners. True, these were nearly all "wildcat" mines and wholly worthless, but no-

body believed it then. The "Ophir," the "Gold and Curry," the "Mexican," and other great mines on the Comstock lead in Virginia and Gold Hill were turning out huge piles of rich rock every day, and every man believed that his little claim was as good as any and would be worth \$1000 a foot when he "got down where it came in solid."

Every one of these wildcat mines was incorporated and had handsomely engraved stock, which was bought and sold with feverish avidity every day. You could go up on the mountainside, scratch around, and find a ledge, put up a notice, with a grandiloquent name on it,

"Roughing It" (copyright 1913) is published at \$1 by
Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33 St., N. Y. C.

part a shaft, get your stock printed, and with nothing whatever to prove that your mine was worth a straw you could put your stock on the market and sell out for hundreds and even thousands of dollars. Claims were located in excavations or cellars, in the very heart of the city, where the picks had exposed what seemed to be a quartz vein. It was small matter whom the cellar belonged to — the ledge belonged to the finder and it was his privilege to work it. Claims were even located in the middle of the principal streets.

As these new claims were taken up, it was the friendly custom to run straight to the newspaper offices, give the reporter 40 or 50 feet of stock, and get him to publish a notice of it. They did not care a fig what you said about the property so long as you said something. If the rock was moderately promising, we in the *Enterprise* office used strong adjectives and frothed at the mouth. If the mine had no pay ore to show, we praised the tunnel, or squandered half a column of adulation on a shaft or a new wire rope, or a fascinating force pump, and closed with a burst of admiration of the "gentlemanly and efficient" superintendent of the mine — but never uttered a word about the rock.

We received presents of "feet" every day. My salary as city editor was \$40 a week, but I seldom drew it. What were two \$20 gold pieces to a man who had his pockets full of

such. If I needed \$100, I sold some stock; if not, I hoarded it away, satisfied that it would ultimately be worth \$1000 a foot. But my pile of stock was not all given me by persons who wished their claims noticed. At least half of it came from people who looked for nothing more than a simple verbal "thank you."

Every man had his pockets full of stock, and it was the custom of the country to give some to friends without the asking. I met three friends one afternoon who said they had been buying Overman stock at auction at eight dollars a foot. One said if I would come up to his office he would give me 15 feet; another said he would add 15 feet; and the third said he would do the same. But I was going to an inquest and couldn't stop. A few weeks afterward they sold all their Overman stock at \$600 a foot.

Yes, money was wonderfully plenty. The trouble was, not how to get it, but how to spend it, how to squander it. And so it was a happy thing that just at this juncture the news came that a great U. S. Sanitary Commission had been formed at Washington and money was wanted for the relief of wounded Union soldiers and sailors. Virginia rose as one man. A branch of the Sanitary Commission was hurriedly organized. Its chairman mounted a cart in the street and tried to make the clamorous multitude understand that if the town would only wait an hour, an office would be ready. His

voice was drowned in a roar of cheers and demands that the money be received now. Deaf to all entreaty, men plowed their way through the throng and rained checks or gold coin into the cart and scurried away for more. Chinamen and Indians caught the excitement and dashed their half dollars into the cart without knowing what it was all about. Women fought their way to the cart with their coin and emerged again with their apparel hopelessly dilapidated. It was the wildest mob Virginia had ever seen and the most determined and ungovernable.

There was not another grand universal outburst till the famous Sanitary Flour Sack came our way. A man by the name of Reuel Gridley was Democratic candidate for mayor of the little city of Austin. He and the Republican candidate made an agreement that the defeated man should be publicly presented with a 50-pound sack of flour by the successful one, and should carry it home on his shoulder. When Gridley was defeated, he carried it a mile or two, attended by a band and the whole population of the little town. Arrived home, he said he did not need the flour, and asked the people what he had better do with it. A voice said:

"Sell it to the highest bidder, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fund."

The suggestion was greeted with a round of applause, and Gridley assumed the role of auctioneer. The

bids went higher and higher, as the sympathies of the pioneers expanded, till at last the sack was knocked down to a mill man at \$250, and his check taken. Asked where he would have the flour delivered, he said: "Nowhere — sell it again."

Now the cheers went up royally. So Gridley shouted until the sun went down; and when the crowd had dispersed he had sold the sack to 300 different people, and had taken in \$8000 in gold. And the flour sack was still in his possession.

The news came to Virginia, and a telegram went back: "Fetch along your flour sack."

When Gridley arrived at Virginia, there was a mass meeting in the Opera House, and the auction began. But the sack had come too soon; the people were not thoroughly aroused. At nightfall only \$5000 had been secured, and there was a crestfallen feeling in the community. However, there was no disposition to acknowledge vanquishment at the hands of the village of Austin. Till late in the night the principal citizens were at work arranging the morrow's campaign.

At eleven the next morning a procession of open carriages, attended by clamorous bands and adorned with flags, was soon in danger of blockade by a multitude of citizens. In the first carriage sat Gridley, with the flour sack in prominent view, splendid with bright paint and gilt lettering. The crowd pressed on, expecting the sale to begin, and

Browsing Through Yesterday:

THIS BOTHERED my hard-headed Dutch common sense. I felt that I was squandering time. To break the spell I dipped into an issue ten years back. But here the interest was even greater. A forgotten world came into being — not reminiscently but with touches of unmistakable reality. I was astounded to find how much of the past decade I had actually forgotten and how much more I remembered only vaguely. Yesterday's heroes and manners, changing social complexions, penetrating vignettes that tell the story of art, of politics, of science, of business — to find these things is to have pass before one's eyes the cavalcade of life. And as you refresh your memory you improve your present perspective. The current scene gains new significance.

If there is pleasure in rediscovering events, there is a double pleasure in re-examining ideas. It was not merely that my memory was refreshed as I browsed in these back copies of the Digest. I was myself renewed by the variety of exciting points of view I met. I understood what Justice Holmes had in mind when he pointed out that the life of the mind can be genuinely adventurous. I found ideas that were practical, and I found timeless guides for daily living. I found dreams that had been made true by effort, prophecies that were sound and penetrating, convictions that had been put to work. I had a new determination about my own life — a determination that had come from the stimulus of example.

I am sure that from now on I will be better able to enjoy
not only the current issues of The Reader's Digest
but also current life — because I have formed
the habit of turning back to the treasure
that lies in earlier issues.

1922 • 1923 • 1924 • 1925 • 1926



1927 • 1928 • 1929 • 1930 • 1931

Browsing Through Yesterday

By

Theodore Roosevelt Jr.

IN OUR ATTIC, neatly arranged in a wooden box, are the back numbers of The Reader's Digest for a number of years.

The other day I went to the attic to look for a fishing rod. I saw the box and remembered I had wanted to look up some articles in the Digest that bore on a speech I was making. I sat down on the floor and went to work. In a short time I found that instead of merely reading the articles on my subject I was browsing at random. Before I knew it a couple of hours had passed and the light from the skylight was too dim to read more.

Probably many others have had a similar pleasure in resurrecting copies of The Reader's Digest from the shelves and watching their contents come alive again; but I am sure that some readers are too likely to go merrily on from month to month, beguiled by the contemporary and missing this other richness of enjoyment.

Enjoyment is the keynote, for what stands out in my mind as I think back over the experience is the fun I had. Another evening I sat reading back copies for hours. Every time I finished an article which was off my main course, and which I shouldn't then have taken time to read, I thought that I would read only one other — well, at least only one and the short item that followed it. Then another subject piqued my interest and lured me on.

(Continued Inside Back Cover)

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Recent Non-Fiction Favorites at the Bookstores,
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COUNTRY LAWYER	
Bellamy Partridge	Whittlesey House, \$2.75
A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES	
Edited by Thomas Craven	Simon & Schuster, \$10
DAYS OF OUR YEARS	
Pierre Van Paassen	Hillman-Curl, \$3.50
WIND, SAND AND STARS	
Antoine de Saint Exupéry	Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.75
INSIDE ASIA	
John Gunther	Harper, \$3.50
THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM	
Hermann Rauschnig	Alliance Book Corp., \$3
NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD	
Vincent Shecan	Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75
REACHING FOR THE STARS	
Nora Waln	Little, Brown, \$3
LAND BELOW THE WIND	
Agnes Newton Keith	Little, Brown, \$3
THOREAU	
Henry Seidel Canby	Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75

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The Reader's Digest

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NINETEENTH YEAR

VOLUME 36, NO. 214

Bennington County "contrives" a way to
Americanize refugees from Hitler's rule

New Americans in Vermont

By

Dorothy Canfield

Author of "The Bent Twig," "The Deepening Stream," etc.

TO BENNINGTON COUNTY it looked like a risky adventure — this idea of making a protest against Hitler by friendliness to some of Hitler's victims. And Vermonters haven't the least taste either for adventuring or protests. Except in one cause. Always the same cause. Here it was again, the one thing which gets every Vermonter's back up: somebody trying to boss other people around.

We thought of the fugitive slaves who, in the '40's and '50's, were passed along from farmhouse to farmhouse in our state, up into free Canada. Here were fugitives again, fleeing from another slavery, refugees from Nazi concentration camps.

But what could a Vermont com-

munity do about it? Everything is done with money nowadays; and there are few extra pennies lying around our state. We remembered that our Vermont grandparents hadn't raised money to help Negro slaves. They had *done* something, risked something.

So a meeting was called in Bennington, the shire town for our county, "to see if there is anything practical which we can do for refugees, and so live up to the Vermont tradition of sympathy for the oppressed." This was in February: icy roads, bad driving. But every seat in the hall was taken and people were standing up at the back. A committee was formed "to contrive" something. Almost at once the collective minds of the committee turned to the refugees'

children. Couldn't we offer them two-week vacations in the country? We estimated that we could in our sparsely settled county take care of 50 or 60 children from the many penniless refugee families coming into New York on the quota.

At this point an American edition of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* was published. Around each copy was a band saying that the publishers' profits were to be used for refugee children. Could we get from this source some financial backing? We asked and the answer was yes!

We figured that with this new help we could make the children's vacation not two weeks but two months. The fund allowed us to offer \$25 a month per child to the families who would take them in. Instead of spending the summer months playing in city streets and talking German with other refugees, these children would be learning what American country life is like, playing with American children long enough to feel at home with American ways. Our imaginations leaped forward in hope.

But in fear too, for this was the first enterprise of the kind. To put German-speaking children from cultivated, urban homes into rural, old-American homes where only Yankee-English was spoken, wouldn't the enormous differences in manners, habits, language, be too great a shock — on both sides?

Crape-hangers sprang up. "Those children are half-crazed by what

they've gone through. You won't be able to do anything with them!" they told us, and, "They'll hate it!" and, "You will simply increase the American hostility to refugees!" and, "They'll have appendicitis! They'll get run over!"

But we went on, improvising our way forward into the unknown. Sixty children were sent to us from New York refugee-aid committees; about a third of them were Roman Catholics, a third Jewish, a third Protestant and nonsectarian; they were to be placed in village and farm homes, scattered widely over Bennington County. To keep track of how they were getting on, a welfare worker was engaged for the summer. She and a part-time secretary and a German-and-English-speaking boy as interpreter were the only paid members of our "staff." A local committee in each town (men and women, Catholics and Protestants) was to stand by, ready to ward off those direful "emergencies."

The train bringing the children from New York dropped them off in groups, town by town, as it passed north. I don't know what happened at the other railway stations that day, but I can assure you that, behind the deadpan gravity which our self-respect demands, it was a distinctly agitated group of Vermonters standing pretty close together for company who met the train in Arlington. And, judging from the soberness of their young

faces, it was a rather agitated group of children who climbed down, laden with packages and knapsacks, and looked uncertainly around them.

But with that one look at them our fears and doubts were gone. "Foreigners? Aliens? Refugees?" Why they were just children! And scared children too by their wistful looks, strangers in a strange land — oh, that was the way *our* children would look if they had been driven out of their homes, if we'd had to send them away from us for strangers to take care of!

With one impulse the group of parents, holding out welcoming hands, moved rapidly down the station platform toward these children who looked just like their own. And, the shadows gone from their eyes, with one impulse the exiled children came running to meet them, recognizing the father-and-mother look, the same in all languages.

That was a moment we will none of us ever forget. One of those heart-shaking moments of deep human feeling which make bridge parties and going to the movies seem pretty pale and washed out.

Being Vermonters we didn't say much, for all we were deeply moved. We just looked down, smiling, at those touchingly young faces, and each of us reached for a little hand to hold, as if they had been young members of our own family circle. Well, they were,

weren't they? So the Bible says, anyhow.

The list of names was read out, and the names came to life — blonde with ringlets; brown-eyed with tousled hair; thin, so that one's Vermont heart ached to pour out the glasses of milk; fat and jolly so that you chuckled to see; pig-tailed and demure; shock-headed and animated — children! Our future! As all children are!

Lily and Eva and Fritz — as the names were called out, the foster-parents claimed them. "He's on my list! Here you are, Fritz!" The crowd crystallized into family groups, the little ones of the just-arrived children holding fast to the new-found motherly and fatherly hands; the Vermont foster brothers and sisters and the Austrian and German boys and girls looked seriously into each other's eyes in the penetrating gaze of children meeting for the first time. Motors started; the families, larger than when they arrived at the station, clambered in, sitting on each other's laps; the European knapsacks and bags that had come so far were hung on doors, stacked on running boards. . . .

The story could stop right here. You could imagine the rest of it out of your own experience with youngsters. For, just as they looked to us at the station, standing a little forlorn with uncertainty about their welcome, rather dirty-faced from the long ride in our

cindery old train, but bright-eyed, sensitive, responsive and ever so natural — just children — so they remained all summer long.

As we came to know them, we thought them unusually smart children, as might have been expected when you remembered that most of their parents had been exiled for the crime of being successful. For of course the refugees now being driven out from totalitarian countries are the intellectual and cultural cream of their fatherlands — like those industrious and cultivated Huguenots, exiled from France, who by the exercise of their fine skills and trained brains made the prosperity of the countries which took them in. Nothing could be more unlike the illiterate be-shawled "immigrant" of American tradition than those keen, highly trained, cultivated doctors, musicians, chemists and physicists, lawyers, educators and writers now stripped of all money, possessions and occupations and exiled from their countries because — well, for one of three reasons usually: because they hold liberal ideas, what we call "American ideals," because they are Jewish, or because they are specially devout Roman Catholics or Protestants.

Yes, their children were rather more accomplished than most children, and although they were as playful as kittens, they had rather better formal manners too, as they

showed at the meeting of the D.A.R. to which they were invited. It was a hot day in August. The D.A.R. business meeting, rather long, was followed by talks about Americanism, given by white-haired ladies. The young guests dangled their legs, their faces were flushed with the heat. They probably missed two English words out of every five. Never mind. They sat quietly, listening with attention to the old Americans telling them how we hoped they would help our country to realize those American ideals we love but have as yet so imperfectly embodied in our lives.

We were a little anxious, knowing what would happen had it been a group of 50 Vermont children of that age, brought together on a hot day to listen to speeches! But do you know, as these foreign-born youngsters said "thank you" to their elderly hostesses, they really meant it! It was not only their Vermont summer they appreciated. It was Americanism.

You know how bored with "civics" our seventh and eighth graders are? Well, these children carried their books on civics around under their arms as if they were adventure stories. As they learned about those institutions we take so unimaginatively for granted, their eyes grew starry. We hadn't thought beforehand about the effect of our enterprise on our Vermont children, but believe me, what with good manners and en-

thusiasm for American institutions, we weren't at all sorry to have our young Vermonters sharing life with such children.

For share life they did, splashing and puffing together in the swimming holes, clambering around on our mountain trails, haunting the children's room of the public libraries, making beds and washing dishes. Once a week, a day was set apart as "Americanization day." These soon-to-be citizens came to the old Community House in the morning, with shoebox lunches. They learned in modest doses, suitable to their age, something about the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution and the Bill of Rights and our Revolutionary War, and so on.

After this, there was American folk music. You should have heard these music-loving young folks sailing into "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" and "I Was Seeing Nellie Ho-o-me." Which was their favorite? It was "America."

But did we have *no* trouble? Sure we did. Sixty children — let them be Prussians, Sicilians, Chinese or Vermonters -- can't spend two months without things happening. Fortunately, the little refugees had been placed in homes where other children were living, so their summer parents knew just what to do when things happened -- when an axe slipped and cut a boy's leg, when poison ivy was

blundered into, when they got into squabbles.

Have I given you, I wonder, the principal items in that summer program, undertaken so impulsively, dreaded so heartily, enjoyed so much — and so soon over? For those eight weeks slid by like lightning. In no time, so it seemed, we were all once more standing on the station platform in Arlington. The same people, the same children — but what a difference! They knew all our Arlington jokes now, we knew all about their "folks" to whom they were going back. The train came, the children were heartily hugged and kissed (there were a good many wet eyes on both sides) and we stood waving our handkerchiefs to those fluttering from the train windows.

"Something to remember!" we all thought, as we climbed into our cars and drove home.

Perhaps what we remember most poignantly of all is the corn roast. We wanted to do something for the many people who had been kind to the children. For, I am proud to report, everybody without one single exception who came in contact with these young exiles went out of the way to do things for them. So we gave a corn roast for all the neighbors, and they all came. The children ran about like quicksilver in the gathering twilight, gnawing on corncobs, butter running down their chins, roasting marshmallows on long sticks, yell-

ing, screeching, grabbing, gorging, and having a wonderful time. "But —" asked more than one of the invited guests, looking bewildered at all these lively kids, so much alike, "— but *which ones are the refugees?*" Ah, that was a question which made us smile happily, you can be sure.

In the dusk we sat around the campfire, a hundred and fifty and more, singing songs. At first the Americans wanted to hear the German songs. But before long the young exiles put their heads together and began to shout all together, like a cheering-section, "We-want-American-songs!" And after that, all of us sang, "Pack up your troubles," and "The bullfrog in the pond," and "Nita, Juanita."

The great fire blazed gloriously. The mountain back of us slowly darkened. The stars began to come out, pale at first, then brightening to silver. The firelight flickered on the faces of the children, Germans, Vermonters, Austrians, and on the grownups, the men and women thinking (this was at the very last of August!), "In Europe war may be declared this very hour, as we sit here, in safety, with these children escaped from slavery, now part of the future of our nation."

"Jingle bells! Jingle bells!" rolled the clear outdoor voices and "Can auld acquaintance be forgot."

The last of the marshmallows — smoked and burned to the condition children love — were eaten. The fire burned low. It was nine o'clock. Time for little folks to be in bed, we told them. "Oh *must* we go?" — "Well, all right! But let's have 'America' first." So we scrambled to our feet, and holding hands in a big circle, began, "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of . . ."

But no, we grownups, we old Americans could not go on! The lump in our throats was too large. We stood silent, swallowing hard, listening to the child voices soaring, "Long may our land be bright. . . ."

We looked up at the stars. For an instant, remembering what was going on in European chancelleries, we felt passionately that those stars were American stars, the very ones in our own flag.

But of course, the moment after, we realized that they were the eternal stars, the same stars which always, everywhere, have looked down in beauty on man's stumbling, pathetic, never-abandoned effort to act civilized.



The Scotsman's Prayer: "God grant I may be right — for ye ken I never change!"

— Edmund Brunner

Overcoming natural handicaps, the First Lady has become the best ambassador-at-large any President ever had

The Future of Eleanor Roosevelt

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley

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LOUIS HOWE once grumbled to Mrs. Roosevelt when she was still on trial as First Lady, "If you aren't called a communist before the President leaves the White House we'll all be lucky." And if the astute Presidential secretary were alive today, he might say, "I told you so," but it would be in jest, for he would realize that Eleanor Roosevelt has made herself the best ambassador-at-large to the country any President ever had.

Democrats at first were even more critical of Mrs. Roosevelt's multifarious activities than were Republicans. Why, they protested, didn't the President's wife stay in the White House and be a gracious hostess like Grace Coolidge? Why did she have to stick her nose into things, put on miner's clothes and get herself cartooned in *The New Yorker*? And why, if she must make speeches, didn't she pipe down that high-keyed voice? Small-minded Republican politicians were saying, "Let her keep it up. She's certain to wreck the new Administration."

Mrs. Roosevelt discussed these criticisms with her close friends.

She had to go on being the kind of person she was, she said, but she would try to correct the faults that had been pointed out. She would take voice lessons. She is still taking them. People who note her easy delivery today can hardly believe that she is the woman whose voice used to rise nervously to the higher registers and stay there.

When she broadcast on a commercial program, immediately following her husband's election, howls of disapproval went up. Bowing to public opinion, she stopped. In 1934 she went back on the air and this time the public did not disapprove. Fair-minded people were satisfied that Eleanor Roosevelt, who was showing herself to be one of the most social-minded people in the country, was bent on neither self-advertisement nor self-advantage. They knew, too, that she was turning over all her radio earnings to philanthropies. Today she has completely changed her fellow Americans' concept of what a President's wife ought to be. A Gallup poll last year showed that two thirds of the people approved of the way she has conducted herself.

If you would roughly gauge Eleanor Roosevelt's influence, consider that her column, "My Day," is syndicated in 48 papers, with a circulation of almost 4,500,000, and that her mail averages 350 letters a day. And more often than the public realizes, she has been her husband's investigator and representative. She made the trip to the Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico in March 1934, because she felt there was no one else the President could send who would give him an unbiased picture of social conditions there. She always reads the drafts of his important speeches, and he has been heard to say that he made this or that change at her suggestion. Frequently she makes a speech somewhere because the request comes, "If we can't have the President, may we have Mrs. Roosevelt?" At the White House she receives many people whom the President has not time to see, and her popularity is so great now that visitors are as well satisfied.

When the Roosevelts went to the White House, it was understood between them that she would, in her public utterances, give a wide berth to all controversial political subjects. Except on rare occasions she has stuck to this rule. But during the past year readers have noted a marked change in the contents of her column. Last January she commented on the growing move in Congress to cut relief funds, implying that Congressmen

were not thinking in terms of the countless cases of needy individuals which turned up every day in her mail. And when Congress started to shove the President around in June and July she struck out boldly in her comments on the neutrality bill and the new WPA law. Certain gentlemen in Congress, she wrote, were gambling with the world's peace and the country's future.

For the first time, on August 9, 1939, the President had her at his right hand in a press conference at Hyde Park, and she prompted him to use the same figure of speech, "a precipice," that she used in her column published the following day. This circumstance caused Arthur Krock to remark in *The New York Times* that the President and his wife now appeared "to be operating as a political team."

"This is new in American history," he wrote, "and many old-fashioned persons will criticize it. But many others welcome Mrs. Roosevelt's emergence because they hold a woman's place is by her husband's side when he is beleaguered, or because they look upon her as a great public leader."

Eleanor Roosevelt is burdened—or blessed—with a burning conscience. As an orphaned young girl she took a mother's responsibility for her young brother Hall. Her serious disposition was made more serious by her painful awareness that she was not pretty. She grew up with the feeling that she

owed society more than it owed her. And to this day she has the same deep humility, even though she has gained in self-confidence. She did war work in the Navy canteen in Washington, became active in the League of Women Voters and the Women's Trade Union League, taught civics and English at Todhunter School in New York for six years. After making her first radio contract in 1933, she announced to the director of the Women's Trade Union League that she would like to help the struggling League meet its budget by contributing \$300 a week for 12 weeks.

During the next years, while many people were condemning Mrs. Roosevelt for making a good thing financially out of being the President's wife, she was quietly helping people in need. About 60 percent of the letters she receives ask for financial help, for a job, or for intercession with a government agency. Another 15 percent come from paralytics and other handicapped persons. If the request is within her power and seems wise, she grants it. A boy of nine who wanted a banjo was given one. A young woman with a curvature of the spine, a malady from which Mrs. Roosevelt had suffered as a child, was advised to go to the Orthopedic Hospital, where Mrs. Roosevelt visited her several times.

"If I cannot help the people who write me," Mrs. Roosevelt told

me, "I can usually think of some agency or friend who will try."

The more cases of people in need that have come to her attention, the more acute has become her social conscience. Writing in "My Day" in 1937, she said, "Ever since a group of unemployed girls asked me, 'What would you do, Mrs. Roosevelt, if you were out of a job today?' I have been haunted by the feeling that it is up to us to make suggestions." She argues that if our young people are given no wise guidance they will become so restless as to be fit material for an American fascist leader. She has not satisfied herself with preaching ideas. She has thought up many schemes for helping the unemployed to help themselves.

Future generations of American girls will read the biography of Eleanor Roosevelt as an object lesson in character development. When she was a child she lacked courage. Today she is the country's first woman air passenger and seems quite free of fear. After her husband had barely escaped assassination in Florida before his first inauguration, she remained calm, saying simply, "I cannot imagine living in fear of imminent death."

Within a few months last spring she challenged bourgeois opinion by resigning from the D.A.R. when it refused its hall to the Negro singer, Marian Anderson; by defending the American Youth Congress (after a study of the FBI

report on the organization) against charges of subversive activities; and by speaking before the radical Workers' Alliance.

This latter action brought letters of protest, to one of which she answered: "I disapprove of communism as strongly as you do. However, I believe that people who turn to communism do so because they feel it might answer some of their difficulties, and they are usually people who have difficulties. The Workers' Alliance is composed of relief workers, many of them not even able to get on WPA. Going to speak to them does not foster communism. They know exactly where I stand, but they also have a feeling that someone at least near to the seat of government is willing to listen to their troubles."

Practically all the Washington newspaperwomen are Mrs. Roosevelt's loyal slaves. She is "Eleanor" to a number of them, a familiarity which has shocked visiting English journalists.

As a columnist, Mrs. Roosevelt's limitations are a reflection of her enthusiastic response to the world about her. The persistently sweet tone cloy a little, but in selection of material she could give lessons to every newspaperwoman who writes for a feminine audience. She is adept at rolling up the curtain on her life and inviting her readers to look in the window. Another American hostess might have tried to hush up the incident of a serving

table toppling over in the presence of the King and Queen of England and a butler falling with a tray of dishes. Not Mrs. Roosevelt. And when she mentioned that she had looked over the linen closet at the White House before the King and Queen arrived, letters poured in from women in every state, comparing notes with the President's wife on household linen.

Mrs. Roosevelt has a quick, retentive and curious mind. She takes pains to inform herself on controversial issues, and has an amazing capacity for facing dark facts. Unlike her husband, she candidly admits that she does not know the answer to our economic dilemma. "I believe in the things that have been done," she said in February 1939, "but I never believed the federal government could solve the whole problem. It bought us time to think." No member of a President's entourage ever spoke so frankly of the stop-gap nature of the New Deal. Once she upset Administration routine by begging Secretary Wallace to send some of the pigs, about to be killed in the President's crop-control program, to her poor miners in West Virginia.

In a decade or two, Mrs. Roosevelt predicts, we shall all talk "in terms of social achievement, not of individual success." And when our society does find a solution it will not be socialism. Private ownership of the tools of production will continue, although our society "will be

more coöperative and less individualistic."

Eleanor Roosevelt's national philosophy is the same as her personal philosophy, an exalted kind of *noblesse oblige*. She is in the tradition of our great social workers who have alleviated as many cases of want and misery as they could while calling the public's attention to bad social conditions. Harriet Beecher Stowe was such a one. Jane Addams was another. Today Eleanor Roosevelt is an attention-caller to the needs of the common people. As one of my woman neighbors told me, "I can't abide the President and his policies, but what Mrs. Roosevelt says is true: WPA workers are people like the rest of us."

Arthur Krock's column remarking on the Roosevelt political team said: "Some people have indeed uttered the hope that Mrs. Roosevelt will prove to be her husband's choice for nomination as his successor. Stranger things have not happened, but they could."

It would have seemed strange up to a few years ago to find a commentator of Mr. Krock's acumen even discussing such a possibility. Needless to say, Mrs. Roosevelt will not be a candidate. She has no illusions on that score. Would she, I asked, consider running for governor or senator or would she accept a Cabinet post proffered by a

future President? She said no so emphatically that I suddenly realized how one side of her hates living in a glass house. Deep down she is still a shy person and she has no inherent interest in politics, which she considers a mere means to a social end. Her consuming interest in human nature and in American life conquers her shyness, and her urge to carry a message directly to the people puts lecturing in the category of a duty to be performed.

She is a valuable public servant, and if the team of Roosevelt and Roosevelt is no longer in the White House after next January, our new President might be wise to offer Mrs. Roosevelt a job. She would make a superlative director of the National Youth Administration, for she believes that our idle youth, constituting roughly one third of our unemployed population, represent our Number One economic and social problem, and she would find it hard to refuse such an opportunity to serve them.

Even without a portfolio, Mrs. Roosevelt is likely to continue to be, through no intention of her own, the country's unofficial First Lady. A strictly private life would appear to be ruled out for her from now on. "She could," said *The New York Times* on her birthday, October 11, 1938, "be elected 'Mrs. America' by a landslide of votes."



America's Choice for Peace

Condensed from an editorial in

Fortune

THERE IS in Europe today a war that has no prospect of peace. Who, for instance, even if given absolute power, could devise a peace plan with any possible arrangement of boundaries and spheres of influence which would satisfy all parties, or for that matter do justice to more than half of them? Whether the war ends in victory for the Allies or for Germany, or even in a stalemate, who will be satisfied? Who will feel secure? Unless some new ideal is born, the best that the world can hope for is armistice, for a year, 10 years, or, like the last one, 21 years.

This fact has a profound bearing upon the U. S. It demands of us a realistic foreign policy. We have never had this before. We have never needed it. We have always been able to dodge behind what went by the name of international peace. That kind of peace was negative, based upon a balance of economic and military power; it was merely not-war. Nevertheless, in combination with the oceans, it served well enough to enable the U. S. to participate in trade without incurring any real political responsibility. But that kind of peace,

so useful to us, was based upon a civilization which can be labeled 19th-Century Liberalism. Like a ball game, its success depended upon all the players playing according to the rules. When the U.S.S.R., Italy, Germany, and other countries abandoned the rules, the game could no longer be played. And since there seems no way to stop the present revolution against the liberal system, the collapse may be expected to continue (possibly over a long stretch of time) until only chaos or militarism remains.

This is exactly why the U. S. must on no account enter the war. We could not in all conscience send soldiers over to fight for *nothing*. Yet the full implication of what this means has not dawned upon us. Our economic system, all our basic rights and liberties are geared to function in an essentially peaceful world. If there were any prospect of re-establishing such a world, we might fight as we did in 1917. Without that prospect it would be suicidal.

We are therefore confronted with a problem which may turn out to be the most serious in our history. We risk involvement by clinging to

the old order of things, conducting such trade as we dare, and hoping against hope that something will turn up. If we attempt to insure ourselves against involvement by adopting a policy of extreme isolation behind the oceans — shut off all international trade, sell the Panama Canal, defend only our continental area — it would almost certainly lead to the very totalitarianism we want to avoid but which characterizes every state that has attempted self-sufficiency.

There remains, finally, the possibility of leadership. If we take this course, we would have to participate in formulating and implementing an entirely new order of peace to replace the old one which has broken down. This would involve something more than a mere suggestion or peace plan. It would involve definite commitments toward peace. To provide such leadership the U. S. would have to take its place among nations as a *force* for peace.

This is something the American people have never been willing to do. There was certainly very little reason to mix in international affairs while a balance-of-power peace was being maintained by Britain. And our unwillingness to mix at present in a peaceless international situation is sound. Yet the people want world peace. And if a new ideal or a new order were presented to them, holding out a reasonable hope, they might want to change

their policy — for the alternatives are desperate.

Let us consider what peace plans there are. We may at once eliminate wishful plans that assume that the old balance-of-power peace can be revived, and eliminate also the utopian dreams of the pacifists about world disarmament.

The least radical peace possibility is a kind of modernized imperialism. This new system would be based upon the wishes of the totalitarian powers and the Monroe Doctrine. The idea is that the major powers should divide the world into spheres of influence. The U. S. would build up a kind of economic empire in the Western Hemisphere, an area of preferential trade. Japan would do the same in China. Germany would do the same in Eastern Europe. Britain would be left with most of her empire, France with most of hers, and the U.S.S.R. would stay within her present borders. From the point of view of the democracies it has many disadvantages, summed up in the fact that it is this very concept that they are now fighting. At best, it represents a minimum of improvement over the current situation.

The second category of peace has its cornerstone in the League of Nations. Everyone knows what was the matter with the League. First, it became a political instrument in the hands of Britain and France for the enforcement of their

special brand of peace, as defined chiefly by the Versailles Treaty. Second, when the opportunity came for the League to act, these same powers ducked the responsibility of economic sanctions — a new and powerful implement of peace which has thus never been fully tried. Third, the U. S. was not in the League. If at least two of these faults could have been corrected, the League might have worked; and it is conceivable that they might be corrected by further development of the League idea in the future.

This possibility leads directly to the third category of peace. It may be that the League is to world history what the Articles of Confederation were to U. S. history: a bad flop, which nevertheless prepared the way for eventual solution. For the U. S. the solution turned out to be federal union. And this principle is being widely discussed now as the solution for the democratic world.*

Most peace has been negative — that is, not-war. But every so often a group of separate political units, discovering a community of interests, have integrated themselves into a new area, called a nation; an area in which peace becomes the rule rather than the exception; an area of positive peace, in that, by the consolidation of resources, man power, traditions, and laws, the

whole becomes greater than the sum of its parts. Most modern nations are compositions of this kind: France, for instance; Germany (which was built of 25 states); Italy; the U.S.S.R.; Australia; Canada and the U. S.

Now the striking fact is that the size of these integrations has persistently increased. The task of integrating the little island of England once seemed insuperable; to-day, the U.S.S.R. is integrating one seventh of the world's land area. The development of transportation, communication, and other technologies has not only made integration possible but also *desirable*, by creating a community of interests where there was none before.

As a means of integration for a modern community of interests federal union has no equal. In federal union the autonomy of the constituent states is retained; only a limited portion of their powers is forfeited to a central government for the purposes of integration. Thus the inherent liberties of each of the parties to the union are preserved, and by reason of the elasticity of the structure, a diversity of economic areas can be grouped together into a meaningful whole. And, finally, since each autonomous state governs its own area, such a union can become very large without breaking down at the bottom. It is because of this fact that the U. S. — concerning which

*See "Union Now," The Reader's Digest, June, '39, p. 99.

dire predictions were made — never became “too big.”

The application of this principle to the present international scene sets up a great hope. It is the realistic hope that a number of nations will discover among themselves a community of interests real enough to enable them to apply the federal principle and thus integrate themselves into a new and larger area of positive peace. By pooling resources, they could stand off the forces of disruption and aggression, set up a vast domestic market, develop a fabulous industrial system, and enjoy the fruits of an expansion comparable to that which followed the formation of our own union. They could do this without losing their nationalities, their traditions, their religious practices, or their civil liberties. On the contrary, these would be underwritten and guaranteed. The Western

World might in this event discover new light to dispel the darkness and hopelessness of our present era.

The day has gone when the people of the U. S. can dismiss international problems from the so-called “realities” of existence. These issues are as real as individual careers. Their solution will affect the purposes for which we live, will determine the manner in which we die. From a remote abstraction encountered only in state papers, the foreign policy of the U. S. has become a personal problem for each of the 80,000,000 adults in the land.

It is for us to choose whether we are prepared to work for the creation of a new world, as our forefathers did, or whether we will be content to live as best we may among the ruins of the old. For it is no exaggeration to say that the destiny of mankind is in our hands.



The Apt Response

¶ NOTICING an elderly lady standing at a busy New York street corner, a traffic cop piloted her across. She apologized for her age and infirmity, but the cop gently patted her back. “Forget it, lady,” he said. “To me you’re just 21 plus.”

— Meyer Berger in *N. Y. Times*

¶ ONE NIGHT in New York friends of Mark Twain, remembering that it was the author’s birthday, decided to send him a letter of congratulation. But no one knew in what corner of the globe he happened to be, so they addressed it: “Mark Twain, God knows where.” Several weeks later they received a note from Italy which consisted of two words: “He did.”

— Kathleen Masterson in *This Week Magazine*

The Man Marketing Clinics founded by Sidney Edlund teach thousands how to sell themselves to employers

They Pick Their Jobs—and Land Them

Condensed from Your Life

Ray Giles and Paul W. Kearney

TO THE ARMY of capable men and women now looking for a job it can be said: *Provided you are qualified*, the key to the job you want lies in your own hand — if you only knew it. This may sound like the slogan of some glittering movement akin to Ham-and-Eggs, but it is true. Actual experience is proving it to be true every day. In cold-hearted New York, where job competition is most ruthless, several thousand people — all sorts of people — have found that key and unlocked doors on which they long have knocked in vain.

Here is one of them, whom we shall call Arthur Beeman. A successful mortgage man, his company had folded up, casting him adrift in a world which apparently had no use for his experience. For months he sought a job. Said one employment manager, "Mr. Beeman, I won't even take your application. I already have on file the names of 75 men who would get first choice if there *were* any jobs in your line." Yet ten days later, that same employment manager got Arthur Beeman the job he wanted in a leading bank. For in those ten days

Arthur Beeman had learned how to understand and sell himself.

Let us take another member of the group — a stenographer. Winifred Tarwood was just out of high school, looking for her first job. She haunted agencies, she answered want ads; once in a while she got an interview — but never a job. Yet after she had discovered the key, as Arthur Beeman had, she received 34 answers to a batch of letters of application, finally was offered two jobs, in spite of the competition of experienced girls.

It was an idea of Sidney W. Edlund's that helped these two, as it has hundreds of others. Nine years ago, unemployed and desperate, Arthur Beeman took his problems to Edlund, a New York sales executive. Edlund asked him many questions about his past work. "Look here," he said finally, "you've got something to sell. You shouldn't be plodding around asking for a job, you should be offering employers the chance of a lifetime. But you don't know how to present your record — *I had to drag it out of you!* Now go home and put on paper the highlights you've just told me.

Bring out facts and figures; tell exactly what you did to become top man in three of your jobs." Ten days later when Beeman reappeared with a detailed portfolio of his accomplishments, Edlund sent him to the employment manager who had been so discouraging. This time the manager was so impressed that he went right out to tell bankers that he had found a man they should hire.

More and more people came to Sidney Edlund with the same problem. To all of them he gave the same advice: Instead of telling prospective employers that you need a job, try to convince them that the job needs *you*. And he showed them how to present their records, in portfolios, letters, personal interviews, so arrestingly that the great majority of them found not only jobs but the jobs they wanted.

The giving of such help and advice became Edlund's hobby. And gradually the hobby became a unique institution — the Man Marketing Clinic. Every Monday night, in a large office in midtown New York, one can find Edlund and his associates patiently presiding over the weekly clinic, held under the auspices of the Sales Executives Club. Usually a hundred or more people are present — young and old, men and women. Some of those present are graduates of the clinic, keen to help others by telling what they did to get their own jobs.

Edlund calls out a name, and a

man rises. He wants to find his way back into advertising, and has prepared an elaborate folder about himself as bait for prospective employers. The folder is held up for all to see, and parts of it are read. One by one other members of the Man Marketing Clinic offer friendly but penetrating criticisms: "It's too long." "You could leave out all that about your high-school record." "Isn't it better to avoid vague expressions like 'broad experience' and 'proved capacity'?"

In one evening's clinic perhaps a dozen men or women exhibit portfolios, read letters they have sent out, describe interviews which failed. Every case illustrates some point in the technique of job-getting and gives the others ideas about how to present their own records. From time to time Edlund speaks briefly, to emphasize methods he has found will work. And the Man Marketing Clinic does work. The list of its tough cases of joblessness successfully cured is amazing.

In one meeting Edlund noticed a stoop-shouldered man with a quavering voice — a \$15,000 man in his time, though he had long been out of work. Let us call him William Horn. Edlund asked the others to write down their guess as to Horn's age. The average guess was 59. Edlund, knowing Horn to be younger, advised him to do something to correct that impression. The following Monday, Horn turned up at the meeting erect, with firm stride and

animated voice. Again his age was guessed. This time it was 49. Not long after, Horn had a \$6000 job.

Among the graduates of the clinic are three men who completely recast their job-seeking presentations and then called on former employers in order to obtain a reference. In each case the employer, seeing the record in black and white, rehired the man he had once let go. Another member of the clinic took his portfolio to his next-door neighbor to get some leads, and was invited to become a partner in the neighbor's business.

The Edlund method succeeds in other fields than business. For eight months Tony Morosini, a young delivery truck driver, had hunted in vain for a job. He had references praising his "loyalty" and "efficiency" and "faithful work" which somehow had failed to impress other employers. Then Tony met Edlund, and Edlund asked questions. How many accidents had he had? Tony's black eyes flashed. "Not a fender dented in six years!" Had he made many mistakes? "You know Indian Point?" Tony countered. Edlund did — it is a mass of unnumbered houses. "Well," continued Tony, sticking out his chest, "in those six years I never made a wrong delivery on Indian Point!" "All right," said Edlund, "from now on you begin by asking every employer you call on how he would like a delivery man who hasn't dented a fender in six years or made a mistake on In-

dian Point." Four days later Tony had a job.

It works for college and high school graduates, who have been offered courses in everything but the art of getting a job. Arthur K., who had worked his way through college by clerking in an athletic-goods store, found upon graduation that mention of this experience did not impress employers. Prompted by Edlund, he focused his approach on specific points. He had made a certain brand of socks best sellers in the college by inducing six prominent students to wear them; he had doubled the sales of a sweater by displaying in the store window photographs of it worn by coaches and athletic stars. He went back to employers, submitted those simple but telling details, and soon had a job.

Edlund has found that most people are naturally too modest in talking about their own accomplishments. They have to learn that employers care nothing about how much they want a job and everything about their ability to do a particular piece of work. They have to discover the knack of digging deep down into their own selves and bringing up the facts which will make them seem different from anybody else.

Here are the elements of the idea which Sidney Edlund has been dining into the 12,000 people who have attended his clinic, and which he stresses in the book he and his

wife have written, *Pick Your Job — and Land It!*

Decide what you want to do, then make sure you are qualified to do it. If you don't know what you are best fitted for, seek vocational guidance — but make up your own mind!

Put into selling yourself all the effort and planning and intelligence that you would give to the job you hope to sell yourself into. People who aren't enterprising and inventive until they are on the payroll should be prepared to stay off it. Cover enough ground to be sure of results. If sending out 100 letters yields 10 interviews, then 200 letters should yield 20.

Your would-be employer is governed not by sympathy but by self-interest. Shoot for that vital spot by proving to him that he needs you. And shoot with a rifle, not a shotgun. Don't say you know you can "fit in somewhere," or are "willing to do anything." Aim for the bull's-eye of a specific job.

Dig out your hidden assets. Everybody has them. Often your friends know more about them than you do. If you don't see much in the mirror yourself, consult them. The Man Marketing Clinic teaches people to see themselves as they would like an employer to see them.

Specify; give details. In your account of yourself — your portfolio, want ad, letter of application, or interview — strike out every generality and substitute a fact. Tell vividly what you have done that was well done.

And be different. Not tricky or bizarre, but appropriately different. A salesman prepared a giant graph

of his sales record which unfolded the length of a room. A college graduate looking for a job in an advertising department had the highlights of his story printed on blotters which he distributed among his prospects. A secretary answered a want ad with a telegram asking if she could help sort replies to the ad.

Sidney Edlund conducts these clinics out of a sense of public service, as a hobby. None of the members of his clinic has ever been charged a fee; no one should ever pay anything in the clinics that he would like to see started all over the country. Already the original Man Marketing Clinic in New York has resulted in the founding of others in Chicago, New Orleans, at Fordham University and at the University of Oklahoma. Ten more are in the making elsewhere. In Port Chester, N. Y., a group of boys, quite without leadership, opened their own clinic for mutual criticism and aid. Now that clinic is closed — because they all found jobs.

Any group of businessmen, any service club or YMCA secretary can grasp the simple fundamentals of Man Marketing and open a clinic. Man Marketing cannot solve the national unemployment problem. It cannot substantially increase the number of jobs available; it offers little hope to the incompetent. But it does offer a key to those who are qualified, and willing to learn a technique that will keep their light from being hid under a bushel.

¶ Scores of communities are successfully organizing
against filth-mongering periodicals

“This Trash Must Go!”

Condensed from The Forum

Courtney Ryley Cooper

Author of “Ten Thousand Public Enemies,” “Here’s to Crime,” etc.

A TORRENT of “smutty magazines” is flowing across the newsstands of the nation. Last month 8,000,000 people — most of them under 21 — bought copies of 150 nationally distributed periodicals reeking with frankly objectionable material; in some localities these magazines constitute from one fourth to one half of all newsstand sales. These are publications that possess no literary or artistic merit; any intelligent adult would instantly recognize them as deliberate commercial exploitations of filth and as patent violations of existing laws against obscenity.

The filthy magazine is not a chimera of prudish minds. Its menace is real, its influence potently crime-inciting. Law enforcement agencies recognize that the sex criminal is a reader of such literature and that the imaginations of most juvenile delinquents are inflamed by pornographic publications. Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing Prison, declares: “Salacious magazines are definitely connected with the criminal activity of individuals predisposed toward sex crimes. They have had a definite effect in many cases

with which I have come directly in contact.” J. Edgar Hoover testifies: “The publication and distribution of salacious material is a peculiarly vicious evil; the destruction of moral character caused by it among young people cannot be overestimated. The circulation of periodicals containing such material plays an important part in the development of crime among the youth of our country.”

In the past decade the growth of salacious literature has been the most rapid in history. During this period sex crimes have more than doubled, with one out of every four committed by youths under 20. The latest *National Uniform Crime Reports Bulletin* indicates that while crime in general waned in the U. S. during 1939, sex offenses increased seven percent. Rape cases have shot up 50 percent in the past six years. Sanford Bates, formerly Director of Federal Prisons, attributes this increase largely “to the lurid accounts of sex crimes which appear in public print, sex stories in magazines, movies, etc.,” and K. P. Aldrich, Chief Inspector of the Post Office Department, asserts: “The present

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(The Forum, February, '40)

flood of filthy publications is greatly responsible for the increase in sex crimes, and furnishes an important motivation to youthful offenders."

But overt crime is not the only important part of the problem. Wherever obscene magazines circulate, cultural values decline, inferior standards of taste and morals prevail. The pernicious effect of such magazines upon high school children is keenly realized by principals and teachers. Frederick Houk Law, N. Y. Director of the National Education Association, voices the attitude of the teaching profession when he says: "For the young, especially, such publications cultivate vulgarity, lower taste, awaken lack of respect for womanhood, and lead directly toward an increase of social evils."

Distinctions must be made, of course, among various types of magazines. There are some that handle risqué material with wit or intelligent humor — with verve and urbanity; to brand them as obscene would run counter to the generally accepted attitudes of society today. The filthy magazines that have lately provoked clean-up campaigns in many communities are easily recognizable by their cheap vulgarity; they specialize in portraying a degraded concept of sex, or in glorifying the activities of criminals and perverts.

Few persons realize how widespread the pox of smutty magazines has become. They can be bought by

the bale by any 13-year-old child in almost any city or town. They filter into the corner candy store; they can be purchased at filling stations, soda fountains, railroad and bus waiting rooms. They flaunt suggestively posed near-nudes on their covers; their contents are revolting slime, nauseating to the normal adult but dangerously appealing to weak or impressionable mentalities.

These publications are beyond the pale of decency, not only in their text and illustrations, but also in their advertising columns, which offer everything from sexual stimulants, fake dice and abortifacients to the vilest of privately printed obscenities. Among the latter are the revolting "cartoon books" — a set of six or eight drawings purporting to reveal perversions in the lives of stage and screen stars. That cartoon books thus advertised find their way into the hands of high school youths and incite similar practices has been established by postal inspectors and local law enforcement officers.

Faced by this vicious situation, whole communities are demanding a clean-up in the underworld branches of the magazine business. Prosecution of offenders in the federal courts has not been highly successful. In the first place, it is difficult to find a binding definition of obscenity; it differs with every judge and jury. Moreover, although the newsstands of the country may be flooded with a certain obscene

periodical, a suit can be brought only at the point of origin — that is, where the magazine was printed.

It has taken post office inspectors as much as a year to put a single outfit out of business. Such publishers work along complicated lines. They may have *four* companies: one to edit the magazine, another to do the printing, a third to place the magazines on newsstands, and finally a shipping company. To build up an airtight case against them, inspectors have to place the printing plant under surveillance; they have to hide in express wagons, and actually receive bundles of magazines as they come down the chute from the shipping company; they have to follow them over state lines and through to the newsstands, where other inspectors purchase them. All this in preparation for the inevitable question by a defense lawyer:

"Well, Mr. Inspector, how do you know that this particular magazine actually traveled interstate by common carrier?"

To which the answer must be: "Because I personally initialed it when it came from the printing company; I rode with it to the railroad station; I accompanied it to its destination across a state line. I recognize it because of my own writing on the cover."

After all this, when a conviction is secured, the corporation may be fined only \$250, and the publisher placed on probation after promis-

ing not to print naughty magazines any more.

Federal judges cannot be accused of mere blandness or indifference in this matter. Their hands are tied by cumbersome laws; apparently, too, they are unwilling to turn federal courts into tribunals of morality. This throws the responsibility for suppressing obscene literature upon *local courts and prosecutors* — which is exactly where it belongs.

A brilliant example of what can be accomplished by local community action is the Permanent Committee on Public Decency formed in Buffalo, N. Y., as a result of a campaign by the Buffalo *Evening News*. The editor of the *News* detailed T. A. Boris, one of his best reporters, to go among the newsstands and buy up copies of objectionable literature. In a few hours Boris picked up an armful of stench-making periodicals, showed them to civic leaders and clergymen of the Protestant, Catholic and Jewish faiths; they readily agreed to cooperate in the campaign. Next, the Chief of the Buffalo Police, the U. S. District Attorney and the FBI were asked to conduct separate investigations. While these were in progress, the Parent-Teacher Association, the Y. M. C. A., and the local heads of the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Junior Chamber of Commerce and Holy Name Society gave their enthusiastic sanction to the drive. Radio speeches presenting the viewpoints of educators, physi-

cians and housewives were made by the presidents of the State Teachers College, the County Medical Society and the Federation of Women's Clubs. Indeed, the whole community was aroused to concerted action against indecent publications.

Two weeks after the campaign began, the Buffalo Police Department presented evidence to the Grand Jury that local indecency ordinances were being violated. Three indictments were returned; three officials of magazine distributing companies surrendered and posted bail. FBI men made three further arrests in connection with improper use of the mails. Twenty-nine news dealers removed objectionable magazines from their stands; a wholesale distributor announced that he thereafter would refuse to distribute off-color magazines. A month after the campaign started not a smutty magazine could be bought on Buffalo newsstands. To perpetuate the success of the drive, a Permanent Committee on Public Decency was formed; it consists of two priests, two ministers, an Episcopal bishop, two rabbis, and the heads of practically every organization in the city. And — this may be the most important result of all — the campaign has brought civic enthusiasm to a higher pitch than anything else had done in many years.

Another successful technique of cleaning up the newsstands was re-

cently employed in Westchester County, N. Y. District Attorney Walter A. Ferris, aroused by a plague of crime, invited distributors of sex magazines to attend a meeting in his office. The distributors admitted that they did not enjoy handling filthy literature but found themselves driven to it by competition. Without threats or hectoring Ferris said to them: "You and I both want this thing stopped, and we can do it by working together. Stop your own violations, and I will punish the other fellow." The distributors pledged themselves to the program, policed every stand in the county, reported news dealers who bought objectionable magazines from other sources. No arrests were made; pressure from the D. A.'s office — backed by a determined coalition of civic and religious organizations — was sufficient. Westchester County was freed of dirty magazines with not a single arrest, not a dollar of cost to the county, no injustice and no punishment of the little fellow.

In South Bend, Ind., 43 druggists, sick of the stench arising from their own magazine racks, organized and wrote individual letters to wholesalers: "In the future I shall demand that you refrain from delivering anything that is not acceptable to the moral standards of my customers." Wholesale distributors who persisted in sending indecent magazines along with legitimate periodicals (the so-called

block-booking system) found that druggists were pitching these smut-sheets under the counter, returning them unsold. Faced with a flood of returned magazines, the distributors abandoned the block-booking arrangement. South Bend's newsstands were purged.

Nearby Fort Wayne succeeded in a clean-up drive by placing emphasis on the positive rather than the negative side. A League for Clean Reading was formed and an emblem of decency awarded to every seller of magazines who coöperated in the campaign. In half a dozen other Indiana towns similar crusades have been undertaken.

In New York City a Council for Decency in Magazines, nonsectarian, was formed in 1938 to check the sale of "borderline" periodicals that offend against reasonable canons of good taste. It is in no sense a prosecuting organization; its aims are to arouse public opinion and to secure the coöperation of publishers, distributors and news dealers. The Council advocates legislation requiring the name and address of the publisher to be printed in the masthead of the magazine. Such legislation would put an end to the fly-by-night publisher who brings out a single issue of an offensive magazine, cashes in on its quick sale to news dealers, then disappears from view. Three months later he bobs up again at a differ-

ent address with another publication more objectionable than the first.

In all these local drives, no censorship of the press is involved; no legitimate literary or artistic liberty is curtailed. Bluenose zealotry is frowned upon by the campaigners themselves, as un-American and contrary to contemporary reform methods. Communities all over the U. S. are discovering that the moment they organize and invoke local indecency ordinances against smutty magazines, publishers and distributors seize a broom and clean their own house. This simple technique has swept filthy magazines off the newsstands, not only in the communities mentioned, but also in Albany, N. Y., in Boston, Lowell, Lynn and ten other smaller cities in Massachusetts, in Grand Rapids, Mich., Des Moines, Iowa, Birmingham, Ala., Los Angeles, Calif., and elsewhere.

No city or town need be plagued by the sex-purveyor, pervert-maker or morals-wrecker any longer than it takes to organize against him. His malodorous product, and all that it represents in human and economic waste, can be obliterated by taking a community stand against it. J. Edgar Hoover speaks for every decent-minded citizen when he says: "There is no place in America for the filthy magazine. This trash must go!"

A portrait of Louise DeKoven Bowen, for 50
years the social conscience of a great city

First Citizen of Chicago

Condensed from *Independent Woman*

Milton S. Mayer

THIS IS the story of a beggar girl. Louise DeKoven Bowen began begging when she was eight. She is eighty now, and still begging.

Like most beggar stories, it isn't a pretty one, for it deals with misery, hunger, hopelessness and death. Yet strangely enough it is a beautiful story, for it tells of the high courage and burning faith of a really rich little rich girl who, having given her wealth to charity, went on to fight for a world in which charity would not be needed.

For 50 years Mrs. Bowen has been the social conscience of Chicago, and the one completely magic name in that rough, tough, cynical city. For two generations she has led, or founded, or pushed every move for civic betterment. Admittedly she is Chicago's first citizen — not only because once upon a time the Republicans wanted her to run for mayor, or because once upon a time she received a bomb in the mail. For 50 years she has squeezed money out of the rich, and bullied decent laws out of the politicians. Alone in the beginning, she now has solidly behind her all

the men and women of Chicago who want to make their city and their world a better place to live in. In an age when "nice" women weren't supposed even to know about such things, she fought for and won the first anti-sweatshop laws in the West, Chicago's first boys' clubs and public playgrounds, as well as the first use of policewomen, the first juvenile court, the first juvenile detention home anywhere in the world. Any list of America's great women should certainly include the name of Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen.

Her grandmother crossed the prairies with a rifle on her knee. The family settled, prospered, and Lulu DeKoven was brought up to be the genteel and useless possessor of many millions. What kept her from following the well-bred pattern of her time she doesn't say, but there is a tradition in Chicago that as a girl she took God very seriously — not the God one meets in church, but the God who made the world and put all the people on it and put all the things on it for all the people to use.

One day, when she was only

eight, she saw a little girl crushed by a runaway horse in front of her father's house. Following the men who carried the girl home, she found a wretched wooden shack. Here were no chandeliers or tapestries, here was the naked face of poverty, something she had never seen before. As she left the shack, her thoughts were not eight-year-old thoughts. Saying nothing to her parents, she set out to beg. She begged at the back doors of all the big houses on Michigan Avenue, and the people who came to the door recognized her and gave her money. An hour later she revisited that wretched shack — with \$57 in the pocket of her dress.

Her education began when it was supposed to have finished. At 16, graduated from a young ladies' seminary, she took on a Sunday school class of "bad" boys. First of all she had to prove that she was tough, which she did by whaling the sassiest boy in the class. Having won the boys' respect, she visited their homes as a friend, became a one-woman employment agency, turned the basement of her house into a boys' clubroom — probably the first on the face of the globe. For ten years she taught that class, and learned, she says, "that boys' clubs are better than policemen's clubs."

Then she taught needlework to poor girls, saw the starvation their families often faced, understood why they sometimes stole. After

that came a class in homemaking. She studied tenement housing from top to bottom, and learned that model tenements could not make enough money to interest private capital. She studied charity, and learned that it eased the conscience of the rich more often than it eased the condition of the poor.

I asked Mrs. Bowen which of her countless experiences did most to educate her. She thought it was this one: "One day I went into a kitchen where 20 women were sewing buttons on trousers, for a beggarly pittance. The mother I had come to see took me into a bedroom. There, covered only with newspapers, lay a child so thin that it seemed as though her bones were sticking through her skin. On a chair beside her was a hunk of bread — her food for the day. The little girl, with dirty face and matted hair, held in her fingers a long spike which she was dressing in a soiled piece of tissue paper. This, she told me, was her doll."

For four decades Mrs. Bowen has given to Hull House alone more than a million dollars, besides fighting support not to be reckoned in any mortal specie. Hundreds of slum boys who otherwise would have graduated from poolrooms have learned something better from the boys' club that she built. Thousands of underprivileged children have enjoyed their first vacation at the country club at Waukegan named after her husband. The

Hull House Women's Club was the pioneer effort to help immigrant women achieve self-education. To countless Chicagoans, Bowen Hall, around the corner from Hull House, has meant their first party, their first dance, their first forum, their first symphony concert. The United Charities, the Juvenile Protective Association, the Woman's City Club — all exist, or function, or battle for causes she believes in, thanks to her. While the public conscience yawned, she supported the Visiting Nurses Association, at her own expense waging a campaign for putting nurses in every public school which has cut the spread of contagious diseases among Chicago school children to almost nothing.

Mrs. Bowen is fearless of opinion and scornful of those who cry "radicalism" at every forward step. When contributions were lost to Hull House because Chicagoans thought Jane Addams too much in sympathy with working people, Mrs. Bowen quietly made up the difference. When garment workers struck in 1910, Mrs. Bowen helped raise money for their starving children. Herself one of the largest stockholders, she fought for removal of industrial hazards at the Pullman Company, fought for the abolition of the 12-hour-day at U. S. Steel. When the ultra-exclusive Fortnightly Club, after having invited Jane Addams to speak, withdrew the invitation because of her

"radicalism," Mrs. Bowen, on her own authority as a member, called a special meeting and dragged Miss Addams to the platform.

Fifty years ago she introduced to Chicago the idea of the relief investigator. Thirty years ago, in a report to the United Charities, she first used the phrase "preventable misery," and made the shocking assertion that charity organizations would do better to fight for social legislation than go on forever trying to stem the great flood of need with a little sand pile of donations.

Long before the rest of her generation, Mrs. Bowen knew that a government which calls itself enlightened must deal aggressively with poverty. So she battled for laws. Armed with facts and revelations, she assailed the aldermen, the mayor, the legislature, the governor. She didn't request them to do something; she told them what to do. I have said she is a beggar — she is more than that, she is a beggar who holds people up and hits them over the head with the bludgeon of their own consciences. And the politicians were afraid of a woman who wasn't afraid of them, so Mrs. Bowen got her laws for parks and playgrounds, and hours and wages for women, and medical care for children. By now most of the movements she started have been taken over by the public.

Many years ago, when she was leading the fight to place juvenile probation officers in the courts, the

campaign stalled. The men who were working with her could get nowhere. Mrs. Bowen called up the political boss of Illinois and asked him to come to her house. He came, and she told him what she wanted. He took the telephone, called one of his lieutenants in the state capital and said: "Joe, there's a bill — number so-and-so — that I want passed." Apparently the lieutenant asked, "What's there in it for us?" because the boss replied: "There's nothing in it, but a certain woman in Chicago wants it passed, and it's got to be passed."

It takes more than sympathy and intelligence to produce a woman who all her life has been willing to stand for principle, even against the hatred of her own "kind." It takes courage, and a sense of power. Not the uneasy power of the wealthy, but the awful power of those who are on the side of the angels. Mrs. Bowen has never doubted that she was on that side, and therefore had no fear. If the inheritors of wealth and custodians of power had used

their heads and hearts as she has hers, many of our social wounds would now be healed.

At an age when most of those who reach it are waiting quietly for sunset, she is still as unafraid and powerful and furiously busy as ever. She sends out 100,000 letters a year demanding — not asking, mind you, but demanding, for the beggar-girl has long ago become a beggar-queen — money, laws, action. She races round like a youngster, doing twice as much as most women half her age. Her tight little body, her sharp, bright eyes and her decisive mouth disguise her years. Her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren would like to put her to bed at a decent hour, but — like the politicians — they're all afraid of her. Afraid of her and proud of her, like all Chicagoans, who wonder what will happen to their city if Mrs. Bowen ever decides to settle down.

But she will never settle down, for, as she says, "I'm only eighty, and there's work to be done."



Dramatic Discipline

AT THE OPENING of *The Taming of the Shrew* in Los Angeles, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne gave late-comers the works. As each laggard group came down the aisle, Lunt and Fontanne stopped dead in their lines, she to bow graciously, he to cry "Welcome!" Once he said: "For the benefit of those who have just come in, I'll play the scene again." And he did so. — *Time*

New waves of pioneers are finding harvest jobs and subsistence farms in the green valleys of the Pacific Northwest

Promised Land

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Frank J. Taylor

IN THE PAST five years, close to 200,000 refugees from the drought areas of the Prairie States have migrated to the Pacific Northwest. It is amazing how completely they have lost themselves in this vast evergreen country. The migrants' jalopies are not crowding the pavements, as in California, nor are their squatter camps eyesores along the highways. Few of them are asking for relief. Most of those who have been in the Northwest for two years or more have realized their dream of a plot of ground, a vegetable garden, a cow and some chickens.

Except for thousands of new cabins among the stumps at the edge of the forest, and crowds of agricultural workers in hop fields and apple orchards, one would little suspect that a poverty-stricken horde of refugees had descended upon Oregon, Washington and Idaho in numbers as great, in proportion to population, as the trek of the "Grapes of Wrath" people to California. The newcomers are welcome here in the Northwest. Colonel Walter Pollitz, head of Washington State's Farm Placement Service, explained it this way:

"We haven't any farm labor surplus, and a good worker can average seven or eight months' work at three dollars a day. He may have 17 different jobs during that time, but he's not idle. When the harvests are in, he looks at a piece of stumpage land, sees green grass and thinks of a cow and a garden. He sees the stumps and says, 'There's wood to keep us warm in winter. I can farm around those stumps and worry them out in my spare time.' These people are real pioneers."

A few days later at Salem, John Cooter, who directs the Farm Placement Service for Oregon, added an almost identical report on the migrants in that state. The Farm Placement Service, supported jointly by the federal government and the states, tries to keep newcomers from wasting time and gasoline in aimless job hunts. It maintains regional employment offices where the farmers phone in for workers and the workers check in for leads on jobs — 21 such offices in Oregon, 14 in Washington, 12 in Idaho. While we were talking an ancient car pulled up in front of the office. On its side was painted the slogan, "Oregon

or Bust." Inside was packed the Thomas family, Zeb, the Missus, three small children, and their goods and chattels.

"Know anybody that needs a good farm hand?" began Zeb.

"Where are you from?"

"South Dakota."

"There's a farmer down by the river who says he'll hire anybody from Dakota. It's hop-picking."

"I'm his man," said Zeb.

The Farm Placement official looked over the Thomas jalopy and family appraisingly.

"How are you making out?" he asked.

"Not bad at all," replied Zeb Thomas. He pulled a notebook from his pocket and studied it. "We left Dakota with \$96. We made \$23 in strawberries, \$56 in cherries, \$30 haying, \$24 wood-chopping, \$42 picking beans and \$90 in prunes. I figure we're good for a hundred in the hops, another hundred digging spuds, and if I get on as sorter in potatoes that ought to mean \$50 or \$60 more before winter. Last summer I had 16 jobs in six months and made \$700. This winter I'm goin' to get a little piece of ground and build a shack and get a cow."

Zeb Thomas is typical of about two thirds of the Pacific Northwest's migrants, who come in three distinct streams. One flows from the northern Prairie States, bringing mainly Dakotans, who make up almost one fourth of the refugee trek. Another, with Nebraskans,

Coloradans and Kansans, follows the old Oregon Trail from Salt Lake. The third tide moves in from California. Oklahomans are most numerous in this group. Most of the Dakotans, Nebraskans, Coloradans, Kansans are taking root in the Northwest. Most of the agricultural workers from the southern Prairie States remain migrants, wintering in California, where both sunshine and relief are more plentiful.

On a Wenatchee apple orchard, I listened to Fred Pike, who came from Oklahoma with his bride, Effie, three years ago. They were just out of their teens then.

"We got here with a gallon of gas and 63 cents," said Fred. "We had to stay because we couldn't go on. The boss here let us have a cabin to live in. I started a vegetable patch for him and for us, milked and did the chores, and worked so hard he gave me \$20 a month to boot."

Fred and Effie found time to raise chickens and ducks. In the harvest, he picked apples and pears for two months, at an average of eight dollars a day. Working in a packing house, Effie picked up another hundred dollars cash.

"We're getting somewhere up here," concluded Fred. "We've got almost \$600 saved up. When we get a thousand, we'll buy one of these abandoned orchards. I can make her provide us a good living."

Here in the Northwest there is plenty of cheap land, particularly in the cutover areas, where lumber

companies will sell stumpage farms for as little as \$10 an acre. There is ample rainfall to keep pasturage and gardens green. Second-grade lumber is cheap and near at hand; for \$100 a family can buy enough material to put up a one-room shelter and a small barn.

In a trip around the shores of Puget Sound, I saw thousands of these new unpainted cabins. Around each was a garden, with its inevitable half acre of potatoes, its corn patch, berries and vegetables planted between the charred stumps. Oregon's Willamette Valley is fringed with them, too. Other thousands of the newcomers have taken root on abandoned farms. The Northwest Regional Planning Commission's surveys indicate that more than 38,000 families have moved into Washington, Oregon, and Idaho in five years. Most of them have found their little piece of land somewhere in the moist, mild valleys west of the Cascade range.

"How much rainfall is there here?" is the first question they ask. To them, 40 inches of rain, a good share of it during the summer growing months, is a blessing outweighing stumpage clearing. Between jobs in the harvests, they chop away at roots. Most families clear about two acres a year. Land that sells for ten dollars per acre with stumps on it is worth a hundred when cleared.

The several federal agencies working out the resettlement program for the Department of Agriculture

are concerned because drought refugees have come before the government was ready for them. Though the Farm Security Administration has aided about 5000 families with federal loans to buy land, there is misgiving lest a good many of the newcomers find conditions too difficult for profitable farming. But none of the settlers with whom I talked shared this feeling. They may be only subsistence farmers at present, but they are wresting better livings from the rich soils than they enjoyed back on the prairies. Said one ex-Nebraskan, now farming north of Everett, Washington:

"I pick berries in the spring, vegetables in the summer, apples and hops in the fall. I pick up five or six hundred dollars. That's a lot of money in this country, Mister. We're doin' well."

He showed me with pleasure his three cleared acres, mostly in vegetables, his cow, hogs, chickens, turkeys among the stumps, the pile of wood by the barn, the extra room he had just added to his clapboard house, the school bus into which his three children had just climbed.

The Northwest is receiving these migrants with open arms, particularly the people from the northern Prairie States. They are on every farmer's preferred list. "These Dakotans are real farmers," a Wenatchee apple grower told me. "I've got every gas station operator along the highway watching for them and sending them down to me."

The Oregon and Washington harvests come to a peak in September and October, when the Willamette Valley needs 35,000 extra workers to pick hops. Yakima Valley needs 30,000 for hops and, together with Wenatchee Valley, 12,000 more for the apple deal. But, unlike California's idle fruit tramps, many of the Northwest migrants are occupied after the harvest is past, wrestling stumps on their own little farms.

Oregon, Washington and Idaho together, with only 3,000,000 inhabitants, are larger than France, with its 40,000,000 people. The U. S. Soil Conservation Service found 5,000,000 unused acres suit-

able for intensive farming. Some of this vast domain is in pasturage, some must be cleared, part of it must be drained and more must be irrigated before it can be farmed prosperously. Though this same authority holds that 3,000,000 acres now under cultivation should be returned to grazing land, there is still a net surplus of 2,000,000 acres which can provide 50,000 forty-acre farm homes, not including the Columbia Basin Project, where water from Grand Coulee will add 30,000 small farms. So there is still lots of room in the Northwest for a family that's willing to lift itself by the bootstraps.



Dice, the Great Leveler

WHEN Admiral Jellicoe visited the United States, the private car of Charles M. Schwab was placed at his disposal from Canada to New York. Mr. Schwab met the train at Grand Central Terminal, and found the distinguished Englishman and Joe, the colored servitor who had had charge of the car for years, kneeling on the floor, playing craps. Joe had initiated the Admiral into the mysteries of the favorite game of his people, and had won \$40 from his enthusiastic acolyte.

During Marshal Foch's postwar visit to America, he also was given the use of the car; and the day before the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces was to set out Mr. Schwab summoned Joe.

"I want you to remember one thing, Joe," he said sternly. "I don't want a repetition of what happened with Admiral Jellicoe. Don't try to get Marshal Foch into a game of craps."

Joe pondered a moment, then conceded, "I won't challenge him, Mr. Schwab. But if he done challenge me, I won't allow no one to sweep me off my own front porch."

— George S. Hellman, *Lanes of Memory* (Knopf)

☞ A glimpse at the most potentially powerful figure in British public life

The Incomparable Winston

Condensed from "Inside Europe"

John Gunther

Author of "Inside Asia"

THE Rt. Hon. Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill is the most vital, pungent, and potentially powerful figure in British public life today. In 1929, after a dynamic career, he went into retirement for 10 years. But when war came, the nation demanded that Churchill be included in the government. He became First Lord of the Admiralty, the same position he had held in 1914. And the force of events may yet push him into the Prime Ministership.

From his birth Churchill has been surrounded with a dramatic aura. His blood is not merely blue, but practically purple. He was born in 1874, in Blenheim Castle, the son of Lord Randolph Churchill and grandson of the seventh Duke of Marlborough. He is half-American by birth. His mother, an extraordinarily beautiful and magnetic woman, was the daughter of Leonard W. Jerome, a famous New Yorker of the '60's and part owner of *The New York Times*.

Even in his school years he loved audacity and action, while loathing Latin, Greek and mathematics. He was the bottom boy in

his class at Harrow. His father finally suggested a military career because he didn't think Winston was clever enough for any other. Winston failed three times in the entrance examinations for Sandhurst (the officers' training school) before finally passing.

After Sandhurst young Churchill was commissioned in a fashionable cavalry regiment. At once — typically — he managed to get leave, and went to Cuba to inspect the rebellion which led to the Spanish-American War. His sympathies were with the Cubans; he fought, however, with the Spaniards. On his 21st birthday he had his baptism of gunfire. He returned to England with a decoration for bravery. The next two exciting years were spent in India with his regiment. Here he played expert polo, contrived to get work as a newspaper correspondent at the same time that he was an officer — something quite unprecedented — and saw action on the Northwest frontier.

In India, Winston — no one ever called him anything but Winston — became aware that he had had a very bad education. So, while his

fellow officers napped in the hot afternoons, he began to read — serious books, everything from Plato to Gibbons and back again. Then he set himself to learn to write. Today few men write better English prose. When he returned to England, he sought to enter Oxford, but he was too old.

Then came Africa. He joined Kitchener's expedition down the Nile. These days were full of action; witness his description of the cavalry charge at Omdurman:

Once again I was on the hard, crisp desert, my horse at a trot. I had the impression of scattered Dervishes running to and fro in all directions. Straight before me a man threw himself on the ground. I saw the gleam of his curved sword as he drew it back for a hamstringing cut. I had room and time enough to turn my pony out of his reach, and leaning over on the off side I fired two shots into him at about three yards. As I straightened in the saddle, I saw before me another figure with uplifted sword. I raised my pistol and fired. So close were we that the pistol itself actually struck him. Man and sword disappeared below me. I pulled my horse into a walk and looked around again.

He wrote a book on the Nile campaign, *The River War*, which is still its standard history, and then quit the army. The next year he was back in Africa as a war correspondent for the London *Morning Post*. On November 15, 1899, he was captured by the Boers. After a daring escape from military prison, he returned to England — to find himself a national hero.

In 1901 — he was now 27 — he became a Conservative M.P. He has devoted his life to politics ever since, except for interstices filled with lecture tours, travel, water-color painting, the study of military science, and the writing of 19 books. When his political career began he needed something that had not bothered him before — money. So in five months he proceeded to make \$50,000 on a lecture tour!

Churchill has changed party three times. This is as if, say, Mr. Roosevelt had begun life as a Democrat, spent long years in office as a Republican, and then turned Democrat again — again to receive high office. This political restlessness explains the deep-seated antipathy which die-hard Tories and pure liberals held for him for years.

Once established in Parliament, Churchill's star rose rapidly. In 1911, when he was 37, Asquith named him First Lord of the Admiralty because, in the growing international storm, his energy and fruitfulness were necessary to revitalize the fleet. Churchill shook up the admirals, developed battleships of the *Queen Elizabeth* class, went in for 15-inch guns, and had the fleet mobilized for instant action when war came.

When his brilliantly conceived Dardanelles campaign failed he resigned from the government almost in disgrace — though the failure was not his fault — and went to France as an active infantry officer.

Lloyd George brought him back in 1917 as Minister of Munitions. Then he served in turn as War Minister, Air Minister, and Secretary for the Colonies. During these event-crammed years, Churchill was a major force in settling the Irish question; he promoted allied intervention in Russia; he "invented" the country of Iraq. In 1924 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer — the boy who could not understand mathematics! — and held this post until 1929. Then, rebuffed by Labor and the ensuing National government, he retired into the wilderness for 10 years. But it was a wilderness which he cultivated neatly. He wrote his books, worked over his ideas.

He remained, of course, a Member of Parliament and in 1933, from his lonely corner seat, Churchill turned into the great Cassandra. He — almost alone among British politicians — sensed the peril in the rise of Hitler. For six years, day in, day out, he wrote, argued, exhorted about Hitler's dangerousness, exploring especially every phase of German rearmament. Few paid him much attention. But gradually his hammering voice became heard. And last September Prime Minister Chamberlain accepted the inevitable, and Churchill re-entered the Cabinet.

Today, at 65, Churchill seems 10 years younger than he is. His cheeks are a clear child's pink. His powerful, stocky body, with the

very big head, bears a striking resemblance to that of a healthy bulldog. When he begins to talk, with an odd clucking intonation, the words roll and bounce. He chooses words, even in conversation, as a lapidary sets gems. His talk is so good, so full of balance and antithesis, and so incredibly fluent, that one longs for a secret dictaphone to take it down.

But Mr. Churchill can listen too. And good listening is, in a way, the basis of good conversation. He asks more questions than he answers.

His wit and irony are famous. Once in a letter to the *Times* in answer to Lord Hugh Cecil, who had been denouncing Italy, France, Japan, Soviet Russia, and Germany with equal firmness, Winston wrote: "It must be very painful to a man of Lord Hugh Cecil's natural benevolence to find so many of God's children wandering simultaneously so far astray. I would venture to suggest to my noble friend that some further refinement is needed in the catholicity of his condemnations."

Once Wedgewood Benn, a small man, rose in the Commons and spluttered with indignation at something Winston had said. Churchill replied, "My Right Honorable Friend should not develop more indignation than he can contain."

Winston has an estate 20 miles from London where he spends his leisure time. There he has built

pools, gardens, brick walls, and several small structures with his own hands. For years his favorite exercise was bricklaying; for a time he belonged to the bricklayers' trade union, though his hatred of socialists was ferocious. He wears blue overalls, smokes his inevitable long cigar, hunches himself before the wall, mixes the mortar, and lovingly slaps the bricks into place. For additional relaxation he paints. There have been several exhibitions of his work, for which he uses the name Charles Morin.

One chief source of Churchill's power is his imagination. For instance, he was largely responsible for the evolution of the tank, which revolutionized modern warfare.

His energy, too, is prodigious. On finishing his huge life of Marlborough, he plunged at once into a long history of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, though he was continuing his ordinary work in Parliament and politics. Hard work contributed to his present, almost excessively accomplished oratory. Usually nothing can stop him in his stubborn

determination to get what he wants.

Another source of power is his thoroughness. Behind his desk in the great Admiralty room is a large chart inside a folding wooden frame. Mr. Churchill explained to me recently that he had ordered this chart constructed in 1911, when he first took charge of the Admiralty, so that he could see every day the position of every German battleship. When he returned to office in 1939, the first thing he did was to see if that old chart was still there. It was. And no one had looked at it in 20 years.

Churchill's squat figure has Renaissance quality. He has a swash-buckling love of life and experiment. Like the giants of 16th-century Italy he can turn his pliable and powerful fingers to almost anything. He has been a soldier, historian, sportsman, water-color painter, journalist, politician, administrator. In him, two attributes — energy and *talent* — have merged to produce a restless, but outstanding, dramatic success.

A LADY returning from Europe told us that when she asked in a London bookshop for a copy of James Truslow Adams' *Epic of America*, the elderly shop assistant seemed a bit mystified. Was it a North American travel book? The lady explained in some detail. Whereupon a dim light broke over the gentleman's face. "Ah, yes," he said. "While I don't know the book, you'll doubtless find it under Colonies." And the jolly part of it is that that's just where she found it. — W. D. in *Collier's*

These Short-Wave "Health" Machines

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Webb Waldron

"YOU'D BETTER get a shot of short-wave," said a friend of mine when I complained of racking sinus pains in my face.

"Short-wave?" I inquired, wondering what radio had to do with sinus trouble.

"It's a wonderful treatment for sinus," my friend insisted.

And he gave me the name of a prominent nose and throat specialist. I went. The doctor examined me, found the sinus draining, then sat me down in front of a polished box that looked something like a radio set. Two long metal arms were pivoted at the sides of the box, each arm ending in a round flat pad. The doctor adjusted these pads to my temples, and turned a switch. There was a low humming. After a minute or so I felt a gentle warmth creep through my tortured face. As the doctor switched off the apparatus, he said, "Come back tomorrow if you still have that pain."

"I'll be back," I answered grimly. I had tried all sorts of things for my sinus trouble — sun lamps, hot applications, cleanings out, and nothing had ever done much good.

Yet an hour after I left the doc-

tor's office, the racking pain had vanished. Next morning I woke with the first clear head I had known in weeks.

How long, I asked myself, had this been going on? I began to look up the subject of short-wave treatment. Though I had never heard of it before, I now discovered that a radio program was advertising a short-wave diathermy machine for home use. And I ran across newspaper advertisements of these machines. I sent for information, and was deluged with booklets. Evidently there was a sizable industry in short-wave machines.

"Short-wave burns up the accumulated poisons in your system," said one booklet, startlingly. "The inhuman agonies of rheumatism . . . the stiffening deformities of arthritis . . . the wrenching stabs of sciatica . . . the smothering tortures of asthma . . . the lightning jabs of lumbago. . . . Science has found a way to relieve their victims, a remedy so simple and effective as to seem a miracle," said another.

How pleasant, I thought, to have one of these home machines on hand whenever the pain recurred. I

called up the doctor who had given me the treatment.

"I'd steer clear of them," said the doctor. As we talked, I discovered that I had run into a controversy of considerable current interest in medical circles, with the doctors very generally agreeing that short-wave treatments ought not to be self-administered.

As I investigated further, I discovered that the medical profession has recently begun to use short-wave diathermy on a large scale. Practically all of the 2200 American hospitals with physical therapy departments own one or more short-wave machines. There are from 30,000 to 40,000 of them in use, either by hospitals or physicians in private practice. The Mayo Clinic has six diathermy machines constantly at work. Denver General Hospital treats 2500 patients a year with short-wave. Last year a large Indiana hospital gave 15,000 short-wave treatments; New York Hospital gave 60,000 physical therapy treatments, most of which included short-wave. Dr. Frank H. Krusen of the Mayo Clinic told me that American physicians every year give short-wave treatments to 300,000 persons.

And all this is comparatively new. Experiments with short-wave for healing began in Germany and France some 15 years ago, but only in the past five or six years has it become a practical instrument in the treatment of innumerable trou-

blesome conditions. It has reached its present enormous vogue in the past two years. Short-wave in medical practice is so new, in fact, that up to now there has been almost no mention of it in the popular magazines.

Although the machine which soothed my sinus resembled a receiving set, actually it was more like a radio transmitter in its operation. But the electrical energy, instead of being broadcast from antennae, passed back and forth through my head, between the padded electrodes, as oscillating currents of high frequency. Flowing through my sinus area, the currents encountered resistance and produced heat. Blood-flow increased in an effort to offset the heat, the capillaries were dilated, and waste matter was carried off at greater speed. Healing processes were stimulated.

When heat is applied to the skin by hot applications or a sun lamp, it penetrates some distance into the tissues, depending on the length of application. The familiar long-wave diathermy penetrates somewhat further. Short-wave is believed to produce even deeper heating and therefore deeper healing. Herein lies its virtue.

Consulting over 40 leading American hospitals and many physical therapists and general practitioners, I gained a picture of the diverse uses of this new method of healing.

"Better than 80 percent of si-

nusitis definitely benefited," is the report from Grace Hospital, Detroit; "the majority of arthritis cases definitely benefited." A large eastern university hospital says the same of arthritis, but adds: "While the majority of acute sinus cases are benefited, there seems to be little benefit in chronic sinus." Many other hospitals and private practitioners make this distinction between acute and chronic sinus infections — the acute type is helped by short-wave treatment, the chronic type is not.

"We have found short-wave diathermy most effective in arthritis, bursitis, strains and low back pain," says a midwestern university hospital. Sinusitis and sprains are cited by a large hospital in the Far West as particularly helped by short-wave. This hospital adds that some kinds of arthritis are definitely helped, others not at all.

These conclusions, typical of what I gathered in my survey, give hope that many of the thousands who have suffered from sinusitis and arthritis — and found no remedy — may now get relief.

On other points, however, there is sharp disagreement about short-wave diathermy. Several hospitals and surgeons told me that short-wave is of value in promoting the healing of fractures; others deny this.

Yet the notion that short-wave is a panacea has already taken root in the popular mind, partly because of the advertising of certain

home diathermy machines · which claim almost everything.

It may be all right to apply short-wave to a pain in the knee, but the first thing a conscientious doctor does is *diagnose* — and the owner of a home diathermy machine can't do that. A pain in the knee may be due to a sprain, a bad tooth, arthritis, or even to incipient cancer. But even correct diagnosis isn't enough. Short-wave treatment requires mastery of a technique. If the electrodes are not expertly placed, the waves may avoid the very spot that needs heat and healing. If short-wave is applied to a region with poor circulation, and the blood-flow is not sufficiently quickened to carry away the heat, the patient may receive serious deep-seated burns without knowing it. If sudden heat dilates the arteries so much that the capillaries become choked with blood, the carry-off of waste matter is retarded instead of speeded up. In treating sinus infections, care must be taken not to pass strong radio waves through the brain.

Use of short-wave in the home, by the patient himself, is widely decried by hospitals, physical therapists, and general practitioners. "The unusually intelligent patient might use a home machine under a doctor's direction," one hospital concedes, but even this cautious opinion is in a decided minority. "You would render a public service by condemning the use of short-

wave machines by the layman," says Dr. John S. Coulter, professor of physical therapy at Northwestern.

The home diathermy people say this condemnation is inspired by jealousy. "The doctors and hospitals think we're taking patients away from them," said the manager of one company. "But it isn't so. We are finding patients they never had, or helping those they failed to help. Hospitals and doctors don't advertise. We home diathermy people do, and our campaign has brought them as much business as it has brought us."

But it is a matter of record that the Federal Trade Commission last year issued a complaint against one company on the ground of misleading advertising. Denouncing such claims as that short-wave will "burn up" body poisons, is effective for low blood pressure and "restores" people to normal and

vigorous health, the Commission called attention to the need of competent diagnosis and competent technique in the use of short-wave. The company has modified its advertising and now claims only that its machine alleviates pain.

The major objection doctors express against home treatment with short-wave machines is that it promotes *the treatment of symptoms rather than causes*. It may ease pain — as unquestionably these home machines often do — but it may also divert attention from the real cause of the pain — with sometimes tragic results which might have been avoided by consulting a doctor.

I have heard medical men insist again and again that short-wave is not a *cure* for anything. But it seems certain that, in proper hands, it is a stout ally of the human body's healing forces.

Can You Smile?

A FEW YEARS AGO the sales head of one of America's largest corporations assembled his sales force to meet Jay B. Iden, a New York stage director. Mr. Iden was to teach them to smile! He took them one by one, rehearsed their best smiles, criticized them, pointed out glaring errors, and embarrassed them. Many thought they knew how to smile, but Mr. Iden convinced them that what they thought were smiles turned out to be smirks. The difference, almost infinitesimal, lies in the eyes. In a true smile, the eyes also smile. In a smirk only the mouth smiles. The eyes may seem hard, unfriendly.

After two weeks' training, the men went out of the smile clinic and in three months increased their sales 15 percent. The best salesmen I know, the best actors, the most successful leaders of people, have not been above rehearsing their little smiling act in privacy in front of the mirror.

—Charles B. Roth in *Optimist International*

Let's Stop Arming Japan!

Condensed from Town Meeting
Bulletin of "America's Town Meeting of the Air"

Dr. Walter H. Judd

Ten years a medical missionary in China, head of
a large hospital in the midst of the war zone

THIS NEXT CONGRESS will be facing the critical question of deciding where America's economic influence in the Far East is to be — for law and order or for aggression. On its choice our whole future in the Pacific may well depend. If Japan persists in her crime in China, are we to continue to participate in it?

In violation of the Nine-Power Treaty which Japan voluntarily signed, her leaders have been engaged for two and a half years in an unprovoked and utterly cruel attack on China — her civilians, her homes, her institutions of learning, her culture. The methods used have set an all-time high for barbarity and ruthlessness.

Despite our revulsion at Japan's conduct, and our numerous protests against Japan's violations of American rights under the treaties, we have been allowing Japan unlimited access to our markets and materials. We are the unofficial but indispensable partners in Japan's guilt. We are furnishing a steadily increasing percentage of the essential war

materials which Japan herself does not have, and which enable her to destroy China — in violation of the very treaty we persuaded China to accept. In 1937 we supplied 54 percent of these materials; in 1938, 56 percent. Since war broke out in Europe, Japan's purchases from us have jumped even higher.

Over 90 percent of Japan's scrap-iron and steel and copper she gets from the United States. Special steels and alloys, metal-working machinery, trucks, lumber, lubricating oils go from our ports every week. Over 90 percent of Japan's aviation gasoline is American. An embargo on this item alone could practically stop the bombings of open cities which we so piously condemn.

What does all this mean to us? First, economically: Before the invasion of China, some Americans felt that perhaps Japan could organize China more rapidly than China could herself, and that this might lead to increased trade between the United States and Asia. I do not know of one American in

China who thinks that today. Whatever Japan's statesmen may say, her military men frankly claim China as their private preserve.

Though our trade with Japan has been two to three times as large as that with China, China offers a vastly greater potential market. Japan's industrial development is largely completed. But China's was just beginning. In 1937, an enormous program of industrialization, railroads and highways was just getting started under a stable and progressive government. If that program can begin again *under China's own leaders*, the economic needs and purchasing power of 400,000,000 people will quickly be felt. Through our assistance to Japan we are not only excluding ourselves from the greatest remaining undeveloped market in the world; we are also building up a rival who will be able to use China's huge resources and conscripted man power to develop unbeatable competition in markets we still have at home and abroad.

What we are helping Japan to do in China is also against our political interests, our security in the Pacific. We know Japan's fanatical sense of divine mission and her admitted plans to conquer China, Eastern Siberia, and Malaysia, including the Philippines — just as everybody knew Hitler's plans. They seemed so fantastic that people ignored them. That proved to be a grave mistake. If Japan is not a military

or naval threat to us, then why do we spend billions to arm ourselves against her? If she is, then why do we continue building her up against ourselves? It does not make sense.

Furthermore, what we are doing violates the finest traditions and the moral sense of the American people. We *do* still care about human freedom. We abhor Russia's brutal attack on Finland; yet for over two years we have been supporting a far more destructive attack on a nation equally innocent and for which we had a special responsibility.

Our moral pronouncements are against Japan; but our material strength is against China. The American people have been profoundly shocked as they have gradually come to realize this fact. They want to keep out of entangling alliances in Europe. They want to get out of this iniquitous entangling alliance in the Pacific.

On January 26 our commercial treaty with Japan becomes void. What do we want then?

A new and better treaty, *if* Japan will stop her crime against China, against international law, and against ourselves. We should be the first to assist Japan with loans in the difficult period of shifting back to a peace economy. We should assist both Japan and China in working out a just settlement. We should go further and remove our needless insult in putting our exclusion of Orientals on a basis of racial inferiority.

But we cannot conclude another treaty with Japan until there is evidence of her intention to keep the new agreement and of her ability to compel adherence to it by the Japanese armed forces. We cannot be content with the mere promises which she will make in order to coddle us along until victory is within her grasp. Is there any use signing another treaty today with the foreign office of a nation as long as its armies are brazenly breaking the one we signed with it yesterday?

Nothing less than withdrawal of Japan's army to its prewar location can justify our entering into a new agreement. We cannot without dishonor sign a treaty involving *de facto* acceptance of Japan's conquests by force in China. If we wish to make concessions of our own interests in China it is one thing; but to make concessions of China's interests, her very existence, is quite another. Japan cannot rightfully ask as an evidence of our friendship for her that we betray an equally good friend, China. To try to "appease" Japan by giving her parts of China would be almost as disastrous for ourselves as for China; just as a similar attempt at Munich has proved disastrous for England as well as for Czechoslovakia.

Japan's future relations with America are wholly in her own hands. If she wants American friendship and trade all she needs to do is to abide not by our rules, but by the rules she herself has

freely agreed to with us. We do not ask a single concession of Japan; we only require as a basis for negotiations restitution of what she has unlawfully seized.

If Japan's armies will not consent to restoration to China of her sovereignty over her own territory, what then? Fortunately we hold most of the trumps through our enormous economic and material strength.

We can ask that our government enact legislation that will stop the shipment of war materials to Japan. Bills designed to accomplish this have been introduced by two Senators and six Congressmen. Senator Pittman's bill would empower the President and Congress to discontinue exporting war supplies to a nation using them in flagrant violation of a treaty with us. Senator Schwellenbach's would authorize the President to withhold from export all materials which there is reason to believe will be used to violate the sovereignty of any nation whose sovereignty the United States is obligated by treaty to respect. There is only one such nation — China; because we have only one such treaty — the Nine-Power Pact.

Objection may be raised that this would be "taking sides." Certainly, but not between two nations as such — it is taking sides between treaty-keeping and treaty-breaking. What incentive is there for nations to keep their contracts if they can tear them up and still get exactly the

same treatment as if they had kept them?

Would an embargo on war materials to Japan lead to war? Well, we can get into war with Japan only if she goes to war with us, or if we go to war with her. Is she likely to go to war with us — now? Surely the probabilities are remote indeed. If she is having all she can do trying to defeat the Chinese with our assistance, just how would she defeat those same Chinese *and* the United States, without our assistance? I have not heard of an American who wants to go to war with Japan. It is hard to see what Japan could do that would require our going to war with her. We do not need to knock her down. All we need to do is to stop holding her military up.

There are risks and costs, to be sure, in placing an embargo upon a war trade vital to Japan's program. There are far graver risks in continuing to assist aggression and to support Japan's attempt to build up an invincible empire. When there are risks either way, why not base the decision on principle rather than expediency? It might even turn out, as it has a few times previously in human history, that what was right proved in the long run to have been also expedient.

When weak nations like China,

Abyssinia, and Finland can risk their lives for freedom, why cannot a powerful nation be willing to risk some temporary profits for freedom? The question is fundamentally one of national integrity and courage. We have twice the population, five times the industry of Japan, and we are not bogged down in exhaustion from two and a half years of warfare. It would seem that we might consider doing what is right and letting Japan worry about the risks. Otherwise, let us frankly admit that we are intimidated into continuing to support Japan's assault upon China, and that the decisive factors with us are just as with the dictators we despise — immediate material gains.

The Gallup Poll reported last August that 82 percent of the American people favored the shutting off of war supplies to Japan. Why has it not been done? Because those people have not said so. At the rate the world is going, they cannot afford to wait until elections in November 1940 to make their wishes known — they must speak now, that Congress and the Administration may know they have the people's full support in throwing the weight of America's moral and material power on the side of law and justice and freedom.

¶ "Don't worry about our huge national debt, because we only owe it to ourselves!" —
A leading Presidential aspirant challenges this widespread attitude

Are We Bankrupting Our Children?

Condensed from *Liberty*

Thomas E. Dewey

District Attorney, New York County

IN THE PAST 22 years the government debt has advanced from \$1,000,000,000 to \$41,000,000,000. In less than nine years it has increased \$25,000,000,000. Unless this country is to take refuge in a fraudulent bankruptcy, we and our children are going to have to carry the burden of that debt. It is something that should trouble our consciences.

Recently some of the New Deal economists have tried to persuade us that there is really nothing to be concerned about in the debt. The argument is that the debt doesn't matter because "we owe it to ourselves" — and not to any foreign creditors. President Roosevelt himself has advanced this thesis very persuasively in a speech defending his spending policies. He said:

"Our national debt after all is an internal debt owed not only by the nation but to the nation. If our children have to pay interest on it, they will pay that interest to themselves."

This is an ingenious notion. If our children will merely have to pay themselves, there is no reason to

worry about the debt at all. Or the interest. If we owe it to ourselves, why not call the whole thing off and save the bother of transferring these great sums of money from ourselves to ourselves?

The answer is obvious. It is because the people who have to pay the interest are not always the same as those who receive the interest. The truth is that all of us owe the national debt, but only a few of us own the government bonds.

Let's take a look at the figures to see how much we owe and to whom we owe it.

The United States Treasury, in its statement for September 30 last, showed that the direct debt of the government was equal to \$310.91 for every man, woman and child in the country, contrasted with \$12.36 back in 1917 and \$129.66 a person as recently as 1930. So all of us, even the newborn babes, owe \$310.91 as our pro rata share in the national debt. Do all the people you know own \$310.91 worth of government bonds?

We do not pay a very high rate of

interest on this debt. The average rate is 2.607 percent annually. Even so, the yearly bill for interest comes to over \$1,000,000,000.

Now everybody in the nation, even the poorest of us, has to contribute to meet the cost of the national government. Taxes paid by manufacturers and producers enter into the cost of everything we buy. The tax collector takes his share of every worker's day. Thus, we and our children must meet this debt. But to whom do we pay it? Who owns the government bonds?

According to the latest available Treasury figures, 39 percent of all government securities are held by banks. Insurance companies hold 12 percent, other corporations 5 percent, tax-exempt institutions 1 percent, the Federal Reserve Banks 7 percent, various government agencies and trust funds 12 percent, and state and local investment funds 1 percent. This leaves 23 percent, less than one quarter of our \$41,000,000,000 debt, in the hands of individuals. It is safe to say that those individuals represent but a small part of the whole population.

It is true that many of us have an indirect interest in government bonds. For instance, we may have a policy in an insurance company that owns some of them. But that interest is never an exact offset to our share of the government debt. The two cannot be canceled out; whereas, if a man "owes something to him-

self," he can always cancel the obligation without disturbance to anyone.

Clearly then we cannot say of the national debt that "we owe it to ourselves." Most of us must face the fact that our children will have to pay this tremendous debt, not to themselves, but to the children of comparatively few other people.

This means that we in this generation, by permitting the great piling up of government debt, have created a mechanism for the redistribution of wealth from all of us who pay taxes, directly or indirectly, to the few who own government bonds. It is a Huey Long plan — in reverse — the taking of money from everyone to give to the few.

To the future of our country this all means either bankruptcy with dishonor or a long, slow struggle back to solvency. The sacrifices we have already imposed on our children are unconscionable. The least we can now do is to recognize the burdens we have laid on them, and resolutely begin to reduce them.

We must stop anesthetizing our minds against the painful facts, stop trying to deceive ourselves about the real meaning of the debt. Once we have done that every man will see that he has a direct concern in sane government finance. Then the nation will have acquired a will to stop the reckless piling up of national deficits. When we have that will government will obey it.

“Patient money” spent on pure research led to the new stockings millions of women will buy this year

Dawn of the Day of Nylon

Condensed from *Textile World*

Don Wharton

BEFORE the new year is out, millions of American women will be wearing hosiery made from coal, water and air. Du Pont announced nylon, the wonder product, late in 1938 and demonstrated it at the world's fairs of 1939. The year 1940 finds hosiery mills in production, and department stores preparing for the day, probably in April, when simultaneously from Maine to California nylon hosiery goes on sale.

Industrial chemists speak of nylon as one of the three or four great chemical developments of the last decade. It is the raw material for a textile fiber stronger and more elastic than silk, wool, linen, cotton or rayon. Hence it will have many other uses besides hosiery.

For textiles, nylon can be produced in filaments as fine as a spider's web, but it also can be produced as sheets and as bars or rods from the diameter of a bristle (maybe you already are using a nylon toothbrush) to the diameter of a man's arm. Which means it may develop into a new and important plastic. Or nylon can be used as an enamel, so tough that copper wires

coated with it will break before the coating cracks.

However, most of the 4,600,000 pounds of nylon which the first plant can turn out annually will be used for yarn and most of that yarn will go into hosiery. To that extent, it will replace silk, hitherto unchallenged in quality hose. Obviously, some 4,000,000 pounds or so of nylon will not immediately take over a market which last year used 45,000,000 pounds of silk. But the Japanese are watching anxiously.

Rayon was insignificant once, too. We used 2,000,000 pounds in 1911; 10,000,000 pounds in 1919. By 1939 we were using 330,000,000 pounds — and silk, long the queen of woven fabrics, had vanished from the looms. Hosiery — a knitted, as distinct from a *woven*, fabric — is silk's last remaining stronghold. We buy four fifths of all the silk used in the world and four fifths of what we buy is knitted into stockings. If nylon consumption increases at anything like the pace set by rayon, there may be some reason for Japanese concern.

The story of nylon dates back to a research program fathered by Dr.

Charles M. A. Stine, who this January received the coveted Perkin Medal, annual award for distinguished contribution in the field of applied chemistry. With the Du Ponts since 1907, Dr. Stine helped solve our dye problem during the World War, worked on explosives, and with his own hands manufactured the first TNT for the Navy. By 1924 he was Du Pont's chemical director. Early in 1928, he persuaded the company to broaden its policy and set aside large sums for fundamental research as contrasted with research on immediately practical problems. "Patient money," someone called it, because it looked for no prompt return.

After this fundamental research had been under way for about two years, a chemist in the group headed by the late Dr. Wallace Carothers pulled a sample of molten material from a still and noticed that it could be drawn out like a fiber of silk. And, extremely important, that the fiber after cooling could be stretched again to several times its original length.

But nylon was not born that day. It was only conceived. Hundreds of compounds were prepared; some were too weak, some insufficiently elastic, others too sensitive to water. At last fibers which appeared promising were spun by hand from one of the compounds. Then came the day when a compound was formed into an encouragingly good filament by squirting it through a hy-

podermic needle. More searching, more experiments with varying processes and formulas — and finally U. S. patents numbers 2,130,947 and 2,130,948.

Even the layman can catch some glimpse of the fundamental chemistry here newly applied. The atom is the smallest possible subdivision of a basic element. Atoms combine to form molecules — as two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen to form a molecule of water. The three-atom molecule of water is very small. Chemists thought it ought to be possible to coax the atoms of some of the abundant elements to form giant molecules, joining hands in long chains. Such things occur in nature. The rubber molecule is one of the longest known. The Du Pont chemists set out to synthesize a substance which would have a long molecule of rubberlike structure. The first result was neoprene, Du Pont's chemical rubber. Out of this fundamental research also came nylon. Its molecule is actually *long* enough (1/100,000 of an inch) to be seen by a powerful microscope, but too fine. Nylon contains the same elements as silk — carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen — and arranged in somewhat the same way. These are likewise the chemical elements of coal, water and air.

Nylon is first formed in icy-white ribbons of any width and thickness that happen to be convenient for handling. If intended for use as a textile fiber, these ribbons are bro-

ken into little chips. The chips are melted and the water-clear liquid, looking like thick glycerine, is squirted through tiny nozzles to form cobwebby filaments. The filaments solidify in the air, and are wound on spools. Each filament, if there were a microscope powerful enough to peer into its structure, would be seen to be made up of long chainlike molecules, crisscrossed helter-skelter.

Next, the filaments are stretched. The stretching aligns the molecular chains into parallel formation, brings them so close together as to create powerful intermolecular attraction. What causes intermolecular attraction no scientist knows, but it is the force that holds all substances together, tenuously as in water, or firmly as in iron. At any rate, this intermolecular attraction is increased in nylon by the stretching — just a way of saying that the stretching makes nylon stronger.

From the stretching process onward, the making and the dyeing, the knitting or the weaving of nylon yarn differ in details only from the handling of other textile fibers.

Yet there is one detail of commercial importance. Silk stockings are dyed before they are slipped onto metal forms where they are dried smooth with heat. Nylon stockings are thus "boarded" before they are dyed. Otherwise the hot dye would set the nylon, permanently preserving every wrinkle, fold or bulge. This pre-boarding of

nylon stockings is done at a higher temperature than is used in the boarding of silk — 212 to 240 degrees, with lots of live steam. The result is that the nylon stocking is permanently shaped, can never bag or wrinkle, and after washing and drying looks as if it had just come from the store. It "irons itself" and whatever shape it was given in the setting process it will retain unless and until it is exposed to a greater heat than that at which it was set.

Besides its textile uses, nylon is on the market for surgical sutures and sewing thread. It will make stronger and lighter parachutes — both the fabrics and the shrouds. It can be made into lace. Also into certain types of knit goods, as women's underwear, woven dress goods, upholstery material, linings for men's suits, possibly even rugs and carpets. In short, anything requiring strength and elasticity.

Nylon's first big field, nevertheless, is women's hosiery. Silk hosiery sales in this country have increased 9,000,000 dozen pairs in the past five years alone. Women now buy 43,000,000 dozen pairs annually. There has been a craze for more and more sheerness, which has meant less wear. This is the great market at which the Du Ponts are aiming. They avoid definite claims, but independent observers believe that nylon stockings will wear at least twice as long as silk stockings.

Du Pont's publicity, comparing

in acumen with its laboratory research, has pursued a policy of understatement in order to disarm exaggerated reports that nylon stockings are runproof and that two pairs will last a woman a year. Du Pont is likewise determined to avoid the errors of rayon, which was at first used in products to which it was not adapted and got branded as a cheap substitute for silk. The word "rayon" wasn't commonly put on rayon products until the law compelled it. The word "nylon" will be plainly stamped on or knitted into every pair of nylon hosiery.

The stockings first sold will be an extra sheer three-thread, and the prices are expected to be \$1.15, \$1.25 and \$1.35 a pair. These prices intentionally correspond to the prices of fine silk stockings, so that nylon will be established in

the public mind as a superior product. Trade-wise observers assume prices will come down as sales volume grows. Nylon yarn, now that silk has skyrocketed, is about 15 percent cheaper than silk, in qualities used for fine stockings.

Du Pont has spent \$11,000,000 on nylon plants — one in West Virginia which partially processes the raw materials and one in Delaware which turns out the finished nylon. They employ about 850 men. This team of plants can turn out about 4,600,000 pounds a year. Another unit, perhaps doubling present capacity, may be announced soon.

The Du Ponts don't feel they are gambling with their millions. They think the future is assured for a product that has so many desirable characteristics and which provides new jobs for American labor.



Illustrative Anecdotes — XXXII —

"I Hardly Slept All Night"

I OFTEN THINK this "insomnia" business is about 90 percent nonsense. When I was a young man living in a boardinghouse in Toronto, my brother George came to visit me, and since there was no spare room, we had to share my bed. In the morning, after daylight, I said to George, "Did you get much sleep?"

"Not a damn minute," said he.

"Neither did I," I rejoined. "I could hear every sound all night."

Then we put our heads up from the bedclothes and saw that the bed was covered with plaster. The ceiling had fallen on us in the night. But we hadn't noticed it. We had "insomnia."

— Stephen Leacock, *Too Much College* (Dodd, Mead)

The Silent War at Sea

Condensed from Life

Frederic Sonder, Jr.

AN ITALIAN STEAMER — bound for Trieste from New York — was nearing Gibraltar. Her radio crackled a message to the shore station: "No contraband on board. May I proceed?" "No," came the curt answer. "Anchor by the mole. You will be searched." Fuming, the Italian captain swung into Europa Harbor, and found a place among 20-odd other boats. When the British inspection party came aboard the Italian protested: "But I have no contraband, no goods for Germany." The English officer smiled. "I beg pardon, sir. You have 80 cases of chemicals, consigned to Munich, in your forward hold. We shall have them removed in two or three days. You will remain here until then, of course." To the Italian, the British knowledge about his cargo seemed like black magic.

Similar scenes take place every day at all British Contraband Control Stations — at Haifa, Gibraltar, and three places on the British coast. And most neutral shipmasters who have tried to slip through the British net have been startled by the same mysterious British

omniscience about their contraband cargoes.

Here is the real war against Germany and it is being fought without benefit of publicity by the Ministry of Economic Warfare. Its activities rarely appear in the press; Minister Ronald Cross makes only infrequent, terse announcements before Commons. Few people know of the vast, carefully planned system directed by a group of Britain's shrewdest bankers and economists which is slowly choking the life out of the Third Reich. "Starving Germany out" is a phrase frowned on by officialdom — in deference to the sensibilities of humanitarian neutrals. But that is the determined purpose of the Ministry — the most efficient department of Britain's wartime government.

Two years ago, some of the more clear-headed men around Neville Chamberlain — led by Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, Economic Adviser to the Government — began to realize what titanic economic preparations must be made if there was to be war with Germany. Leith-Ross worked out a plan to revive — in modern form — the Ministry

of Blockade which strangled Germany in 1918. Chamberlain, dreaming of the Appeasement which was to crown his political career, did not approve. But Leith-Ross went on, regardless.

When the Prime Minister, after the Munich debacle, was forced to change his mind, the Ministry of Economic Warfare was ready for organization. The problem was not so much direct blockade of Germany — the Navy could do that. The real job was to keep neutral nations from importing the Reich's requirements for her and then delivering them by land. Leith-Ross used every connection of Britain's big banks, manufacturers and shippers to compile a huge dossier listing the normal trade between Germany and her neighbors, in minutest detail. A Black List was also made of all firms in neutral countries habitually trading with Germany or supported by German capital — some 400 of them. A staff was hand-picked from the best available financial, economic, shipping and statistical experts. Ronald Cross, wealthy merchant-banker, was selected as Minister. All this was done with the greatest secrecy.

When Britain declared war on September 3, the Ministry of Economic Warfare clicked into high gear. Within 24 hours, the Contraband Lists were published. The Ministry's full staff of over 400 was installed. And the teleprinters which connect the Ministry with

the Contraband Control Stations were started up.

British diplomats in The Hague, Brussels, the Scandinavian capitals, Rome, and Belgrade appeared with draft treaties, under the terms of which the neutrals have had to agree (1) not to re-export to Germany any materials they imported, (2) not to export to Germany any more of their own produce than they had been sending before the war. In exchange, Britain allowed the neutrals to import what they needed. When the neutral governments examined the import ration lists, they found that the British had exactly calculated their needs — and allowed no more.

British diplomats hinted that efforts at evasion would bring a reduction of the quotas. Norway immediately objected against having her vital fish export to Germany cut down. Word promptly came from London that no more coal or fishery supplies would get through to Norwegian ports. There was no further objection.

Shipowners who try to sneak through with extra-quota merchandise find the British net tight. Most neutral shipmasters now stop voluntarily at a Contraband Control Station before braving European coastal waters. They get their "navicerts" — certifying that they have a clean bill — and can then pass the British and French patrols without trouble. These patrols dot all the practicable sea lanes, stop-

ping all neutral ships. The Ministry is rough on ships which try to slip by. Once caught, they are made to lie in port for days before they are even examined.

Goods consigned to any firm on the Black List are almost surely destined for Germany, and are immediately confiscated. The neutral captain can dispute an illegal seizure in an Admiralty Prize Court. But Contraband officers make few mistakes. Everything seized by the Control is sold and the proceeds put into the Prize Fund, to be distributed after the war among the crews of the patrol ships.

"Those Britishers seem to have second sight," an irate Swedish master said to me bitterly. It is not second sight but a remarkable intelligence organization, also the work of Leith-Ross. All over the world the endless ramifications of British trade contacts are at work. A British banker in Rio de Janeiro hears from a friend that Germany is buying hides in Brazil to be shipped via Holland. He reports it to his consul. An agent at the docks finds out what ship they are going on. A flash goes to the Ministry of Economic Warfare in London. And when the Dutch captain steams into Weymouth to get his "navicert," he is surprised to find that the Contraband officer knows all about his cargo — even where the hides are stowed. So expert is this Intelligence Section that neutral ships carrying contraband are often

allowed to proceed unmolested until they near the Control Station most convenient for the handling of that part of their cargo which is to be seized.

The Ministry of Economic Warfare has another vital task: to keep neutral ships, despite their fear of mines and torpedoes, plying to and from British ports. For England could carry but a fraction of all she needs in her own bottoms. There are several means of putting pressure on neutrals.

Britain and France control the principal bunker coal depots on almost all of the world's trade routes. A ship which has offended the Ministry of Economic Warfare finds it difficult to get coal at any of these points. During the last war, neutral ships could get coal only when they arranged two voyages out of every three to suit the wishes of London and Paris. For the third, they could pick any destination except Germany. This system will be revived, if Germany's intensified mine and submarine warfare continues.

Every form of political and economic pressure is brought to bear on the Dutch government, for example, to obtain Dutch ships under generous charter. But if that fails, two very refined methods of compulsion — both strictly legal — remain. The "ship for ship" rule may be applied: no Dutch ship is allowed to clear an Allied port until another has arrived with cargo. Or

the Law of Angary, rediscovered and brought into action by the old Ministry of Blockade in 1917, is put into effect. It provides for the seizure by a belligerent of any property, national or neutral, in its territory. Just compensation is provided for the owners of seized ships. But neutrals prefer to take a profitable contract for continued trading rather than have their boats seized for a compensation that may be greatly delayed in coming.

So successful has the silent Ministry been that the Reich's imports have been cut by more than 50 percent of its peacetime trade. At the same time the volume of goods in and out of British ports has decreased little despite the heavy toll of mines and submarines.

Of all the neutrals, Italy has taken the draconic British decrees in best part. In fact, the *Duce* has allowed the Ministry of Economic Warfare extraordinary privileges in Italy to check up on German-Italian trade. The Ministry's agents haunt Italian docks, and are so thick at Trieste and the Alpine passes — the main channels to Germany — that Hitler's *Gestapo* chief, Himmler, came to Milan recently to try to have them removed. The *Duce* declined. In exchange Italy gets rapid clearance at the Control Ports, special fueling facilities, and is enjoying very profitable trade with England.

Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and Italy are

firmly under the Ministry's thumb, but the Balkans are less compliant and harder to get at. A large part of Yugoslavia's and Rumania's exports have been going to the Reich — important supplies of grain, oil, lead, copper and bauxite. For these Berlin has been paying with foreign exchange received mainly from exports to South America. To strangle this source of supply, the Ministry has imposed its blockade on all German *exports*, thus preventing the Reich from piling up foreign credits anywhere abroad.

This devastating ukase has dealt the neutrals another staggering blow. The Netherlands face the ruin of their shipping trade — almost 75 percent of it was outgoing German commerce from Rotterdam. And Germany will no longer be able to pay cash for imports. For barter, the Reich can spare only manufactured goods like cameras and harmonicas — and neutral markets are already flooded with them.

"If we lose a war against the British, it will be because an army must still march on its stomach. And England still owns the stomach of Europe," said a leading officer of the Economics Division of the German General Staff a year ago. The German chiefs have little respect for Britain's military force, but they fear the tremendous driving power which decades of experience have given England in the economic field. And Britain's dreaded silent war is now making itself felt.

Pickpockets will get you
if you don't watch out

So You Lost Your Pocketbook!

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Myron M. Stearns

LAST WEEK I had my pocket picked — officially. It was an eye-opening experience.

Dan Campion, crack pickpocket detective of the New York police, took a billfold from my left hip pocket, a handkerchief from my right trousers pocket, letters from an inside coat pocket. And, if I hadn't known he was doing it, I would have sworn I had carelessly lost my belongings.

Standing in a group of other officers at headquarters, Campion gave my right shoulder a slight push from behind — such as anyone might get in a crowd. But when he told me to feel my left hip pocket I found that it had been unbuttoned and my wallet tipped endways so that it would come out easily. Then I was given another slight jostle — and the detective had my billfold in his hand. I had felt nothing except the two slight pushes on my shoulder.

Campion then let me watch while he "reefed" my right trousers pocket. He put two fingers just inside the opening and lifted the lining a trifle. I could feel nothing, so gently did his fingers work. Reefing a cou-

ple of times, he lifted my handkerchief — he might as easily have taken out anything else. Still I felt nothing.

Next he came toward me with an overcoat over his arm, shoving it high against my chest as he passed — an action natural enough for a man trying to push through a crowd. Simultaneously he took all the papers from my inside coat pocket, without my being aware of his sleight-of-hand.

What happened to me in this benefit performance happens to thousands of citizens every week. The average person hasn't the faintest conception of pickpockets' skill or daring. They are not to be confused with purse-grabbers or shoplifters. Pickpockets look down on these low-caste fellows. The pickpocket is a craftsman and enjoys a handsome income. A good professional outfit thinks nothing of clearing \$1000 a week. Eddie Jackson, whose stamping ground was the Middle West, used to average \$1500 a week. So wily are they that the police often publish deadlines to warn the public and keep pickpockets out of crowded areas.

Pickpockets, known to themselves as "cannons," work in gangs. One member may appear to be a college student, another a workman, another a good-looking woman out shopping. The "stalls," who do the jostling, are usually disagreeable bruisers. They may step on the sucker's toes, breathe garlic in his face, knock his hat so that he has to raise his hands to keep it from falling off. The "wire," the man who lifts the money, is usually well dressed and well mannered — he could pass for a successful businessman.

Races, political rallies, conventions, railroad stations, football games, all offer good opportunities for a pickpocket troupe. Occasionally, they will stop off in a small town and work a bargain basement, country fair, or local celebration. Most troupes live for safety in the big cities, and work the suburbs on week-ends. They watch obituary notices for deaths of lodge members whose funerals will be well attended.

Once the troupe has its crowd, the next thing is to spot the money. One way is to study pockets that appear to bulge; another is to hang around notices such as "Beware of Pickpockets!" When a man sees this sign he usually pats his pocket-book. The more money he has, the more likely he is to feel for it immediately — thus giving its location away.

If there is no crowd or warning sign, the pickpockets may arrange

both. A fist fight often works wonders. Kansas City detectives found a gang that set up a stand to sell neckties at ridiculously low prices. As the crowd gathered the salesman would warn his prospects to keep their hands on their purses — and thus tell his confederates all they wanted to know.

Elderly people are preferred victims: their clothing, loose for comfort, makes stealing easy. A man with children to look after is a good mark. Best of all is a prosperous fat man with big trousers, who carries his money in his left hip pocket.

After the sucker is spotted, the troupe begins its show. If the victim is about to board a train or bus, one stall on the steps ahead may suddenly check him, while another jumps in from the side and throws an arm past his chin, shouting a question to the man ahead, or to the conductor. Always the action that annoys the victim and distracts his attention seems natural or merely boorish.

Recently a man drew \$1500 from a Chicago bank. Two cannons on the sidewalk received a signal from a stall who had been watching the line at the teller's window. They followed the man to the elevated train. As he stood reading a newspaper, one crook jostled him, forcing him to turn slightly. The other, facing him, reached in and took his wallet. Detectives, who had followed the whole procession from the bank, then nailed the crooks.

But the man wouldn't believe he had lost anything until the officers made him look for his money.

New stalling stunts are continually worked. In a St. Louis railroad station a peddler's flock of balloons got away and went soaring to the roof. Amused, the crowd watched the balloons, while the crooks went to work. A man leaving a Milwaukee bank had his pocket picked of \$900, by a wire who pushed into the same compartment of the revolving door with him.

A pair of cannons, dressed in evening clothes, went to a Detroit automobile show. One appeared to be very drunk and kept stumbling into people, while the other, trying to support him, continually apologized as they went along — leaving victims to right and left.

When the stall is a girl, many variations are possible. The moll may engage a victim in conversation, and lead him on until she suddenly claims he has insulted her. Then other members of the troupe, apparently strangers, rush up to take her part. In one city a girl used to go walking with a dog, which was trained to circle about a victim, tangling him up in the leash. While her helpful confederates were untangling dog and victim, they had an easy time of it.

In theaters, the troupe may spot a well-dressed woman who has put her pocketbook on the seat next her, with her coat over it to make it safer. The wire slips into the row

behind her, tips the seat, noiselessly slipping the purse into his hands.

In crowded movie houses a wire and a girl will take seats in the middle of the house. When a likely sucker comes along, the wire leaves his seat, making his way to the aisle. As the victim pushes in to take the empty seat next the pretty girl, the wire starts back after him as if he had forgotten something. Then the girl gets up and starts out, so that the two have the victim between them, all three squeezed in front of other members of the audience, who are deeply annoyed. In the confusion both "fanning" and theft are easy.

Robbing inside pockets is easier if the victim's hands are raised. This makes crowded buses or subway trains, with passengers hanging onto straps, fine picking.

New recruits are continually coming into the pickpocket fraternity. Boys in the slums steal here and there an easily taken purse for its small change. Then, becoming expert, they may be taken on by a troupe. There are four thieves' families that have become known from New York to San Francisco: father, mother and children, all expert pickpockets.

The custom of working in troupes makes it hard for police to convict pickpockets. After a theft the wire quickly passes his "score" to a stall behind him. Then, if suspected, he is "clean." At the first opportunity bills are taken out and the wallet

disposed of. A mailbox makes a fine hiding place.

Pickpockets invariably put aside a certain percentage of their gains as "fall money," available to fight convictions. Frequently, if the victim's money is returned — perhaps with a bonus — he can be persuaded to withdraw the complaint, or fail to appear as a witness.

But gradually the police have made headway. There are only about half as many professional thieves in this country as ten years ago. Laws are more stringent. Philadelphia, for example, now requires all strangers with police records to register within six hours of entering the city. They get 90 days in the workhouse if picked up unregistered after that time.

New detection techniques have been worked out. "Whizz cops" (pickpocket detectives) no longer wait for actual thefts, but arrest

for suspicious jostling. Another deterrent is the custom of loaning expert pickpocket men to other cities. Conventions and other large gatherings now have the benefit of the best whizz cops in the country.

No small part of police work lies in educating the public to protect itself: Don't let a handbag dangle from the wrist; put your hand through the strap; hold the bag itself with your hand over the clasp. Carry on your person only what money you actually need. Don't carry money in an outside pocket — an inside vest pocket is safer.

Keep alert in crowds; move instantly when you're jostled. If a man sticks a newspaper under your chin, suspect him. Beware of a man who asks for a light and lets you hold the match while he bends over to use it. You can't be too suspicious in a crowd — if you value your money.

The Cotton Mather Hoax

THE LETTER about the Quakers attributed to Cotton Mather, and published in the November Reader's Digest, turns out to have been one of those recurring myths which — like Mencken's famous bathtub hoax* — continue to make the rounds of the press.

A number of historical societies have written us to chronicle this sturdy forgery's birth, and to hope for its final death. The list of victims of the Cotton Mather letter is long, including the learned source from which we quoted. According to William F. Poole, founder of Poole's index to Periodicals, the hoax appeared first in 1870 in the *Argus*, of Easton, Pa. — a product of Editor James F. Shunk's fertile imagination.

* See The Reader's Digest, October, '37, p. 53.

Six-Appeal in Advertising

Condensed from Printers' Ink

P. H. Erbes, Jr.

+

GROSSING \$6,000,000, a child's fairy tale — *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* — set a new motion-picture box-office record. The movie sensation of this season is *The Wizard of Oz*. Top box-office favorites are Shirley Temple, Tommy Kelly and Baby Sandy.

Cultivation of "that little girl look" is the keynote of feminine styles. Women of fashion go in for the "hairdo that climbs heavenward in baby ringlets." They "tuck a childlike bow beneath the chin," wear baby ribbons in the hair, romp in "little girl playclothes," sport "frilly girlish petticoats."

Grown males have reverted to two-piece garments with Peter Pan collars, tinted in green, eggshell, and robin's-egg blue. Manufacturers call them "playsuits," but any way you look at them they're rompers.

Modern dancing consists of faintly disguised adaptations of ring-around-a-rosie or hopscotch — the "Boomp-a-Daisy," "London Bridge" and "Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree."

On the radio, the vogue is guessing games and spelling bees. In homes, adult foursomes spend entire evenings nudging marbles about

on a Chinese checkerboard. Parchesi and jackstraws have made a strong comeback. The phonograph, the songsters at theaters and cabarets, the volunteer bathtub minstrels gurgle lyrics in meaningless baby-talk prattle: Down in de meddy in a itty bitty poo . . . dittem dattem wattem chu. Patty cake. A tisket, a tasket. Toodle lumma lumma, toodle lumma lumma. Floy floy. Jeepers creepers.

Thus the adult scene in America today. For years people have been faced by a time of economic stress. All these current infant antics and posturings are evidently symptomatic of a mass retreat to find refuge in the relatively carefree and happy days of childhood when life seemed secure — and here we are, sucking our thumbs.

Whatever it all may mean to the social anthropologist and the historian, there seems little doubt that it carries a vital significance to those who have goods to sell to this re-adolescing public. For many years advertisers have proceeded on the thesis that the average mental age of the public is 12 years. Today, unless the overwhelming weight of evidence is to be disregarded, it's six. At the outside.

It would be unfair to imply that

all advertisers have failed to sense the new condition. An examination of present-day trade names suggests a tactic appropriate to the times. Consider such articles in the marts of commerce as Toesies, Kumfy-Tops, Swankies, the Whooperdoo mattress, the Koko-Kooler hat for men, Tummy-In panties, No-Tum-Suk, Nudies. Also: Dy-Dee-Ho; men's drawers christened Scandals, Snuggies, Quickees; Goo Goo lip-stick; Choo Choo dresses; Hoot Nonny Nonny sweaters; and Jiffy-Lax.

In advertising copy, a simpering cow called Elsie presents the sales viewpoint of a great dairy company. A railroad has built its entire personality and sales appeal around a coy kitten. An automotive accessory company addresses a message to garage mechanics, of all people, under the heading: "A tisket, a tasket, he needs a new cork gasket." And always there are the ads disguised as comic strips.

The evening radio program of a large food manufacturer, addressed to an adult audience, delivers the commercial via a little girl who sings in youthful quaver:

Ask your mummy
To fill your tummy
With Gra-a-ape-Nuts. . . .

However, these are, for the most part, but half measures. If advertisers are to deal with a public in bibs, they must adjust their strategy accordingly. Threats of social ostracism must be replaced by pointed allusions to the bogeyman. The keeping-up-with-the-Joneses approach must be revised to cover inferences about not being a sissy. For most copy, doggerel of the child's-garden-of-verse school will probably have the greatest effectiveness.

At least some of the illustrations should be plain so the reader can color them. Illustrations in the form of cutouts should be tremendously popular. Obviously, advertising which proceeds on the basis of reason and appeals to the instincts of maturity is useful in approaching only a few remaining islands of adult perception like me and the reader; and we're hardly a mass market.

Now if oozums will dess escoose me, I dot to det back to my lollipop.

Soviet Efficiency

☞ AN AMERICAN was being shown a big Soviet sign factory. "We turn out about 500 signs a week," proudly said the Russian, "and when business demands it, we can step it up to 2000."

"Amazing!" said the visitor. "By the way, what do the signs say?"

"Elevators not running," was the answer.

— Walter Winchell

☞ The hope of early victory bolsters German morale, as the whole population is ground down to one level of deprivation

Inside Germany: The Mark of War

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Otto D. Tolischus

In a wireless dispatch from Berlin

SWIFTLY and inexorably, the German war machine, which now has conscripted 100,000,000 people into its services, is beginning to press down alike upon its devotees and its victims and to grind them, as well as German life generally, to its pattern.

Excepting for the unprecedented tragedy to the Poles and Jews in Greater Germany, who are now facing extermination, the transition from peace to war has been perhaps less violent in Germany than in other belligerent countries because the National Socialist régime had been putting Germany on a war basis for almost seven years. But relatively the war has already left a deeper mark on the life of every individual in Germany than in other countries, where the wrench was more sudden and therefore was felt more.

It is not the darkness of the blacked-out nights with their mounting accident toll, nor the occasional air-raid alarms, and not even the fighting itself, that is the most significant aspect of the war.

It is rather the intensified regi-

mentation, the rapid drop in standards of living and the great leveling process that it initiated in the name of "German socialism" which are the most important. From them, presumably, results will emanate to dominate German life long after the conflict has ceased.

According to official figures Germany had last year the biggest national income in her history and, calculated on the same basis, which disregards the mounting national debt, the income would be much higher this year. But never in recent history, except during the final years of the last war, were Germans able to buy as little with their income as now, and the prospect is that this little will continue to shrink.

This is true of rich and poor alike. For the rationing system is no respecter of classes or persons, and its standard is the standard of the average worker's family, reduced to the subsistence level and based mainly on *ersatz* (substitute) products. In fact, except in so far as the well-to-do are able to live on past purchases and pos-

sibly have special opportunities for "gifts" from foreign connections, manual laborers are better off in respect to food than the rich.

The well-to-do still have their automobiles, but unless used for urgent business they stand idle in garages for lack of gasoline. The rich, like the poor, walk or use public conveyances. They still have damask table linen, but for lack of soap it is stored away in closets, and rich and poor alike are beginning to eat from oilcloth or from bare tables laid out with paper napkins.

There is, of course, a bootleg trade in food and clothes which is expanding rapidly at exorbitant prices, but only the daring take recourse to it, because National Socialist justice punishes both the bootlegger and the buyer with recorded sentences up to 10 years at hard labor.

Though the well-to-do still have servants, they are at the mercy of these servants for any infraction of the rationing rules; so much so that ladies with plenty of help are attending their own bedrooms so as to keep from prying eyes any trifles that they may have put away. The week-end guest who besides bringing his own food or ration coupons discreetly "forgets" his cake of soap in the bathroom is a welcome guest forever.

The normal food rations, while sufficient to avert actual hunger, nevertheless are admittedly so

scant, according to official medical judgment, that if continued for long they are certain to produce deleterious effects on the national health. The normal rations which may be bought per head per week are, approximately: meat 11 ounces and meat products, such as sausages, 7 ounces; butter $4\frac{1}{2}$, lard $2\frac{1}{4}$, margarine 3 ounces; sugar 9 ounces, cheese $2\frac{1}{4}$ ounces, coffee substitute $5\frac{1}{4}$ ounces; and eggs, one.

Milk is supplied only to children up to 10 years of age and to prospective mothers. Only vegetables and fruits are still unrationed, but these are getting scarce and tropical products such as oranges, tomatoes, coffee and tea have become something of which to dream.

Inevitably the ration system imposes tremendous additional burdens both on the German Hausfrau and on shopkeepers. Such conveniences as ordering by telephone or getting purchases delivered at home have virtually disappeared. Every housewife takes her turn waiting while the butcher or grocer painstakingly collects the ration coupons and equally painstakingly weighs off the exact quantities. With quantities so small, every customer jealously watches to see that she gets no less than the exact amount.

That such a system does not tend to improve tempers on either side is obvious. In fact, the shopkeepers, squeezed between rising

taxes, fixed prices, decreased turnover and growing paper work, grew so grumpy that customers began to complain until an official warning restored politeness.

As a matter of fact, most German people are beginning to develop a sort of psychological hunger which induces one to eat wherever he can and whatever he can get. One way of satisfying this hunger is with cakes, which are still unrationed. Even strong men are becoming cake eaters. A paradoxical result of this, plus the increased consumption of potatoes and starches, is that Germans, especially the women, are getting stouter rather than the reverse.

More pressing, however, than even the food problem is the problem of clothes. The days when Berlin rivaled Paris in the elegance of fashion have passed. Today it is a question not of new styles but of turning and remodeling old garments acquired in better days.

For unless new supplies are obtained when the present clothes are worn out, the Germans face the prospect of going in rags. In respect to women's stockings, which are wearing out more rapidly than usual because there is more walking to do, this stage has already been reached. Already the otherwise well-dressed woman may be seen wearing badly tattered stockings or incongruous cotton socks.

Individual clothing rations are laid down in clothes cards, which

are to cover the needs of the entire year and which contain 100 points each that the owner may "spend" at his discretion. But one man's suit "costs" 60 points, one pair of socks eight points, and a suit of underclothes 27 to 35 points.

Women are treated somewhat more generously: a woman's costume costs only 45 points, and a pair of stockings only four points, although of the latter a woman may purchase only six pairs a year. Shoes can be purchased only with a special permit issued on proof of need.

The Hausfrau must save every piece of clothing — mending, patching, and figuring out ways of making new clothes from old by combining scraps. Constantly through radio, press and movies it is hammered into her mind that she must fight to win the war in the kitchen and in the home.

A special Reich board for economy in the home, the GHQ for the Hausfrauen, organized by the National Socialist women's organization, gives advice on what to cook and how to economize. As an instance, one of its latest bulletins tells the Hausfrauen that they are still wasteful in the matter of soap, because 30 percent of all washing is avoidable by greater care in not dirtying anything. Forty percent of all spots on clothes, says the bulletin, are due to improper brushing and 20 percent are due to carelessness in eating and drinking,

which can be avoided by better table manners. But if things must be washed, the bulletin suggests numerous soap substitutes from sea sand to wood ashes.

In the face of all the war's extra burdens, social life in Germany is perhaps more active than before, though its tone is appropriate to the times. Few people want to sit in hermetically shut-off homes alone these days and nights, mulling heavy thoughts; rather the common trouble and the common danger have stirred the herd instinct more than ever.

Social life, in the sense of "society," with banquets, dinners and festivals, is, of course, out of the question. For the ordinary mortal

there are either "picnic" socials at home or visits to public amusement places. "Picnic" socials are socials at which the guests bring their own food, drawn on their own ration cards. The men talk of the political and military situation and the women of their food and clothes problems. All grumble over the troubles of the times.

Despite all the strain and stress, however, all the uncertainties and grumbling, life and its three meals daily continue somehow and with less friction than might be expected. For above all the troubles still shines the hope of an early victory and peace. The test of German morale will be undergone when that hope fades.

I Went to College at Fifty

Condensed from The Forum

Anonymous

WHEN I was 50 years old I entered college as a junior. Two years later, on a hot June night, I stood with several hundred other students, all some 30 years younger than I, and received my Bachelor of Arts degree. Because those two years of study gave me more deep satisfaction than any equal period in my life,

I think they are worth writing about—in the hope that other restless women may consider college as a possible way out of that emotional dissatisfaction which besets so many of us during our forties and fifties.

In youth I had attended a Midwestern university for two years. Like most students, I took the re-

quired courses and filled in my schedule with electives chosen in a thoroughly haphazard manner. I was not consciously preparing myself for any particular line of work, and when straitened finances forced me to leave college, my chief sorrow was at parting from my friends. I felt no great disappointment at being unable to continue my studies.

Thirty years later I suddenly realized that what I desired above everything else in the world was time and opportunity for quiet study. My children were grown up, and for several years I had been serving on committees, organizing drives, attending meetings, writing my Congressman, circulating petitions. Much of this feverish activity, while motivated by a sincere desire to do something about the ills and injustices that I saw in the world, was actually nothing but a restless milling about. The leisure that had appeared so desirable when 16 hours a day were devoted to diaper washing, cereal cooking, and whooping-cough nursing had somehow lost its appeal and, for that reason, I had seized on "movements."

One afternoon at a meeting of the Prison Reform League, a speaker who had recently visited the state penitentiary waxed eloquent as she told of cells reeking with filth and crawling with vermin. Deplorable, but did I know how to correct such conditions? When I asked myself, "How *should* society treat those

who violate our laws?" I had to admit that I lacked the knowledge on which to base an intelligent opinion.

Trying to evaluate some of my other activities in terms of social usefulness, I decided that I really did not know which of the rival peace organizations in our city had the most workable approach to the war problem, whether capital punishment should be abolished, what was the best way of handling juvenile delinquents, or whether the city-manager or the commission form of city government was preferable. Yet, not only had I to take a stand on these and other problems but I was actively supporting measures designed for their solution.

The upshot was that I enrolled at the nearby university, majoring in the social sciences. This time I had no uncertainty about what I expected college to do for me. I wanted to learn about people in all of their varied interrelationships. I registered for a course in elementary psychology and followed it with three advanced courses. I took courses in economics. As a taxpayer, I realized that crime and delinquency were costing me considerable sums. For this reason I wanted to know something about the causes of antisocial conduct and what some people who ought to know thought should be done about it. So I registered for courses in sociology — "The Family," "Criminology," "Juvenile Delinquency" and "Child Welfare."

My friends asked, "Don't you find study difficult after having been out of school so many years?" But study was now incomparably easier. I was driven, as I had not been in girlhood, by a desire for knowledge intensified by 50 years of living. Now I had time to read systematically, time to dig deeply into subjects about which I had only scattered bits of information. I didn't have to spend disappointing hours searching the library for material. With the help of the teacher, I knew what to look for.

Did I feel out of place in classes alongside girls the age of my daughter? Not at all. I had not come to college for social life. My classmates were friendly, and in addition I enjoyed association with faculty members — the type of stimulating friendship from which students generally feel barred by their youth. Several teachers told me they particularly enjoyed having me in their classes, because my questions and comments, representing a mature viewpoint, added interest to discussions. As for me, the earnestness and frankness of some of these discussions gave me, from other women's daughters, something I had never succeeded in get-

ting in years of intimate association with my own — an insight into the real attitude of the younger generation.

It is now three years since I received my degree. I have dropped out of many organizations but am working with renewed enthusiasm in others — those movements where I feel sure of my position. I am no longer restless and dissatisfied. College gave me what I was determined that it should give me — a sense of direction.

I am convinced that a college course could do the same for thousands of middle-aged women. The years from 50 to 70 ought to be the time when a woman can most effectively do her part toward making the world a better place. Yet she is frequently as ill prepared as I was for doing anything intelligently constructive.

If you are one of those women who for years have been saying, "I wish I could have gone to college," consider the possibility of going now, even though you are 60 years of age. Of one thing you can be sure: college now will bring to you more sheer satisfaction than you would have dreamed possible when you were 20.



A NEW YORK detective agency that specializes in tracing missing persons has been employed by more than 70,000 wives to find their husbands, but by only 15 husbands to find their wives.

— Freling Foster in *Collier's*

Under the magic of the stroboscope,
whirling machinery, speeding bullets,
beating wings seem to stand still

A Lamp That Freezes Motion

Condensed from Scientific American

Robert Littell

WITH MICROSCOPES and telescopes science has conquered space, making it possible for man's feeble eyesight to pierce the mysteries of things unimaginably small or unspeakably far away. And now science has developed another instrument, the stroboscope, which freezes the swiftest motions while they are still going on, and seems able to stop time itself dead in its tracks.

In the laboratory of Professor Harold E. Edgerton at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, one can see time not only arrested but practically handcuffed. Here stands an ordinary electric fan, with the letters "M.I.T." painted on one of the blades. When the fan is turned on, the letters, of course, vanish in a rapidly revolving blur. But Professor Edgerton points at the revolving fan a sort of searchlight framed in a black box. He turns a knob, and suddenly the letters reappear on the fan, legible and stock still, although the blades are whirling furiously. Another turn of the knob, and the letters crawl forward slowly. Then, uncannily, they begin to move slowly backward,

contrary to the motion of the fan, which all this time has been spinning around 1100 times a minute.

Next demonstration of the handcuffing of time: the bright light from the black box is flashed onto a stream of water which appears continuous under ordinary light. In a moment the stream becomes a chaplet of drops that stand still, queerly misshapen little jewels poised in midair. A turn of the knob, and they seem to climb back up into the faucet. Now Professor Edgerton focuses a second stroboscope on the water. Suddenly the top half of the stream drips down, while the lower half drips upward against gravity to meet it.

But the stroboscope is not merely a toy for the creation of uncanny hallucinations. It is a useful and important tool of science, telling us things we would otherwise never know about how birds fly, how glass cracks, how drops of liquid behave when they fall or splash. And it is a valuable tool of industry. Thanks to the stroboscope, women's stockings are sheerer than ever before; there is less and less unpleasant vibration in your automobile.

The stroboscope is a device for producing extremely short flashes of very bright light at regular and controllable intervals of time. The stroboscope which Professor Edgerton shone upon the fan blade marked "M.I.T." produces flashes of light only five millionths of a second long — 5000 times faster than a human wink. And it can be made to flash anywhere from 600 up to 14,400 times a minute. Even the rapidly revolving fan blade, during such a super-wink as five millionths of a second, can move only a few ten thousandths of an inch. Now if the light is made to flash 1100 times per minute, just as many times as the fan blade is revolving, the light will always catch the blade marked "M.I.T." at exactly the same spot, and the letters not only become visible, but appear to be motionless. And what are actually 1100 separate images a minute we see blended into only one, because our eyes are able to retain the image of things for a brief moment after they have disappeared.

This peculiar ability of the human eye, which scientists call "persistence of vision," you can demonstrate for yourself by a simple experiment with a lighted lamp. Close your eyes. Then open them to look at the lamp only as long as it takes to wink. Even after your eyes have closed again, the bright image of the lamp persists for the fraction of a second. Now if the

lamp can be turned very rapidly on and off, and you keep your eyes open, "persistence of vision" will bridge the gaps of darkness between the flashes of light, and the lamp will seem to be continuously lit. This optical afterglow explains the magic produced by the stroboscope in Professor Edgerton's laboratory. The magic is all in the eye of the beholder.

By making the stroboscope flash a little slower than the fan is turning, or a little faster, the image of the letters on the blade will seem to be moving forward — or backward against its own true motion. The trick of the two-way cascade of waterdrops is done with two stroboscopes — one flashing a trifle slower than the rhythm of the drops, the other a trifle faster.

The intensely bright and extremely brief flashes of the stroboscope's light have made it possible to photograph motion far too rapid for even the fastest camera. A series of these photographs, taken with an exposure of one millionth of a second, shows what happens when a rifle is fired at an electric light bulb — the bullet peeking out of the muzzle at a speed of 2700 feet a second, the first cracks in the bulb as the bullet nudges it, the bullet coming out the other side before the bulb has had time (about one six thousandth of a second) to collapse.

Such photographs can be taken with an ordinary camera. In a dark-

ened room, the shutter is left open, and the exposure is made by a single flash of the stroboscope's light, which, though incredibly brief, is equal to the light from 40,000 fifty-watt household bulbs.

More amazing even than these stills are the slow-motion movies which the stroboscope makes possible. In Professor Edgerton's laboratory I saw films in which hummingbirds flapped their wings as lazily as a crow. I saw exactly how a cat, held upside down a foot above the ground, rights itself in a twinkling to land on all four paws. A snake put his forked tongue out and drew it in again in the tempo of the "Volga Boatmen." Water flowed from a jug with the slow oiliness of glycerine, high-speed cutting tools stumbled as if lame, and the decline and fall of a soap bubble when dropped to the floor was as stately as a chapter from Roman history.

The slow-motion pictures we see in the newsreels are taken at about six times the normal camera speed of 24 frames a second, and then run through the projector at normal speed. But 144 frames a second isn't nearly fast enough for the making of slow-motion films of hummingbirds, snakes' tongues, or the action of water bubbles. Ordinary movie cameras operate by intermittent motion: each frame is stopped short for a fraction of a second, just long enough to record the image admitted by a synchronously intermittent shutter.

If speeded up beyond a rate of several hundred frames a second, the film may tear or catch fire, and the shutter will be open too short a time to let in sufficient light. This problem is solved by a stroboscope synchronized with a motion-picture camera from which the intermittent mechanism and the shutter have been eliminated. The film speeds evenly past the open lens aperture at rates up to 2000 frames per second, while the necessary intermittent illumination is supplied by the rapid, brilliant, regular flashes of the stroboscope focused on the subject.

The commonest industrial uses of the stroboscope are observation of rapidly revolving machinery and measurement of the rate of revolution. Already it is used by many textile companies to regulate spindle speed, on the uniformity of which depends the uniformity of the cloth. The speed of spindles turning too fast or too slow is quickly determined by varying the number of flashes per minute until they seem to stand still.

Automobiles are freer from "bugs" than they used to be, thanks to the stroboscope. The vibration of crankshafts, the working of valve springs, the splash of oil in the cylinders can be fully understood only when the stroboscope catches their secrets and foibles with its motion-freezing eye. Propeller shaft torsion in a famous transatlantic liner, which made its first passengers complain

of unbearable vibration, was located and finally eliminated with the aid of the stroboscope. Electric razors harvest morning beards more painlessly because factory inspectors adjust the cutters by the flashes of stroboscopic light. High-speed color printing is more accurate because the stroboscope can "stop" the presses and allow the pressmen to see whether the different colors are accurately superimposed.

Some of the startlingly beautiful high-speed photographs taken by Professor Edgerton with the aid of the stroboscope are already familiar to the public. They are now collected in his book *Flash*, with

explanatory text by J. R. Killian, Jr., also of M.I.T. Here one can see the slow death of soap bubbles, the squashing of a golf ball at the moment the club hits it, the first shy ooze of coffee from between the jagged fragments of a breaking cup. With his swift flashing light, Professor Edgerton has caught drops as they fell through the air — and discovered that they weren't streamlined, as had been supposed, but flat on the bottom. He has snapped milk as it splashed — and one of the pictures of the splash pattern, like a beautiful regal crown, is hung in the American Museum of Modern Art.



The Revealing Answer

❧ "WHAT would you do, Jim, if you suddenly saw the whole German cavalry coming straight at you?" an officer asked a Negro soldier at the front during the last war.

"What would I do, boss? Why, I sure would spread the news through France."

— Woodrow Wilson, quoted by W. Orton Tewson in *An Attic Salt-Shaker*

❧ FARMER JED was sitting on his porch steps, moodily regarding the ravages of a cloudburst. A neighbor pulled up in a wagon. "Say, Jed," he yelled, "your hogs was all washed down the creek and they're all dead."

"How about Flaherty's hogs?" asked the farmer.

"They're gone too."

"And Larson's?"

"All washed away."

"Huh!" exclaimed the farmer, cheering up. "Tain't as bad as I thought."

— *Highways to Happiness*

It's the director's ingenuity that is often responsible for the realistic performances you see on the screen

Tricked into Acting

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

J. P. McEvoy

Hollywood writer, author of "Father Meets Son," etc.

FOR ACTORS on the stage the audience is a living, sympathetic sounding-board, making the acting of comedy easier by its laughter and deepening tragedy by its very tenseness. But in the inhuman glare of film studios, where the audience consists only of busy technicians, and where fragments of scenes are repeated over and over, the actors' imagination often fails. Film directors, consequently, have a dozen tricks to coax laughter or sorrow that will ring true.

In Shirley Temple's first big scene in *Little Miss Marker*, she had to dissolve into tears. "But," Shirley objected, "I don't feel like crying. I'm very happy." For hours Shirley felt happier and happier and Paramount sadder and sadder as expenses mounted. In despair, Al Hall, the director, asked Mrs. Temple, "What does Shirley like best?"

"We've just bought our first new car," answered Mrs. Temple, "and Shirley's crazy about it."

A few minutes later the telephone rang. Hall answered it. "What, Mrs. Temple? Your new car? Smashed?

Ruined? Broken to bits?" His horror-stricken voice carried all over the stage. As the meaning of the dreadful message dawned on her, Shirley's dimples disappeared, her big brown eyes filled with tears, and she burst into a storm of sobs. Hall rushed her in front of the cameras.

John Ford is as ingenious as anyone in Hollywood at tricking his actors into giving realistic performances. The high point of *The Informer* was the court-martial scene in which Victor McLaglen breaks down under the merciless questioning of his accusers. Ford approached this scene with misgivings. Was McLaglen artist enough to convey the swift dissolution of a human soul? The night before the scene was to be shot, Ford told McLaglen not to spend much time learning his lines, because only a few simple scenes would be run through, without dialogue. But Ford instructed all the other members of the cast to be letter perfect.

Next morning, Ford announced that the head office wanted the court-martial scene done at once. "But don't worry," he reassured

McLaglen, "go out there and ad lib when you get stuck."

The cameras clicked; the precise, deadly questions of his accusers began to weave about McLaglen the network of his guilt. When he tried to answer, the panic he was supposed to portray became inextricably mixed with the genuine confusion of an actor who did not know his lines. In the middle of the scene he blew up completely, and gave a performance unequalled for the reality of its helpless terror and tortuous embarrassment.

There was a famous scene in *Stage Door* where Andrea Leeds walked slowly up a flight of stairs, going to her death. Directing the picture, Gregory La Cava made Andrea climb those stairs by the hour. She toiled up desperately, she stalked up defiantly. She was by turns Duse and Bernhardt and Snow White and Marie Dressler.

"Terrible," said La Cava; "do it again!" She climbed up raging. "Worse!" yelled La Cava. After hours of this, her legs buckled under her; her makeup melted and ran. "Keep going!" yelled La Cava. "You're tired of it all. You're going to commit suicide." "I wish to God I could," Andrea Leeds moaned. "Up you go," ordered La Cava. Warily, she climbed the stairs once more. By this time she was too exhausted to care where she was going, or to remember why she was going there. Barely able to put one foot in front of the other, she moved

as in a trance. "Print that!" shouted La Cava. The result was a triumph of acting, but an even greater triumph of direction.

La Cava was not the first to use this strategy. One of the most dramatic instances occurred when Charlie Chaplin was directing *A Woman of Paris*. In this film the woman opens a message announcing that the person dearest to her has been killed. The actress tried screaming. She tried making agonized faces. She tried clutching her heart in silence. No good. Chaplin kept her trying — all morning, all afternoon, and after dinner until midnight. Next morning she began again, and through all that second day of exhaustion she tried and tried again, until no one cared who had been killed. For the hundredth time the message was handed to her and she took it wearily, opened it listlessly, stared at it without life, without expression. She was too dog-tired to read it, let alone react to it. So she just stood there, saying nothing, doing nothing. The camera ground away because the operator was too exhausted to stop. Only Chaplin had the strength to shout: "Cut! That's it!" And he was right. Critics still refer to this scene as an all-time high for perfect acting.

John Ford was directing *The Plough and the Stars*. The set was the darkened, bullet-spattered streets of Dublin during the Easter Rebellion. Preston Foster and two other actors were being instructed how

to dodge through those sinister streets.

"As you pass that window," said Ford, "be careful. When we shoot the scene it will break." The three hunted figures started to rehearse, and Ford turned to the cameraman. "Now!" he whispered.

Suddenly the hideous chatter of a machine gun broke out. The actors, genuinely terrified, dashed past the window Ford had warned them about. A burst of shots shattered the glass, slivers flew in all directions. The three ran for their lives.

A moment later Preston Foster came up to Ford. "You'll have to replace that window for the take," he said, wiping his forehead.

"That was the take," Ford answered gently.

Indeed, Ford will go to almost any length to get a realistic result. In *Hurricane*, Jon Hall, the hero, makes a thrilling attempt to escape from prison camp, diving into the ocean as guards open fire across him. Before the scene was shot, Ford told Hall: "You've got to make the audience believe you're swimming for your life."

"I'll do it," answered Hall.

"I know you will," said Ford.

When Hall plunged in and started swimming for liberty, a rifle bullet suddenly smacked the water in front of him. Another sang viciously past his ear. He dove, stayed under as long as he could, came up with his lungs bursting. "Plop" went another bullet in front of him. Then a volley whipped the water round him into a froth. The look of fear and despair which the cameras caught upon his face was the real thing. For the usual extras with blank cartridges, Ford had quietly substituted loaded rifles in the hands of sharpshooters.

Edmund Gouling used the grim coincidence of history repeating itself for a scene in *We Are Not Alone*, showing the reception in an English village of the first news of the World War. It was filmed the day before Hitler's army marched into Poland. Gouling brought a radio onto the set and had all the actors — Paul Muni and Jane Bryan among them — listen to the broadcasts from European capitals. The moment the broadcast ended, the players went to their stations and the scene was filmed. Even the most obscure extras gave splendid performances.



To me the charm of an encyclopedia
is that it knows — and I needn't.

—Francis Yeats-Brown

Uncle Sam at the Microphone

Adapted from The American Mercury

Earl Sparling

TO MULTITUDES of Frenchmen, America is not Uncle Sam but Monsieur Thomas. In Germany it is Herr Marsching; in Italy, Signora Murray. Among the 20 Latin-American republics it will be variously Senhor Deter to Brazilians, Señor Carvajal to Spanish-speaking peoples, or perhaps Señora Olga Andre.

Unknown and unheard by North Americans, these and a few dozen others sell American democracy to the world in easy daily doses.

Sitting in a cluttered 9-by-12 broadcasting studio, Monsieur Richard Thomas speaks casually across 3000 miles of ocean. His perfect French was learned while he was a student of dramatics at the Comédie Française. Chicago-born and barely 30, he speaks with linguistical and psychological effectiveness because he has lived or traveled in 20 foreign lands.

The studio is the smallest in the place, for international short-wave broadcasting is still a stepchild of the broadcasting companies. It costs money, as yet produces no income. Our young spokesman must handle by himself all the mechanical and

production detail which ordinarily would require an operating staff of four to six. A dozen keys, various switches, a row of colored lights — and when Monsieur is neither pushing keys nor watching lights he plays music records or reads into the microphone from a script which he has prepared himself.

Watching the entire performance you think inevitably of those one-man slapstick bands which once toured vaudeville. But this is neither slapstick nor vaudeville; it is America's message to civilization — our answer to chaos and the heavy hand, our calm assurance that good will and common sense are still alive.

For a solid hour, 3 to 4 p.m., the message goes to France. Then with an "*au revoir, mes amis*," M. Thomas slips out of the chair and another young man slips into it. The successor pushes the same buttons, watches the same lights. But out in Bound Brook, N. J., where these programs are flashed into the ether, an engineer has thrown switches that shift the radio beam from Europe to Brazil. The daily broadside to Latin America has begun. It will

continue from this one National Broadcasting Company studio for nine unbroken hours: an hour in Portuguese, two in Spanish, back to Brazil for another hour in Portuguese, then two more in Spanish, one in English, and a final two in Spanish. Something similar is happening in a dozen other studios from Boston to Miami Beach, from Schenectady to San Francisco.

Senhor Arthur S. Deter, 32, now speaking to the Brazilians, was born in Rio de Janeiro of American missionary parents and was graduated from Parana University in Brazil with a medical degree. He has worked as a harvest hand, as an extra in Hollywood; he has sailed on tramp steamers as an able-bodied seaman, has an amateur pilot's license.

Senhor Deter starts his Brazilian hour with a digest of the world's news. Later he too will become a concert master and wrestle with music records, but news on-the-hour-by-the-hour is a *must* policy for NBC foreign-language programs. A straight, unbiased synopsis of what is happening in the world is the best proof of American freedom and integrity, the most effective and unanswerable propaganda.

The letters prove it. Four French soldiers spent 50 cents on airmail stamps to say they had learned from an American newscast that their outfit would get Christmas leave. They added: "Every day now we listen." An amazed Swiss wrote

from Lausanne that he had learned first from America that German propaganda balloons had fallen on Swiss territory, that the Swiss press and radio had not confirmed the news until 12 hours later.

A listener in Talca, Chile, wrote: "I listen to your news bulletin every evening; in my estimation it is the only *true* news service in the whole world."

From Italy, from Germany, from France and England come letters stating that American broadcasts afford listeners in those countries their only opportunity to obtain uncensored news.

All the major nations are engaged in this battle of the air waves. The United States has licensed 14 stations for international broadcasts. Two of them — WDJM, a commercial station in Miami, and WCBI, the Chicago Federation of Labor station — are small. The major license-holders are: NBC, Columbia, General Electric, Westinghouse, World Wide Broadcasting Corporation, Crosley Corporation in Cincinnati, and WCAU Broadcasting Company, Philadelphia.

These stations operate at different hours on 37 frequencies allocated to this country by international agreement. Our stations and foreign stations are sending at the same time. Without wave variation it would be a mess. But no domestic station wants to jam a foreign station, because the foreign station can retaliate. The Union Interna-

tionale de Radio, Brussels, watches for any crowding.

All our stations, be it noted, are privately owned and operated and, except for World Wide, all by commercial companies. Each station at large outlay and no profit has built costly sending equipment and organized large international staffs.

Columbia Broadcasting System, with a staff of 18, is doing an outstanding job, with good-will broadcasts every day from two stations. At NBC, 18 persons are regularly on the air, the voice of America in six languages. In charge is Guy Hickok, for 15 years a roving newspaper correspondent in Europe. What is demanded of these spokesmen is summed up in an official NBC statement: "The International Division could not be satisfied with persons who could merely speak or translate academic Spanish, French or any other language. They had to know the customs, the habits, the likes and dislikes of their listeners, to feel, act, and think like foreigners. Yet they must be imbued with a love for America."

NBC described its assemblage as "one of the most unusual groups in the world," which is an understatement. There was probably never such a band of adventurers and rolling stones congregated anywhere under such auspices. Chief of the Spanish section is 39-year-old Charles R. Carvajal, born in the Philippines of an American father. He has crossed the Atlantic 96 times;

the Pacific, three times. Settled in a cubbyhole office in a New York skyscraper, he feels like a stay-at-home when he compares notes with his office mate, Swiss-born Carlos Edward Bovet, 53, head of the music section. Bovet, now an American citizen, has been in 61 countries. He led white men in a search for oil up from the Argentine, through Bolivia, Peru and Brazil, to the foot of the Andes. Philip Lemont Barbour, 40, born in Louisville, Ky., has coached Italian opera singers in diction in Milan, been a banker in San Francisco, led a brass band in Ithaca. He has traveled or lived in 50 countries, understands 12 languages, and speaks five.

A stranger wandering into one of these international departments might think himself in a madhouse. A loud-speaker blaring the current program competes with a teletype bringing the latest news. A dozen persons talk at various desks in half a dozen languages. The place looks like a combination newspaper office, travel agency, mail room and research library. Maps hang on every wall, for these workers live with geography.

If President Roosevelt decides suddenly to give a fireside chat, it is, of course, *must* business for radio. The text of his address often is released only half an hour before he begins talking. As the President speaks his voice is picked up and flashed to the world. At the same time a facsimile record is made, to

be broadcast later to English-speaking people who sleep while we are up and shouting. Meanwhile the translators are busy putting the speech into five languages. Long after the President himself has gone to sleep his words will be going out to the world — perhaps three times in Spanish, twice in Portuguese, once each in French, German and Italian.

The international day at NBC ends at 1 a.m., with the final Spanish hour. Half an hour later the night editor arrives and the new day starts. All through the early morning he and his assistants read from the teletype what the world is saying and winnow out what shall be used. Broadcasting in English begins at 9 a.m., primarily for British ears. Foreign-language broadcasts start at 1 p.m. and, except for one evening English hour, continue until signing-off time.

During the morning Monsieur Thomas in clipped American has given "Highlights of Hollywood" on the British hour. Now at three he gives the news in his best Parisian and a talk, "The Franco-American Globe-Trotter." At noon in English Fernando de Sa has discussed American aviation. At four he slides into the chair, as monsieur slides out, to give in Portuguese "The Parade of the States of Brazil."

None of this sounds like propaganda. The broadcasters insist they are selling America by avoiding

anything that smacks of the word. They do not tell Brazilians how good we are but how good they are. The German short-wave stations constantly ridicule American dollar democracy in their broadcasts to Latin Americans. Our answer is to send the best entertainment possible, especially the finest music, and never even mention democracy. Let it speak for itself.

And yet our spokesmen have their sly tricks. Plenty of innocent punch can be worked into a talk by Señora Olga Andre (a former Follies girl) on "The American Home" or "America from My Window." Almost daily there is a talk on aviation, which will emphasize that aviation is constantly drawing North and South America closer.

Latin Americans love poetry and every little town has its laureate. NBC capitalized on this by asking all to send their masterpieces, to be read weekly on the international ether. American stations are quick to invite visiting Latin-American dignitaries to broadcast to their native countries. During the New York World's Fair more than 130 persons were coaxed from the Latin-American pavilions to become international radio figures.

All stations devote time to describing the frivolities of Hollywood. NBC finds that something for nothing appeals to the Latins just as much as to the tear-the-top-off-the-carton customers up here. Any listener who writes in

can have a photograph of a favorite star. The mail is booming.

Selling America costs the privately operated stations money. NBC spends some \$150,000 a year. Walter S. Lemmon, president of the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation and its University of the Air — a noncommercial enterprise sending from the University Club in Boston, helped by the staffs of Harvard and other universities — estimates its operating cost at \$100,000 a year, half of which has been supplied lately by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Private companies are willing to spend such money for two reasons: first, to forestall government operation in international broadcasting; second, because there may be

an eventual profit. Bills were introduced in the last Congress for establishment of government radio stations. If the government got into the international field it would soon edge into the domestic field as well. This is the only country in the world in which broadcasting is exclusively in private hands, and broadcasters want to keep it that way.

To date democracy has nothing to complain about. Nazi government stations send only some 27 hours to South America, more than half of it in the German language. Without the government committing itself, without taxpayers putting up a penny, the American story is told to the world something more than 100 hours a day.

Know Not Thyself Too Well

Stephen Leacock in
"Too Much College"

I DOUBT WHETHER it is good for the ordinary man to know much of the details of how his body works. The man who has learned to think of his heart as a pump, with valves that get out of order, is on the way toward having a weak one. Better let him think of it as the seat of love and generosity and it will beat away happily till it stops.

Let him think of his stomach as where he puts his dinner, not as a fierce chemical furnace where acids are tearing up tissues and sending up exhaust gases. Let him think of his blood as part of his lineage, not as the battleground of a myriad of good and evil corpuscles, some on his side, some dead against him, and his bowels as the bowels of compassion, as gentle as the New Testament. Any man who has realized that he has in him about 25 feet of colon and semi-colon — a sort of string of sausages — can never think the same of himself again.

(Dodd, Mead)

❧ Gandhi's successor, a blue-blooded aristocrat, leads India's wretched masses in their struggle for independence

Nehru, Hope of India

Condensed from Life

John and Frances Gunther

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU is potentially one of the most powerful men alive. He is the dominant figure in India's nationalist movement now that the venerated Mahatma Gandhi is 70 and almost senile. On his word largely depends the attitude of 350,000,000 Indians toward the British Empire — which denies them the democratic institutions for which it is fighting in Europe.

Jawaharlal Nehru is an aristocrat, the son of a distinguished and wealthy family of Kashmiri Brahmins, which — transposing into American — means the son of Lowells or Roosevelts. As a boy, he came strongly under British influence and indeed, today, seems in some respects almost more English than Indian. He had an English tutor from his earliest days. He went to Harrow, and Cambridge probably affected him more deeply than his boyhood in India. He still speaks his own language, Hindustani, haltingly. But he speaks — and writes — English in a style which hardly a dozen men alive can match.

To understand Nehru one must

have some conception of the Indian background — that complex sub-continent, home to one fifth of the human race. Maharajas bursting with subroyal splendor, and poverty so grisly it makes the brain rock; the stench of roasting flesh on the funeral pyres at Benares, and the cool beauty of the Delhi tombs; the social hostility between Hindu and Moslem; noble intellects like Tagore and Bose, and children who become parents at 10 or 12; a magnificent national heritage, and religious ceremonies based on cow manure.

Nehru detests the medievalism of much of his country. One of his tasks, difficult to the point of heart-break, is to face the inordinate backwardness of India and bring it to the contemporary world. He fights not only the British but the entrenched ritualism of his own people.

Politically, Nehru is at present merely a member of the Working Committee of the Indian National Congress. But for 10 years he was secretary general of the Congress, helped shape it into a competent organism, and he is the only man

who has been its president three times. This Congress is not a political party in the American sense; it is the mass organization of Indians who want complete independence from Britain. Though it is predominantly Hindu, it includes Indians of various creeds and political complexions, and is overwhelmingly the most important political organization in British India.

When Nehru returned to India from Cambridge in 1912, at the age of 23, he plunged into politics almost at once. He met Gandhi and was deeply shocked by the tragic incident of Amritsar, when British General Dyer ordered his troops to fire on a crowd of Indians, killing and wounding hundreds. Then Nehru began to travel, and was appalled by his first real look at his native land. He saw his people so poor that they worked for eight cents a day, so hungry and sick that they lived an average of only 25 years, so yoked by the Hindu religion that they bowed down before cows and shunned their fellow men as untouchable. Like Buddha, he gave up everything he had known in life to explore both his own mind and the abysmal miseries of the humble. He writes of an early visit to the peasants: "Seeing their misery, I was filled with shame and sorrow, shame at my own easygoing and comfortable life, sorrow at the degradation and overwhelming poverty of India."

Nehru joined Gandhi's civil dis-

obedience and in 1921, along with hundreds of others, fought for the honor of being arrested. Between 1921 and 1934 he spent five and a half years in jail in seven terms. Jail gave him time to think, to develop his political philosophy. He became convinced that imperialism was India's basic enemy and that, since British imperialism was a capitalist growth, he must attack capitalism too. Therefore, he must be a socialist as well as a nationalist revolutionary. This is the root of Nehru's creed.

The relation between Jawaharlal Nehru and his father Motilal is a fascinating psychological study. Jawaharlal was an exceptionally sensitive young man; Motilal was massive and overbearing. A rich and influential lawyer and respected friend of the British, he at first was greatly troubled by his son's strong nationalism. But slowly, steadily the son won the father over. One night Jawaharlal discovered Motilal sleeping on the floor of his luxurious home, to understand what jail would be like for his son. When civil disobedience began in the early 1920's, Motilal, with his tremendous prestige among British and Indians alike, was the lion of the movement. Presently father and son went to jail together.

Between jail sentences, Nehru gradually became Gandhi's indispensable second in command. Extraordinarily handsome and magnetic, he is known to millions of

Indians who have heard him speak from the remote forests of Assam to industrial slums south of Bombay. They call him "Lord of India's Heart." In 1936-37 he traveled 110,000 miles in 22 months, making several speeches per day. Once he spoke 150 times in one week. Yet he is distinctly not a man of the crowd. He is diffident in most human relationships, with a hatred of effusion and demagoguery. Most of all, he dislikes "exploitation, cruelty, and people who, in the name of God, truth and the public good, are busy feathering their own nests." His fastidiousness and hatred of dogmatism make him a bad politician sometimes. But he is an admirable organizer, has tremendous energy and devotion to his cause, and an integrity which has never been shaken. What is more, he has no personal rancor toward the British. On every holiday he heads straight for England, and many British are his warm friends.

In his personal life Nehru is much more normal than Gandhi. He smokes occasionally. He has none of Gandhi's religious horror of meat-eating. He loves winter sports and swimming. The thing he likes best in the world, next to India, is probably English poetry. He has little interest in money, and has given most of his family fortune to the cause.

Nehru is not a messiah, like Gandhi. Any messianic feeling would have been quickly scotched

by his wife and daughter, who took to calling him around the home by the names the people used: "O Jewel of India, what time is it?" or "O Embodiment of Sacrifice, please pass the bread." And whereas Gandhi is a strange combination of very modern ideas and medieval prejudices, Nehru is completely modern, centuries ahead of his people.

India at present is ruled by terms of the Government of India Act, 1935. On top are the British Crown and Parliament, and the British Viceroy, who has power to rule by decree. India is divided into parts — British India, where Gandhi, Nehru and the Congress Party struggle for power with the British rulers, and Princely India, a collection of states ruled by the Maharajas, who owe allegiance to Britain but run their own realms as medieval autocrats. The India Act projected a federal structure for India, including the Princely States. For the 11 provinces of British India the Act established a comprehensive system of autonomy, which came into operation in 1937. This marked a tremendous advance toward self-government.

Came 1939 and the war. Immediately the situation changed drastically. The Indians remembered the last war, when they sent 1,215,000 men overseas, of whom more than 100,000 were casualties. As a result of that effort, Gandhi expected much greater concessions

than he got. Ever since, Indians have said they would not assist Britain in a new war unless they were promised full independence — and at once. Today they resent being forced to fight — for democracy — when even such limited democracy as they had won after years of struggle is taken away.

For in September India became a belligerent in the war by proclamation of the British government, with Indians given no chance to say yes or no. The Viceroy assumed emergency powers. The Working Committee of Congress countered with a statement, written by Nehru, disassociating itself from the British declaration. This statement condemns fascist aggression, but insists that the issue of war or peace is one for the Indian people themselves to settle. It refuses point-blank to allow Indian resources to be exploited for "imperialist ends"; it demands that Britain state its war aims and peace aims.

The Viceroy then began a series of consultations with Indian leaders and proposed an advisory board to guide him in the conduct of the war. Many moderate Indians accepted the Viceroy's position. The Congress, however, did not. Members talked of resuming civil disobedience. Overnight, the constitutional structure laboriously prepared between 1920 and 1935 was shaken. Britain was forced to resort to the old system of government by emergency powers, thus highlight-

ing anew the question of British "subjugation" of India.

A dialogue between an Englishman and a nationalist Indian of the Nehru school might proceed as follows:

Englishman: We have brought you roads, irrigation, a great railway system, political unity, public health, the rule of law and order.

Indian: That has nothing to do with the basic issue: India is our country, *not* yours. We do not admit your right to do anything for us, whether it's good or bad. The British remain in India by no right except the right of conquest.

Englishman: Without British rule, India would collapse. Religious rivalry between Hindu and Moslem would split the country.

Indian: But it's you British, by suppressing education, who prevent the gradual development of good will among the religious communities. You have been here more than a hundred years, and India is still 86 percent illiterate. You promote dissension between Hindu and Moslem in order to have a pretext for remaining here and imposing order. After all, there are 240,000,000 Hindus as against 77,000,000 Moslems. According to democratic principles the wishes of the majority should be followed, but the Indian Congress is perfectly prepared to safeguard the rights of every religious group. Only the British strategy of divide and rule keeps the religious issue alive.

Englishman: If we left India, your country would be attacked, pillaged and taken over by someone else.

Indian: If so, this is true only because you have deliberately prevented us from having a genuine national army, for fear that it might turn against you. You have impoverished our people physically and economically, so that there appears to be no fighting spirit. But give us the opportunity to educate, feed and train our people, so that our dormant national spirit may be liberated. We can create — with 350,000,000 people to draw from — a national army that would be proof against any aggression.

Englishman: We have promised you dominion status. This is enough for Canada and New Zealand. Why should you want more?

Indian: Because we are Indians, not Anglo-Saxons like the residents of the other dominions.

Englishman: We have a large investment, perhaps £850,000,000, in India. We cannot risk losing it.

Indian: The Indian Congress doesn't intend to dishonor or repudiate any legitimate obliga-

tion. We hope British investments will remain in India; we think they would pay better dividends than before. If we improve the morale and health of our liberated country, its purchasing power should grow.

Englishman: You are not capable of self-government.

Indian: That remains to be seen. Anyway, we would prefer to govern ourselves badly, rather than be governed by someone else.

Last summer, Nehru visited Chiang Kai-shek in China, and received the greatest official welcome ever given to a foreigner. Nehru and Chiang liked each other and they talked at great length about their respective problems.

This is something else for the British to think about. Should India ever become free, and India and China then pursue a policy of collaboration, nearly half the population of the world would be working together. Such a great-Asia bloc might be a severe deterrent to all foreign interests and ambitions. It is another reason why the British watch the career of Jawaharlal Nehru with scrupulous attention.

WHEN a U-boat wrecked a ship and landed the survivors in South Ireland, two Civic Guards discussed the problem. "We ought to intern them."

"And why, I'm asking?"

"Why? Because we're neutral."

"Sure, we are. But who are we neutral against?"

—"Critic" in *The New Statesman and Nation*

The Lecture Business

Condensed from *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Upton Close

NO LONGER apologize for being "one of those people who lecture." There need be nothing apologetic about a business with 3,000,000 customers, three to five million dollars gross revenue yearly, and more influence on politics and popular taste per dollar than publishing and radio. The lecture business is one of the deepest-rooted institutions in American life and is now becoming one of the widest-spread. Today it is giving birth to new crusades just as earlier it gave the first popular impetus to Abolition, Prohibition, woman suffrage, and circulating libraries.

Ten years ago prophets said radio would kill lecture-going. The lecturer met that menace by turning forum leader and letting his audiences talk back and ask questions. Since the radio goads people to talk back but they must attend a lecture to do it, nothing has given lecturing greater support than radio.

Thus, in spite of every force that threatens to kill it, there are today more people going to lectures than ever before. The United States Bureau of Education, in collaboration with local school authorities, is gath-

ering tens of thousands of people into schoolhouses to hear talks on and ask questions about present problems of democracy. The Town Hall of the Air, which has built up 1500 listening groups from Miami to Alaska, has announced a five-year program to increase this number to 50,000. Rapidly these local groups become forums whose members want addresses by nationally known, capable speakers.

Impresarios of the vanished Chautauqua circuits have come to life and established 40 successful "celebrity" forums with budgets up to \$15,000 a year in cities of 20,000 and upward. Ben Franklin, old Chautauqua hand, is proving that businessmen hunger for what was so long almost the monopoly of women's clubs. His staff has created in 50 smaller cities — and is organizing in 50 more — dinner clubs, executive clubs and town halls which meet to listen to able speakers on cultural subjects and world affairs.

Of late, too, politicians have discovered the influence of the lecture platform — as did foreign propagandists back in 1916. Today's voter would rather have trained lecturers

talk about platforms and candidates and pay for it than hear political ranters. He is less suspicious of a lecturer's honesty than a politician's. Hence clever politicians are today offering lecture managers special inducements to put campaign speakers out on an apparently commercial basis. But the managers aren't taking to the idea.

Lecturing has found its way to the crossroads as well as to cities. The Collins Festival Circuit brings "talent" to 300 Eastern hamlets at a cost of \$195 to the village that puts on a six-night cultural "festival." Many of the speakers are returned missionaries, ex-ministers and former college professors, who receive \$60 a week plus room and board.

Half the lecture market is in the multifarious clubs of the land. The commercial lecture bureaus sell to some 2000 women's clubs in the General Federation, and to as many more professional, religious, literary, historical, consumers', reform, and hobby organizations. Several thousand conventions — from bankers and undertakers to glass-blowers and oil-burner salesmen — engage a "celebrity speaker" to top off the annual banquet. And then there are the thousands of health, music, school, religious and special groups that hire speakers direct at \$5 to \$50 a night. You get some idea of the lecture market. Detroit, which we think of as a commercial rather than a cultural center, is averaging

20 lectures a day this season.

In America's widespread lecture market, the three leading booking bureaus will place approximately a million dollars' worth of dates this season for Eleanor Roosevelt, Hugh Johnson, England's ex-Lord of the Admiralty Alfred Duff Cooper, Germany's Thomas Mann, France's Mlle. Curie, China's Lin Yutang; for news commentators John Gunther, Dorothy Thompson, H. R. Knickerbocker; and for several scores of other steady producers.

A dozen or so of these will draw fees of \$1000 or higher for single lectures. Of the fee the bureau usually gets 55 percent and pays the lecturer's advertising and transportation expenses (but not hotels or meals). Occasionally a local group will sell tickets to the public at a price that will cover the fee and expenses and give a profit. On his recent trip to the United States, H. G. Wells was sold by manager Harold Peat at \$3000 a night and sometimes drew twice that much at the box office. Eleanor Roosevelt's manager gets \$1000 up, primarily because of her "see" value, but spectators stay to listen to her with enjoyment because she is a born show-woman with a charming personality.

Seasoned Broadway showmen admit that the American lecture is the greatest one-man show ever known. Human gesticulations, voice inflections and personal magnetism dispensing an emotional stimulus have always been the surest means

of attracting audiences, and will remain so despite radio and television. *Variety* comments enviously on the present boom in the "spiel industry," which is making actors yearn to turn lecturers.

If you are so successful in other fields that you don't have to lecture, you probably can make some easy money at it on the strength of your name. But to those who think it's a "cinch" profession I would present sobering facts.

The soldier of the line in the lecture profession is the \$75 to \$300 career lecturer. He may average \$9000 in fees yearly, but when commissions, advertising, and other professional expenses are deducted, he is lucky to have \$3500 clear. This "celebrity" takes his profession seriously, writing books and articles with the purpose of increasing demand, often traveling the world at heavy expense.

His scattered dates force the lecturer to a tiring Pullman-and-hotel life as he doubles back and forth across this vast land like a gangster pursued by G-men. I once had to dash from Karachi, India, to Fargo, N. D., in 17 days to keep a teachers' convention date.

The lecture business is as American as ice cream. To flourish, it requires the American curiosity to know what's going on, the urge to be in the intellectual and social swim, and freedom of speech. In 1816 a New Englander named Holbrook ran quaint advertisements

offering to "go before groups for disquisitions upon science, superstitions, politics or theology, for what they shall deem worth to pay to my living." By 1834 there was a network of 3000 lyceum groups which invited the New England scholars to meet them in homes, in return for "kitchen and bedroom hospitality" and travel expenses. James Redpath, friend and biographer of John Brown, established a central bureau to arrange tours. He helped Charles Dickens on the amazing tour that took in \$228,000 in 1867-68 — still a record.

The man who really made lecturing into big business, James B. Pond, came out of Utah bringing Ann Eliza, 19th wife of Brigham Young, with her story of Mormon life. From 1880 to 1912 Pond put on Emerson, Phillips, Julia Ward Howe, Walt Whitman, and developed Chauncey Depew, Lyman Abbott, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Lew Wallace, Mark Twain and James Whitcomb Riley. Pond made the lecture platform a prime factor in creating tolerance when he trained Northern audiences to listen to the "rebel" New Orleans author of *Old Creole Days*, George Cable, and got Southerners to look up to platforms occupied by Negro orators Frederick Douglass and Booker T. Washington. Only the lecturer's halo could have overcome prejudices to that extent. Pond introduced the exploration-adventure lecture with Henry M. Stanley, finder of Liv-

ingstone, and the nature lecture with Ernest Thompson Seton. He brought the Englishmen from Matthew Arnold to Conan Doyle and Rudyard Kipling. Pond's son started with Rabindranath Tagore and ended with Admiral Byrd, and now edits the excellent trade magazine, *Program* — whose monthly list of talent is a comprehensive index of America's interests today.

Lecturing is increasingly an essential part of American life. From

it came the main stimulus to adult education, reading courses, book clubs, correspondence schools. It is of prime importance to politics today. The American public will always feel that the commercial lecture platform is the last resort of free speech — impossible to monopolize and control, for anyone who can talk on anything important to the lives of Americans can get some group to put him on.

Traditional Ceremonies in the U. S. — VIII.

The Return of Paul Bunyan

PAUL BUNYAN was the most famous logger that ever lived. He used to braid pine trees into torches, set them afire and toss them up into the hills to melt the snow and start the streams booming for his log drives. The Weather used to get sore at him and send waterspouts after him. But Paul just climbed the waterspouts and turned them off. Blue Babe, his ox, was the cause of the trouble with the Weather; he used to lick the nicest clouds all out of shape; he liked them. But Blue Babe was useful; if a logging road was crooked, Paul would hitch the Babe to one end of it, and Babe would straighten it out.

At Bemidji, Minn., there's a monument to this legendary Paul Bunyan of the logging camps, and another to Babe. Their statues stand 18 feet high — just miniatures, of course, of the famous heroes. And every January, Bemidji celebrates Paul Bunyan's memory, to the delight of 100,000 visitors from all over the country.

A complete old-time lumber camp is created, surrounded by acres of tall trees set in the ice of Lake Bemidji. Here the lumberjacks do their stuff, competing for prizes in tree-falling, log skidding, hauling and loading, wood chopping and sawing. There are lumberjack song contests, too, and contests in playing music on odd instruments such as loggers improvise. And there are dog races, tobogganing, skating races, curling, and trotting races on the ice. At night an ice palace glitters under floodlights and fireworks.

☛The thrill of Lake Placid's great bobsled run makes other sports seem tame

Mile-a-Minute Sledding

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Edwin Muller

Author of "They Climbed the Alps"

AT EVERY major winter-sports championship the biggest crowd gathers at the bobsled run, for bob racing is the most dangerous of the snow and ice games. People watch it as they do a bull fight — half hoping, half fearing that the challengers of death will make a false move.

That was the temper of the crowd one day of the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid in 1932, as they stared hypnotized at the 30-foot perpendicular ice wall of the great horse-shoe curve. A thaw, followed by a hard freeze, had turned the mile and a half run into a glare of hard, nubby ice on which it was almost impossible to control the 500-pound sleds. It was a practice day — competition had not yet started — and the committee urged all teams to keep off the run. But a few drivers disregarded the warning.

From up the trough the crowd would hear a crescendo roar as a sled leaped into sight, dark and close to the ground. In an instant it had climbed the six-foot wall of the trough, was hanging at the upper edge — being kept within its narrow zone of safety by the driver's

delicate touch. Then, like a shot, it was gone out of sight. Two or three other sleds made the curve safely.

When the German sled started down the crowd stirred. This was the team touted to win the finals. The loud-speaker reported its progress in staccato phrases:

"They're away — past Eyrie — coming into Whiteface — they're around — past Cliffside — in the straightaway — here they come —"

The four Germans swayed far to the side as the sled started to climb the wall. Only a few sensed that something had gone wrong: the driver had taken the rise a fraction of a second late. That meant he couldn't get off the wall in time. He fought to bring the sled down, his teammates straining their bodies over until their heads seemed almost under the runners. But centrifugal force drove them up inexorably.

Two thirds of the way around they went over the top.

The ponderous sled was hurled high into the air, soared out a hundred feet, the four men still clinging on. When the crash came the sled kept on, smashing through under-

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brush, cutting down saplings, finally turning over and over in the snow.

The four had extraordinary luck. The last of them was out of the hospital in a month and none of them was permanently injured.

That has been the nearest to a fatal accident in the ten years' existence of the Placid run — the world's longest and probably fastest course. On nearly every foreign run spectators and contestants have been killed when the big sleds have run amok. Once, on a German course, a photographer strung a wire back of one of the curves at what seemed a safe distance. At that point a sled went over the top. All of the crew ducked low except the driver, who couldn't because of the steering wheel. The wire cut his head off.

Failure to get up on the horse-shoe wall soon enough is the cause of many smashups. At Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany, where the last Olympics were held, the dead man's curve, called the Great Bavaria, is tricky. Bad weather had allowed the U. S. team only three trial runs before the race. On those trials they had negotiated the big bend only by use of the brake. And in a race, when hundredths of a second count, you don't use the brake.

On the morning of the race the American sled waited at the start high up on the pine-clad slopes of the Wetterstein. Beneath, the run

looped like a great white ribbon down the slope.

The Americans' number was called. Captain Hubert Stevens gripped the wheel, the other three ran beside the sled, pushing it, and as it gathered speed, vaulted into place. Down the slope it shot, doing 40 — 50 miles an hour. They took the early curves perfectly. Then the long straightaway before the Great Bavaria. Stevens called the order for bobbing and his team swung back and forward in rhythm. They were doing better than 60.

The big curve came in sight, a sheer precipice of ice. Stevens knew that he had to jerk the sled at just the right moment and force it up onto the wall. But he was half a second too late. The sled was forced by terrific pressure up and up while Stevens fought with the wheel to bring it down. Three fourths of the way around, one runner was at the top, still mounting.

Then, with one impulse, the team put their hands under the upper runner. Heaving together, they literally picked up the flying sled and threw it back into the run. A photograph showed that one runner had been in the air, the other at the extreme upper edge.

Their shoulders struck the ice together down in the trough. The sled skidded violently for 50 feet on its side. With another heave, all together, they righted it. But the few seconds they had lost cost them first place.

To the onlooker the driver of the sled seems to be the whole show. But each man has his function, essential to the teamwork which means speed. At the start an expert crew may gain seconds. On the straight-away, bobbing adds to the momentum and is hard to do right. The team's perfectly timed sidesway enables the driver to take curves faster.

In competition the brake is seldom used to check speed. But skillful braking by the number four man at the right moment may help the driver come out of a skid or avoid a rut.

If the run is unusually icy they may have to brake. Once at St. Anton a girl volunteered to brake when the regular team member didn't turn up. She was a champion skier but had never been on a bobsled. When the speed got above 60 the driver shouted for brakes. Frozen with terror, the girl just hung on. All the way down, despite agonized appeals from in front she never touched the brakes. They broke the course record for that season.

It is the driver's coördination, his judgment to the fraction of a second, that keeps the sled in the run — or doesn't. In straightaways he must hold true to the hard-beaten center. In curves he must choose the best drive line, and that varies constantly with weather conditions. *The lower the line the faster he makes the curve, but if he cuts the*

margin too fine he'll be forced up and over the top on the far side.

Abroad bobsledding has been a rich man's sport. But here it has developed differently. The Mt. Van Hoevenberg Run at Lake Placid, America's only first-class engineered run, is operated by the State of New York. The racing drivers aren't, as a rule, wealthy playboys. The driver of the sled which won the two-man championship race one year was the boy who delivers special-delivery letters in Lake Placid village. One of the town policemen was on the team that went to the Olympics.

The run isn't exclusively for racers. Most of the trips down are for passengers, open to anyone who has a dollar and a disposition to take a chance. About 2000 take the ride each season, and in ten years there have been but few injuries and those not serious. Nothing is likely to happen as long as you hang on. Passengers go two at a time, with a driver and brake who have passed rigid tests. Before starting, pilots and passengers have, in writing, freed the authorities from liability in case of injury.

Passenger runs keep well within the margin of safety. Yet the thrill isn't much less than that of the racer. The difference in time isn't more than 20 seconds in the mile and a half.

Sixty miles an hour doesn't sound much these days. But going that speed only ten inches from the

ground seems almost more than the human body can endure. The wind roars like thunder. The pines along the run look like a solid fence. You are pressed violently against the man behind you, certain that, if you but lift your head, it will be snapped off. All your attention is concentrated on hanging to the ropes.

Then the big curve. It looks as if

you were hurtling into the side of a house. There's a gorgeous, terrified instant as the sled shoots up it, as you hang there high on the wall. You're sure that you've left most of your insides somewhere else. But when the brakes grind amid a shower of ice at the finish, you feel that bobsledding is the greatest thrill in the world.



¶ Little Dramas of the Courtroom—II-

Gentleman from Virginia

By Henry H. Curran

Chief Magistrate, City of New York

HE WAS just another bum, caught sleeping on a park bench with two others of the fraternity. The officer charged them all with disorderly conduct and brought them into court.

As they stood before me and pleaded guilty, one after the other, it seemed to me that two of them were far-gone members of New York's army of derelicts; also they were still drunk. But this other one? We took their fingerprints.

As I suspected, the two had long records of vagrancy, and they were sentenced accordingly.

Then I looked again at the first bum, who had no record at all. Long without a shave, dirty be-

yond belief, clad literally in rags, but younger than the others, he would not take his eyes off the floor.

"Look at me," I said.

"Yes, Judge." He spoke with a refinement of accent. His brown eyes were gentle and questioning as he looked up. Then he seemed to find confidence somewhere, and smiled as though we two shared a little joke.

"Are those bandages about your hands?" I asked.

"Yes, Judge."

The bandages were as black as the hands themselves.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't know, Judge. They keep festering. They hurt."

"When were the bandages put on?"

"I think it was a month ago."

"But why didn't you have them replaced?"

"I don't know — does it matter?"

"Where do you come from?"

"Virginia." He smiled in a strange little deprecatory way.

"And you have no money, no job, no family?"

"No, Judge — and — no food." He began to smile, then seemed to sway. The officer thrust an arm around his waist in support.

"He's not a regular bum, Your Honor," the officer explained. "No liquor, no argument, just hungry. But he's all in; he's plenty sick."

The sentence, delivered quickly, was 20 days in the workhouse. And as he sat in the chair that the officer put under him, I explained to him that it was not punishment but first aid, that he would go directly to the hospital.

As the officer led him off, with his arm still around his waist, the "irregular" bum looked back at me, still with that twinkle in his eye as though we shared a secret.

"Thank you, Judge," he said, and the twinkle broadened into a smile so trustful and so strangely happy that I can see it still.

The next afternoon the driver of the hurry-up wagon rushed up to me in open court.

"Judge, you know that funny bum you had yesterday?" he burst out.

"Yes," I said.

"Well, the Doc did just what you said — fed him right, fixed his hands, gave him a warm bath, put him to bed, cared for him like a baby — said it was serious."

The driver paused, seeming uncertain how to continue.

"And?" I ventured.

"Well, Judge, that bum went to bed all in but happy. He liked the sheets — said it was like home — but he wouldn't tell us who his people were, no more than he would you — just went to sleep with that happy smile on his face."

"I'm glad of that," I said.

"But wait, Judge," he exploded, "you don't know it all yet. You see — the poor bum — this morning we found him dead in bed —"

"Oh —"

"Judge, when we found him, he had the same smile on his face."

The driver stopped, stood as though waiting for something, then turned suddenly and walked off with a noisy vigor that startled even the clerk.

Salvaging New England's Hurricane Timber

Condensed from Business Week

THE HURRICANE which got off the tropical track in September 1938 tore a swath 125 miles wide through the forests of New England. Trees blown down contained enough lumber to floor 140 square miles with planks an inch thick. The good timber of sawmill size was estimated at 1,600,000,000 board feet, or about four years' average production.

Half of this fallen timber will be saved, and the job of salvaging it constitutes an epic of lumbering. The work, three quarters done, has culminated in one of the biggest lumber marketing schemes on record: the purchase by wholesalers of 600,000,000 board feet for \$14,400,000.

Credit for this improbable feat goes mainly to men of the Forest Service working through the federal government's Northeastern Timber Salvage Administration. They had to guard entire states from the threat of forest fires, log the downed trees in such a way as to protect future forest growth, bring in sawmills to handle the logs that couldn't be stored in lakes or ponds, market this huge and unexpected output of lumber so as not to swamp the market, and protect the property holders all along the line.

Thoughtful Yankees shudder to

imagine what could have happened if the federal government hadn't acted swiftly. A dry spell, a high wind, a dropped match, and a large part of New England would have burned up.

But 15 days after the hurricane, E. W. Tinker, assistant chief U. S. forester, was on the job. State governors, state forestry department heads and other officials cooperated. Leslie S. Bean, a Paul Bunyan of a man, was brought from Wisconsin to direct the job. Under his command WPA and CCC labor, 32,000 strong, attacked the forest wreckage en masse. They opened roads, cleaned fire hazard debris from about inhabited areas, restored communications, and cleared 50 feet on both sides of roads as fire lanes.

At the peak, 241 small portable sawmills operated under the Salvage Administration. Fifteen of these the government bought; the rest were privately owned and under contract. Some of them came from as far away as West Virginia.

Difficulties of the job were immense. Fully 98 percent of the land was privately owned. Thirty thousand owners had to be located and induced to sign timber purchase agreements. One of them was found in Cairo, one in Ethiopia and several

in London. Most of them saw the advantage of immediate salvage, but not all. One lank Rhode Island Yankee had 5,000,000 feet of damaged trees for which he was offered about \$25,000. All they could get out of him was, "Tain't enough." So far as the Salvage Administration knows, he still has his tangled forest.

The sales option compares in magnitude with the lumbering operation. It came about because there was a shortage of graded dry boards in Detroit last September. Herman I. Hymans, Detroit lumber wholesaler, hearing that Bean had graded dry boards and plenty, hopped East to see him. Mr. Hymans thought he could handle 20,000,000 feet, then he guessed he'd make it 40,000,000, finally he got enthusiastic and agreed to take 100,000,000 feet.

At this point a cunning gleam appeared in the eye of Mr. Bean. "But Mr. Hymans," he said, "you wouldn't be foolish enough to take 100,000,000 feet without knowing what was to become of the other 500,000,000? Think what it might do to your market."

"All right, dammit," said Mr. Hymans. "I'll take the whole 600,000,000."

To handle the project, Hymans formed a wholesale lumber coöperative, chartered in Delaware as the Northeastern Timber and Marketing Association, which will split

50-50 with the Salvage Administration any gross receipts that may exceed 120 percent of the base price agreed upon. The association's half would be distributed to its member wholesalers; the Salvage Administration's half to the original timber owners, who have already received from the government between \$6,000,000 and \$7,000,000.

Many of the trees uprooted were too small to be cut into lumber. They would have matured in seven to ten years. It is then that they will be missed by nearby woodworking industries, upon which some 170,000 New Englanders are dependent. For the benefit of companies so affected the Salvage Administration will keep from 100,000,000 feet to 150,000,000 feet of logs in water storage to be used as needed.

There is still much work to be done. Since all brush and debris could not be cleaned up, New England will be under an additional fire hazard for upward of 15 years. But the calamity did bring some benefits. The region now has more fire lanes and roads by which fires can be attacked. Operations by scientific foresters showed the New Englanders better methods of logging, sawing, grading, selling. And above all it has dramatized for New England the value of long-range planning for the 74 percent of the region's acreage which is suitable only for forests.

☞ Teacher, philosopher, essayist, Emile Chartier
was above all a molder of minds

Alain Took the Longest Way

The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met

—V—

By *André Maurois*

Author of "Ariel: The Life of Shelley," "Disraeli,"
"The Miracle of England," "King Edward and His Times," etc.

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IT WAS 16 when I met the man. Almost 40 years have passed since then, yet my admiration for his genius and character remain unchanged. I have known great statesmen, generals, and world-famed writers, but the only *truly* unforgettable person I have ever known is Alain.

We students in the Lycée of Rouen were excited and curious as we gathered to begin work with him that October morning in 1901. Older students had been telling us stories about this young professor of philosophy whose lively imagination made his classes so different from others. He came with quick, firm tread through the doorway, a big man, with handsome, energetic features. For a moment he gazed at us without speaking. Then, taking a piece of chalk, he wrote on the blackboard two quotations from Plato: "One must search for the truth with all one's soul" and "One must take the longest way."

That was the start of a year's exciting contact with Emile Chartier, the philosopher who wrote as

"Alain." One never knew what he was going to do. Sometimes he sat on the benches among us and sent a student to the blackboard to outline in detail the plan for an essay. Sometimes he suddenly picked up an object, perhaps an inkstand, and around it built a whole philosophy. Sometimes he had one of us read from Montaigne or Homer, and for the rest of the two-hour class he would comment on the text. Descartes or Kant, who seemed so difficult and boring when we read them by ourselves, became human, modern, ageless, when he illumined them. He never contradicted the great writers he admired; to him refutation seemed a sorry business. But he taught us to understand what their works held of truth, and made us see in them things we had never seen before.

He never laid down a doctrine, saying "This is what you ought to think." He showed us the value of opposing theories, the difficulties in all thinking. Often he would demonstrate almost unanswerably, as it seemed, the truth of some paradox.

Then we were obliged to discover for ourselves the defects in the demonstration.

He had firm personal views about the education of young men. He believed that work should be work, not play; that a conquered problem is the best lesson; that only great labors can make great souls; and that it is better to know a small number of things perfectly than many things superficially.

He believed that what is easily learned is easily forgotten, and that in a properly run class the student works more than the master. "One ought to hear the sound of young voices, not the monologue of the instructor," he said.

He used the blackboard because the written phrase and formula fix the thought and aid memory. "In the army," he said, "they never lecture on the rifle, but each soldier is made to take down and reassemble the rifle while using the same terms as the teacher. After 20 times, the soldier knows what a rifle is and has a vocabulary to tell what he knows. In the same way, one does not learn to think by listening to a man who thinks well. It is necessary to think out one's own arguments, to demonstrate them, to make and remake them until the subject and the vocabulary are part of the mind."

I told Alain that I wanted to be a writer and received my first assignment. I was instructed to copy *Chartreuse de Parme*, by Stendhal, a novel of 800 pages, in longhand!

"The art of learning," he explained, "comes down to imitating for a long time and copying a long time, as any musician knows." He taught me not to scorn common-places. "Only fools," he said, "think they are being original by neglecting the ideas of the generations who have preceded them. True originality consists of phrasing common-places well."

He urged us to illustrate our philosophical dissertations with examples borrowed from the real world. "Your phrases should be full of stones, metals, chairs, tables, animals, men and women. An abstract style is always bad. Only concrete examples can give style." We must know, too, how to limit our writing, he said. "It is always easy to be long, but it takes time to be short." Some times he made me take a difficult subject and write fifty lines exactly, by count. On the margins of my exercises he wrote, "Compress, condense, and end with a punch."

His philosophic assignments were wonderfully stimulating. Instead of asking us to contemplate some abstract theme, he would present such a problem as this: "A young prostitute is about to leap from a bridge into the Seine; a philosopher crossing the bridge sees her and pulls her back. Suggest the dialogue." Or: "Contrive a conversation between a sexton and the captain of a fire-house on the existence of God."

We knew that he had intellectual courage. No power on earth, he

would say, should be allowed to destroy the personal, inner freedom which is every individual's birth-right. One day he gave us remarkable proof of his independence. French professors are servants of the state; from time to time inspectors drop in to determine whether teachers are worthy of advancement. Alain was telling us why he disapproved of honors and decorations. "These toys," he said, "give a government too powerful a hold over the individual. There is a taint of bribery about them. How can a person who passionately desires a ribbon or rosette which the Minister alone can bestow live freely, uninhibited in action or judgment?"

At this moment the door opened and an inspector entered. He was a pompous, much-decorated individual. We looked at each other. Would Alain pursue the dangerous subject or would he elect to "play safe," since his future might be at stake? He greeted the inspector courteously, and then said gently, "I was explaining why I disapprove of decorations." We breathed more easily. Alain was still Alain. And, to the inspector's credit, he it said that Alain's boldness did not prevent his reappointment the following year.

When I finished my course at the Lycée at Rouen I wanted to go to Paris to begin my writing career. But my father urged me to go into his factory in Normandy. To my surprise, Alain agreed. "If you start out as a writer," he said, "you will

know nothing of people and life. You will enter the unreal life of the intellectual minority in the cafés and salons of Paris. This is not what the best novelists have done. Balzac was a notary clerk, Dickens and Kipling were reporters, Stendhal and Tolstoi were officers, Conrad was a sailor. If you go into a factory you will know employers, laborers and hard work. In short, you will live. Only after you have lived have you the right to paint life." I followed his advice and never have regretted it.

Later Alain taught at the Lycée Henri Quatre, probably the best school in Paris, and each time I went to Paris I would go to see him at his small apartment. The most important article of furniture was a piano, for he was an excellent musician. He owned only a few books, and his contempt for decorations remained as lively as ever. His seniority entitled him to a decoration, but, faithful to his principles, he refused the Croix. He could easily have become a professor at the Sorbonne, but he never took the necessary steps.

Suddenly, in 1914, war was declared. Alain must have been about 47; he need not have gone, but he signed up as a private in the artillery. He was an excellent soldier, courageous, strictly obedient, but he never for a moment relinquished his indomitable spirit. He was probably the only man of his age and standing who went through the war

in the ranks. He refused all urgings to accept a commission because of his unalterable belief that power is unwholesome for those who wield it. He felt that he could best serve his country by living among enlisted men, acting as a stern censor upon authority. At a time when force ruled supreme, he continued to fight to preserve human dignity and freedom of individual thought.

Four years in the trenches made an old man of him. He came out of the war with rheumatism and a limp but his mind and spirit were active as ever. He taught philosophy for 15 more years at the Lycée, and his courses were famous.

I now lived in Paris and when I went to see Alain we would stroll through the Luxembourg Gardens. Each time I published a book, I would bring it to him timidly, awaiting his judgment as I had during my schooldays. Sometimes he seemed pleased. When I brought him my life of Disraeli, and later that of Chateaubriand, he said, "It is very well done." That was all, but it filled me with happiness and pride. At other times he was severe: "It's not written," he said. And I was sure he was right.

Finally Alain had to retire. He

was a sick man, hardly able to walk. Imprisoned in his armchair, he was like a giant oak blasted by a tempest. But he bore his physical ailments philosophically, and in spite of intense pain continued to write, 20 books since the war, in the field of philosophy and literature, the last one titled *With Balzac*. Some few of us realize that in a hundred years Alain's writings will be more widely appreciated than works which today are considered classics.

I was happy recently when an American professor of philosophy said to me: "Do you know that France is the home of a great man who is comparatively unknown, an essayist who writes under the name of Alain?"

"He is far from unknown," I said. "He is known among those who are worthy of knowing him!"

Last year, when I was elected to the French Academy, journalists asked me what I thought of my new honor. "Principally," I told them, "surprise at having received an honor denied to others who deserve it more than I do." I was thinking of Alain. Yet I knew that had he been offered such a distinction my old master would have refused it, as he refused all the others.



The secret of success in conversation is to be able to disagree without being disagreeable.

Why Britain Is at War

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Harold Nicolson

Member of Parliament; author of "Peacemaking," "Public Faces," "Diplomacy," etc.

THE BRITISH PEOPLE, in common with other branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, are a mixture of realism and idealism. Being somewhat indolent by nature, it is only by dire necessity that they can be stirred to do unpleasant things. Yet when this necessity arises they like to make a virtue of it. This leads them at times to render unto God the things which are Caesar's and has earned them the reputation of hypocrisy. This is rather unfair. No Englishman feels really happy unless both his practical and his moral instincts are engaged.

This sleepy and peaceful race can only be roused to violent action by two emotions — fear and anger. Before he agrees to make war the Briton must have both a sense of personal danger and a sense of personal outrage. Ever since 1933 Adolf Hitler has titivated one or other of these emotions but, until he tore up the Munich agreement and marched into Prague last March 15, he did not provoke them both at once. Until that vital date half the people of Great Britain were angry without being frightened and the other half were frightened without being angry. The combination of menace and humiliation which Herr Hitler

contrived on the Ides of March united these two halves.

Let me begin with the menace, since it aroused our practical side, the instinct of self-preservation.

For 250 years and more the British people have known instinctively that their safety depended upon preventing the continent of Europe and therefore their sea communications from falling under the domination of a single Power. It was this instinct which prompted them to fight Spain, Holland, Louis XIV, Napoleon and William II. They called this instinct by varying names: "The Balance of Power," or at more sentimental moments "The protection of the smaller Nations." In reality it is the sound biological instinct of self-preservation.

It is conditioned by hard and inescapable facts. Great Britain is a small island containing a large population dependent for food upon imports from overseas. She is only 25 miles from the Continent and is connected with her vast Empire by tenuous arteries of communication. She is one of the most vulnerable countries on earth.

"But why," you may ask, "should Germany's seizure of Prague constitute a menace to the British Em-

pire?" Because Hitler thereby disclosed that his true ambition was conquest. Until then he had always had some plausible excuse for his depredations. There was no excuse at all for taking Prague. It was conquest, naked and undisguised. There was then no reason why he might not also seize Copenhagen, Amsterdam and Stockholm. Hitler was out for loot. And, since the British and French Empires offered the richest loot in the world, it was certain that in the end we should be attacked. German submarines might be based at Rotterdam; German airplanes might be congregated 25 miles from Dover. The danger was personal and immediate.

Many people in England believe that war is in itself such an evil thing that it would be better to surrender without resisting. If we were at war with a civilization of a standard equal to our own, I should not question that argument. I should willingly see Great Britain revert to the position of a smaller Power rather than sacrifice the lives of her people. But we are fighting against a civilization which is lower than that which we have been able to evolve. And here the motive of self-preservation shades off into the moral motive, which expresses itself in anger.

We must be careful to avoid self-righteousness. The main motive governing the actions of any country must be the motive of self-preservation. I contend, however, that the Anglo-Saxon race cannot be fired to

the extremes of sacrifice and effort unless a moral motive is also present. We know that today we are fighting for our lives. We also want to know that we are fighting for something more important than our lives. We entered this war to defend ourselves. We shall continue it to its most bitter end, in order to save humanity.

I am well aware that this assertion will bring a smile to many lips. We have often, as during the South African War, departed from these ideals. We have often pretended that we were pursuing moral or unselfish purposes when we were in fact pursuing predatory purposes. We have in this manner acquired a great Empire and a very general reputation for hypocrisy. Yet it could scarcely be denied that the conception of "decency" and "fairness" is a peculiarly Anglo-Saxon conception, and one which we have constantly endeavored to apply in our home and foreign policy. We have not always succeeded, but assuredly we have tried.

I should ask those who regard this assertion as an instance of British cant to consider the following proposition. From 1815 to 1914 Great Britain was the strongest Power in the world. Her command of the seas, her vast financial resources enabled her to have the decisive voice in almost any dispute between other nations. Of late years, owing to the invention of the bombing plane and other causes, her power has de-

clined. Yet is there a single small State in Europe that has not regretted our loss of power, that would not rejoice if we were to become again the arbiter of world affairs? Conversely, is there a single State in Europe which welcomes the tremendous power Germany has amassed, or which does not regard with terror the ruthless nihilism of the Nazi system? Surely it is true that we do in fact endeavor to exercise power in a more humane and progressive manner than do the rulers of Germany. And that therefore what is all too vaguely known as "The Anglo-Saxon Ideal" does in fact represent for mankind something higher than the ideals of the concentration camp.

The evolution of the human race has been marked by certain stages of advancement. The Greeks discovered the beauty of the liberated mind; the Nazis deny that the mind of the individual should ever be free. The Romans established the rule of law and the sanctity of treaties; the Nazis have only their own Nazi law and have violated every treaty they have signed. Christ taught gentleness, tolerance, loving-kindness; the Nazis deny Christ as a Jew and despise human charity as a decadent virtue. The age of chivalry taught us that we should not kick in the stomach those who are weaker than ourselves; Herr Hitler proclaims that the weak have "no right to live." The French 18th century evolved the elegance of taste and the balance of reason; Herr

Hitler has reduced taste to the level of a cheap postcard and has declared reason to be the enemy of the State. We in England have evolved the conception of "decency" and "fairness"; the Nazis regard this idea as hypocritical and debased.

I recently met a man who had been confined in a German concentration camp. On arrival there he was made to take off his clothes and creep on all fours around the room. The youths of the elite S.S. in charge of the camp amused themselves by flicking him with wet towels. When he refused to submit to more unspeakable indignities he was flogged until unconscious. Now, we have all met boys capable of sadistic cruelty; but never in the history of civilized man have such boys been told by their elders that what they did was right.

What has all this to do with us? Just this: If England surrenders, the whole of Europe will surrender. Our responsibility is magnificent and terrible. I should not be willing to sacrifice my life or the lives of my sons for any material victory. I shall willingly sacrifice everything I possess to prevent the victory of this foul and ghoulish idea.

"Oh," you may protest, "but war settles nothing!" That statement is thoughtless and inaccurate. All great civilizations have, in the end, perished owing to defeat in war. Were Hitler to win this war, he would "settle" the British Empire once and for all.

War may settle certain things forever; it is a bad peace which settles nothing. We must see to it therefore that at the end of this war we do not make a bad peace. We must learn from past experience.

The mistake made at Versailles was that the peacemakers were never clear what sort of peace they really wanted to make. I was myself a member of the British Delegation and watched the thing happening with impatience and distress. Two principles were in conflict. The Americans believed that it might be possible to create a system under which disputes between nations could be settled by sweet reasonableness. The French contended that if nations were really reasonable, there would have been no war and no need for any Peace Treaty. They foresaw that Germany would one day revive, and they demanded the Rhine, to be made an impassable barrier between Germany and Western Europe.

Either of these theories might have given us a permanent peace if applied to its fullest extent. The fundamental error was to compromise. Either there should have been a peace of justice or a peace of force. The peace which emerged was unjust enough to cause resentment, but not forceful enough to render such resentment impotent.

There were other mistakes. It was a mistake, for instance, to have pushed through the Treaty so hurriedly. There should have been a Preliminary Treaty covering the

main points; and then, a year later, a Final Treaty should have been negotiated when passions had died down and it was possible to discuss the issues in a reasonable spirit. It was a mistake to have inserted into the Treaties reparation claims which were manifestly absurd. It was a mistake, also, not to have invited enemy and neutral countries to assist in the deliberations. And finally it was a mistake to have allowed resentment to figure so patently, as in the War Guilt Clause and the clauses regarding the punishment of "war criminals."

The lessons to be learned from these errors can be tabulated as follows:

1. The negotiators at the Peace Conference must be clear in advance what kind of new world it is they wish to create.

2. The Preliminary Treaty, to be imposed upon the enemy by force, should deal only with such matters as the withdrawal of troops and demobilization. The Final Treaty, to be negotiated with the enemy, should deal with the future political and economic structure of the world.

3. The vanquished enemy should be represented at the Final Treaty Conference and his views and suggestions given every consideration. Moreover, the Conference itself should be held in the capital of a neutral State, preferably Washington; and the secretariat of the Conference should be composed of citizens of that State.

4. Each Power represented at the Conference should have as delegates the leaders both of the Government and of the Opposition parties.

5. Full publicity should be given the proceedings.

As for our war aims, the British Government may be right in refusing to formulate detailed peace terms at a time when the duration and nature of the war are uncertain. But they should certainly make clear at once that we desire not one inch of anybody else's territory; that all we desire is to put an end to this system of violence and to fashion a new European system in which all peaceful countries shall have an equitable and creative share.

There was a time when England was divided into seven separate and jealous States. England became a peaceful and progressive Power only when these seven States fused into one, each surrendering something for the good of the whole. I am convinced that Europe will become a peaceful and prosperous continent only if each of the present Nation States surrenders something of its independence for the good of the whole. We must, in other words, create something far wider and higher than the old League of Nations; we must create the United States of Europe.

In the United States of Europe each nation would continue to man-

age its local interests in its own manner. Public utility undertakings, such as international transit, broadcasting, and posts and telegraphs, would be organized upon a European rather than a national basis. And the extent and nature of armaments, the general lines of foreign policy, and the use of raw materials and credits would conform to rules laid down by the Central Federal Authority of the United States of Europe.

This would be no great sacrifice. Would individual Englishmen really suffer loss of pride or property if the rubber of the Malay States or the copper in Rhodesia were placed in some common pool for the benefit of all nations? Actually, we should notice little change in our daily lives. In return we should achieve a world which is worth fighting for, a world without cruelty, greed and lies.

Did I believe that this war were no more than a ghastly episode provoked by the unstable vanity of a single man, then indeed I should surrender to despair, knowing that the ensuing peace would also be no more than an episode. It is because I am convinced that this war, as it develops, will assume gigantic proportions that I believe the final settlement will also be gigantic. Because of that faith I face the future with sorrow, but with resolution and without fear.

☛ A chinchilla ranch started by a California mining engineer replaces the high Andes as a source of rare fur

Home-Grown Chinchilla

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Alberta Williams

WILLARD GEORGE, Los Angeles purveyor of fine furs to socialites and top-flight screen stars, has just fashioned 120 chinchilla pelts into what may be the world's loveliest fur coat. The chinchillas came from the Chapman Ranch, high in California's San Bernardino Mountains, and the coat was made expressly to demonstrate that this home-grown fur surpasses in quality and beauty the South American variety that is now practically unobtainable.

When you run your hand through the fur, your fingers sink in half an inch before your sense of touch registers the contact. Stroke the fur and you see the play of colors — off-whites blending into pearl-gray, blue-gray and still darker gray. Lift the coat and you discover that because the hides, while tough, are paper-thin, it weighs no more than a light wool sports frock.

Chinchilla coats have sold from a low of about \$20,000 to a no-limit high. Some are said to have cost \$100,000. When this first coat from home-grown fur has served its demonstration purposes, it will be sold, probably for \$35,000.

Mr. George has in his lifetime sold seven chinchilla coats and estimates that there are only about 15 in the United States today. Some figures place the world total of full-length coats at only 25. In 1918 Peru, Chile and Bolivia forbade exportation of the pelts because the chinchilla, a small rodent which lived only in the high Andes, was facing extinction. For years, despite fur hunters, the little animal, having few natural enemies, had held its own. But then came the British and their love for fox hunting. English mining engineers in the Andes, pining for their traditional sport, sent to England for red foxes which they turned loose. Week-ends the English hunted the fox, and every night the fox hunted the chinchilla.

The results were disastrous. The ban on exports followed, causing consternation among furriers. A few pelts were smuggled out and furriers bought what pelts they could lay their hands on, but it took Willard George eight years to accumulate enough for one coat. In 1931 the supply was almost completely cut off. Two trips of an astute fur sleuth to South America

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that year yielded exactly one pelt. Then furriers turned to the Chapman Ranch in California, the only place in the world where chinchillas were being bred with any success.

M. F. Chapman was a mining engineer and while working in the Andes he had studied the chinchilla and had become convinced that the animal could be raised in captivity. With the help of native Indians he captured a number, and in 1923, when he was ready to quit South America, he tried to bring 18 chinchillas home with him to Inglewood, Cal. Seven died on the way, so Mr. Chapman reached home with only 11 live animals — and something ghastly had happened to them all. Because of the sudden reversal of seasons — they left home in their summer and arrived here in our winter — they had shed their beautiful soft fur and entered this country huddled in blankets, hot-water bottles and bath towels.

Those 11 animals constitute the ancestry of the 3500 luxuriantly furred, prized darlings that are the present chinchilla population of the United States. On the Chapman Ranch, which Chapman's son Reginald has managed since his father's death five years ago, are 2000 chinchillas. The others are scattered on 29 ranches, all started with Chapman chinchillas and operated under Chapman supervision.

At the outset the Chapmans turned a deaf ear to furriers' pleas for pelts. Pelts there would be some

day, but not until enough animals had been produced to assure their future. The herd was kept for experimentation and breeding purposes. Trying out a variety of quarters, they found that chinchillas, which are about the size of plump gray squirrels, thrive best in absolutely bare nest boxes — scorning the luxury of straw or other upholstering. Chinchillas are monogamous; they mate for life and, once mated, have no wish to associate with other adult chinchillas. Hence each pair is housed in a separate pen about 36 by 48 inches. Having no claws, they can neither burrow nor climb, but they dart, jump, and run at lightning speed. Remaining in their boxes all day, they spend the night scampering about the pen.

A baby chinchilla is born fully furred, eyes open, and within an hour can run about. Its parents are solicitous and affectionate. The male helps care for the babies when the mother goes out of the nest box to the feed trough. At no time will both parents leave the babies alone.

At 75 days the young are ready to leave the parental place and each is paired off with another young chinchilla. In the new pen the young have their courtship period — a thing they insist upon before mating. Before they have reached the ripe old age of one year their first litter is born. From then on they have from one to three litters yearly, with from one to four in each litter.

Chinchillas live to be from eight to ten years old. They are gentle, friendly, affectionate, adore being petted even by strangers. They are exceptionally clean. In each pen is a box of sand in which the chinchilla bathes three times daily. This keeps him immaculately groomed and free from parasites.

On the door of each pen is a chart filled out daily with information that gives a picture of the general welfare of the occupants, much as a hospital chart tells a doctor how his patient is doing. Proper diet has made the ranch-grown animal's hide more durable than that of the South American chinchilla. Diet, too, gets credit for the luxurious density of the domesticated animal's fur. A special feed, containing 13 different ingredients, including brewers' yeast, soybean oil meal, and beet pulp, has been devised for them. Each chinchilla gets about two ounces daily, supplemented by carrots three times a week, an occasional green branch to gnaw on and orange juice twice a week.

In order to have the finest quality fur, a chinchilla must have a change of seasons — from hot to cool to cold. "And," Reginald Chapman explains, "any fur-bearing animal sheds all its fur once a year. Only during one fortnight is the pelt really at prime. Since ranch-raised chinchillas can always be pelted at prime, that is another reason why their fur is superior to that of the wild chinchilla.

"When Mr. George approached me recently I wasn't quite ready to pelt for a coat," Mr. Chapman admits. "But I got tired of having people declare that the chinchilla was gone forever, that we could never produce anything as beautiful as the Peruvian animal." He thinks that within five years he will be able to put about 6000 pelts annually on the market, but insists that chinchilla supply cannot meet demand for another 15 years.

Mr. Chapman has never sold breeding animals to just anybody with the price of a pair — \$3200. He sells his stock only in territory where his staff can give the neophyte chinchilla raiser monthly inspection and advisory service. This covers a wide range, though, for among the 29 ranches so stocked there's one in New York State, another in the Shenandoah Valley, one owned by a prominent Denver oral surgeon, and one in Wyoming.

Just what do all these ranches mean in terms of eventual retail price of chinchilla? Mr. Chapman estimates that in 15 years the chinchilla coat might get into the \$5000-to-\$10,000 class. But it is not likely that any woman will ever be able to buy one at bargain-counter prices, for Chapman and the other ranchers have formed an association, the National Chinchilla Breeders of America, which plans to prevent throat-slitting price wars and so uphold the aristocracy of the chinchilla fur.

Death Waits for Uncle Yanez

Condensed from "The Native's Return"

Louis Adamic

Author of "My America," "Cradle of Life," etc.

SOON AFTER my return from America to my native village in Yugoslavia my mother told me that Uncle Yanez, her favorite brother, was dying. "He is 78, you know," she said. "A few months back we thought that, despite the burden of his years, he might improve a bit when spring came again. But the fruit trees are shaking off their white blossoms, June beetles already are about, and Yanez is no better. The illness is going deeper and deeper into him."

My 82-year-old father, who, while all gray and a bit trembly, seemed good for years more, added that even spring could not perform miracles on an old man who probably no longer felt the flesh on his bones. "Sooner or later," he said, "we must all go to the long home, as dew before the sun. . . . Like everything else in this world.

"Do you remember that big apple tree that grew in the meadow?" he continued. "Well, two years ago, when spring came, it did not bloom or leaf. It had not been hit by lightning, nor anything like that. It was just an old tree; my grandfather had planted it. It was mostly hollow inside, and it died. People become hollow inside and go the same way." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Yanez will go that way, then I —"

I was greatly struck by their simple, quiet way of regarding death, their calm and felicitous acceptance of it. Having lived in America for 19 years, my own attitude toward the Great Reaper was a mingling of dread and hate and false bravado.

My mother went on, "The week before you arrived I went to Yanez' village to visit him, and he said to me, 'Well, Ana, I'll be gone before haying time; surely by the time buckwheat is ripe. But, taking one thing with another, I am not complaining. This is the first time I've really been sick in my life. I've plowed my share of furrows. I've worn thin many a scythe.

"But I should like to see my strange nephew before I go, the boy who writes books in English and has an American wife. He may be coming home just in time for my funeral.' Then he smiled, and said he would not die till you visited him; he would wait."

And, telling me this, Mother smiled herself.

"There is probably more excitement about me in the village than about the fact that Uncle Yanez is going to die," I said.

"Of course," exclaimed Mother, lowering her eyes.

To these people Uncle Yanez' final ordeal was a natural thing, simple, with countless precedents; while — by their standards of experience — nearly everything about me was curious.

For the next couple of weeks many things occupied me, so my wife and I kept postponing our visit to Uncle Yanez. Finally Mother said, "I've heard from Cousin Angela that Uncle Yanez probably would have died a week ago if it wasn't for the fact that he is waiting for you and Stella. He requires that everything printed in the papers about you be read to him; he can't get over the idea that you married an *Amerikanka*. He is anxious to see her. And he can't wait much longer." So the next morning my brother hitched up the big buggy and drove us — Mother, Stella and me — to visit Uncle Yanez.

When I entered his bedroom I saw a very old man as close to death as any living person could be. He slowly turned his head on the pillow and looked at me, a curious glitter in his sunken eyes. His lips twitched slightly, as though trying to say something. There was another twitch, which seemed an attempt to smile. Then he succeeded in speaking, in a broken whisper:

"Greetings, Loyzé! I am sorry . . . can't talk much. . . . You don't see him . . . but I see him . . . White Death . . . by the door

there . . . with his scythe. . . .

"America," he began again, "*Amerikanka* . . . where is she?"

My mother said, "She's right here, Yanez — Stella. She greets you, and wishes you a peaceful passing on."

He looked at her hard. "Your wife is small, Loyzé. . . ." A long pause. "But you have grown tall. . . . Your grandfather was tall . . . your mother's father. . . . Are you here, Ana?"

"Yes, I am here, Yanez," said my mother.

"Your grandfather, Loyzé . . . when he died . . . he said . . . he said, 'Living is like licking honey . . . licking honey off a thorn. . . .'" He was silent a long time, then added, "He died on this bed, too. . . . It isn't bad . . . it's good . . . we all die . . . go down into long silence. . . ."

His feeble voice could go on no more.

"Maybe you'd better go now, Loyzé," whispered Aunt Olga, a shrunken little woman, all gray and wrinkled, "you and Stella. Ana, light a candle and bring it in."

Outside Cousin Angela was placing an elongated tub of water near the door. "That's for Death to wash his scythe when he leaves," she explained to Stella. "The idea is to be as accommodating to Death as possible."

"All this is so fine," said Stella, "that I want to cry."

And for the first time in my life I could think of death without fear or hate.

A HALF HOUR later the bell in the tiny white church on the hill began to toll slowly. It tolled a long time, and everybody in the vicinity knew that old Yanez was dead.

The funeral was set for the third day, but even before the bell ceased tolling, the people — relatives, friends, fellow villagers — began to arrive. They looked at the lifeless old face, prayed a bit, and said good-bye to Uncle Yanez by sprinkling holy water on him with an olive twig — saved from Palm Sunday two months before. They talked among themselves about what a good man Uncle Yanez had been and recalled little incidents in his life which were to his credit. Everyone looked at us curiously, but after a while, I think, we were forgiven for having delayed the old man's going.

Some came two or three times before the funeral. It was a social occasion for the entire region. Women brought gifts to Aunt Olga. They, in turn, were given something to eat and drink. They exchanged views on the weather, gossiped, and met the American author, who was old man Yanez' nephew, and his American wife, who seemed very bright, but knew only a few words of Slovenian.

During all this Stella and I could not help contrasting the attitude

toward death in America with that of these people.

"Here," she said, "Death is a rather mild though inexorable fellow who comes and stands by the door with his scythe, waiting till his victim is through saying good-bye to everybody; then does his work because, somehow, it needs to be done. . . . In America, Death is a gangster who puts one on the spot — then *bang!* He doesn't carry a scythe, but a sawed-off shotgun."

I said, "I imagine that's because few of us in America ever strive to make peace with our environment. We lead accelerated lives of one sort or another. We make no attempt to develop a stout philosophy that would enable us to die as well as these peasants die. . . ."

The second day, Uncle Yanez was placed in a coffin, the lumber for which he had had ready for several years. It was from a tree in his wood. Into the coffin, under his head, was put a handful of earth from his fields, so that he might "sleep in his own soil."

Next morning a priest came, then four men carried Uncle Yanez' coffin up the hill to the little cemetery where his daughter and his parents and grandparents already were buried. About a hundred of us followed, and the church bell rang from the time the procession started till after the burial.

It was a beautiful day.

The ceremony at the grave was brief. A few of the women wept a

little. Then each of us threw in a tiny spade of earth, and that was all.

Returning from the cemetery, I tried to hear what the people were talking about. Some of them, of course, still spoke about Yanez: what a good man he had been; how they would miss him. But most of

the talk — especially among the women — concerned a pair of twins that had been born in the village during the night.

Even Aunt Olga was excited about them. "I must go see them," she said. "I guess they are the first twins in the village since —"



Unsung Heroes of Public Service — IV —

David Alden Salmon

NIGHT AND DAY there pours into the State Department a stream of telegrams, cables and radio messages from 350 offices in all parts of the world, dealing with every conceivable subject affecting our foreign relations. Since the war started, the stream has become a torrent. One day recently the cables brought in 904 separate code messages.

The man who has charge of decoding all these communications is David Alden Salmon, who has been with the State Department 34 years. He has charge not only of decoding confidential messages but of keeping the enormous and complicated records of the Department as well. His salary is \$5600 a year and he has under him a staff of 170.

Elihu Root, then Secretary of State, one day in 1906 sent for the papers on a certain foreign question and around came a small dray. The dignified Mr. Root blew up. It should be possible for a responsible official to learn the facts of a situation without going through such a mass of correspondence. Mr. Root called the Adjutant General's

office and asked for a man. David Salmon, who had been a government clerk since 1898, came over at \$1400 a year to put the State Department's records in shape.

Today Salmon and his assistants must be ready at a moment's notice to supply the President or the Secretary of State with any item in the records. In receiving and decoding messages speed is highly important. A 10-page coded cable can be put in the hands of the Secretary of State half an hour after the last page has been received by the operator. The cable room under Salmon is never closed.

Thanks to Salmon's unceasing vigilance in handling the State Department's confidential files, few leaks have occurred during his long tenure. Ten Secretaries of State have served the country since he took up his work, but changes on the political front have not affected him at all. He is one of those quiet and diligent men who, year in and year out, go right on doing the essential work of the government.

— Albert W. Atwood

A Vacation Every Day

Condensed from The Rotarian

William Moulton Marston

Author of "Try Living"

YOU NEED a vacation. Not next month or next summer, but now. What's more, you don't need a vacation that the boss gives you once a year but one that you take yourself every day.

Most of us, living almost automatically in the grip of a weekly schedule, look forward to some future letup. We forget that with planning we can pack into short daily intervals all the essentials of a protracted holiday — change of scene, change of pace, change of people, and — most important — change of habit.

The daily vacation must be more than mere cessation of work. It must be not only a definite break with the routine of external compulsion but a positive rendezvous with pleasure.

Don't say you haven't the time. If a President of the United States could set aside ten minutes a day for self-freedom in the form of reading poetry, as Theodore Roosevelt did, surely you aren't too busy to find a daily interval you can call your own. The busier you are the more you need the daily vacation.

There is always the lunch hour. To many workers lunch is just another of the day's routine habits. They return to the office more schedule-haunted than before, merely because they have spent their time in the same place, with the same people. But one businessman I know lunches lightly at the nearest drugstore and spends the rest of his time going hunting with his camera. Every

day he adds to his collection — shots of women bargain hunters, panhandlers, street urchins, taxi drivers, traffic cops in action. He is recording fascinating dramas of street life. He could spend his time complaining to companions at lunch that he never has a chance to use his camera. Instead he comes back to his office refreshed and diverted.

Lunch itself can be made into a vacation experience. In every city there are foreign quarters. New flavors, new dishes, new language can transport you momentarily into strange lands. Or you might choose an American restaurant frequented by people you don't associate with every day. The "diner" where truck drivers exchange earthy comment or a cafeteria where college students settle the world's problems can take you out of yourself and give you something new to think about.

Day after day we strangle our personalities in the vice of our habits, frittering away our leisure moments. Yet all the while there are things we should really like to do — things that, if done, would renew us. I know a few thoughtful people who take ten minutes now and then to write letters — *not* the letters they need to write but those they don't. Sometimes they write to an author about his book, a remembered childhood friend, a public official who is doing good work. In another instance, a young man has acquired a delightful repertoire of piano music

and a fair technique because he seizes a few daily minutes to play — while breakfast is on the way, just before dinner and just after. To him the creation of new and pleasurable skills is a relief from chore and tedium. Similarly, another man I know keeps woodcarving equipment in an unused part of his office. When office pressure gets too great, he goes at woodcarving for a few life-giving minutes and comes back with a new grip on himself.

Any activity that summons the real *you* from the dim recesses of your clock-ruled hours gives you the vacation you need. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to spend ten-minute intervals with the dictionary, smoking out words and phrases that he liked. He believed that no one could give him a phrase which he could not match with a better single word. He had a detective's interest in words — their sound, their acquired meanings, their origins. It's a game that, if you've a mind, can be played with a zest that is sure to absorb and release you.

Mayor LaGuardia of New York takes short-order vacations by donning a chef's apron, invading the kitchen of a restaurant or home and fraternizing with the help while he cooks spaghetti. Charles Frohman, the producer, would sit at his desk, studying timetables which carried him mentally to delec-

table resorts, while desperate stage people besieged his outer offices. When he felt sufficiently recreated, he would mentally take a train back and begin his round of work.

Not a few people go off on long vacations to meet new people yet miss the newness in those around them. Why not make your daily vacation a means of sounding out some of the people you usually pass by with a mere nod? A ten-minute conversation may refresh you with new points of view.

The important element always is change. One intelligent housewife tells me: "I discovered during the first year of housekeeping that I had to run my work or it would run me. Whenever the deadly grind begins to get me I plunk myself down and read a while. Then I jump up and wade into housework like two women and a horse." Another saves to buy recorded symphonies and once a morning stretches out on the couch to listen. Telephones may ring and doorbells buzz. She does not hear them. She is centuries away.

Much of the tension of today is created by the unceasing regularity of all our doings. The daily vacation breaks the tyranny of fixed schedule and habit. In it we *find ourselves*. We take command again of our time and check the tendency of routine duties to deaden our personalities.



WHEN I was very young I was disgracefully intolerant, but when I passed the thirty mark I prided myself on having learned the beautiful lesson that all things were good, and equally good. That, however, was really laziness.

Now, thank goodness, I've sorted out what matters and what doesn't. And I'm beginning to be intolerant again.

— G. B. Stern in *The Listener*

¶ This year the Census Bureau is taking the most complete national inventory of all time

World's Greatest Quiz Session

Condensed from Current History

George F. Willison

DURING the 30 days of April this year 132,000,000 of us will answer or be answered for in the greatest quiz session of all time. In every city, town, hamlet, lonely ranch house and trailer, all day long, Sundays and evenings, polite enumerators will unfold sheets of paper the size of a pillowcase and ask: Where were you born? How old are you? Is this your first marriage? What language did you speak as a child? How many weeks did you work in 1939? Where were you living on April 1, 1935?

For the census is coming, and it's serious business. Section 3 of the first article of the Constitution makes a decennial census mandatory. The census is a fundamental instrument of our democracy: unless the people are counted at regular intervals, their representation in Congress will be unfairly based. The size of the job today staggers the imagination. For several years every step has been planned, every inch of the country specially mapped; for several months great batteries of electrical machines intelligent enough to do everything but predict the winner of the Irish Sweepstakes will

digest the findings and sort them into significant piles.

The Census Bureau, the world's largest organization for making sense out of statistics, measures business every two years, agriculture every five years and, in coöperation with the Bureau of Mines, collects facts about mines and quarries every ten years. This year they are all being done, together with the monster population count. The business and the mining censuses have already begun, and will continue for five months. Agriculture and housing will be covered in the April drive. When all of these minute fragments of the gigantic jigsaw puzzle have been fitted together, we shall have the most detailed and exhaustive survey ever made of the human and material resources of the United States.

On the returns, communities will base their estimates of needs for the next decade, in housing, water supply, transportation, hospitals, schools. Businessmen will schedule production and sales programs. Legislators will at last have figures on which to base laws dealing with unemployment and relief.

Never were such facts more needed. One after another, earlier censuses told the amazing story of our growth. But this one comes after ten years of depression, and now we may find that we have gone back in some respects, or at any rate sideways.

We have been told that our population is in danger of becoming stable along toward 1965, after which it will gently decline. Will the 1940 census give support to this prediction? Will it confirm the statement that children are a smaller percentage of the population than ever before? Has the gradual drift of our people from farm to town been checked, or even reversed, by the depression years? Has the rapid industrialization of the South continued to attract workers? And where now are the people who fled the flooded areas and the Dust Bowl? How many farm families have taken to the road? Here is the reason for the question, Where did you live on April 1, 1935? For the first time in our history we are to have figures on the complicated migrations of our restless people.

It is a far cry from this, our sixteenth decennial census, to the first, taken in 1790. Then, at President Washington's order, the 17 United States marshals hired 650 assistants and set forth on horseback, in stage-coaches, and afoot, to count the population of the infant republic. Eighteen months later, Secretary of State Thomas Jefferson proudly announced a total of almost four million

people, about as many as now live in Chicago. In 1790 Washington was a swamp; New York, with 33,000 population, had just outstripped Philadelphia, the national capital; St. Louis and New Orleans were under the Spanish flag; and Los Angeles was a settlement of a dozen scattered adobe houses.

On several vital questions the 1940 census will gather data for the first time. It will give us facts, instead of the guesses we have had so far, about our chief problem — unemployment. Not only how many are out of a job in April, but whether they had one before, and at what kind of work. How many young people have come of age in recent years, and never held a regular job? At what age, and in what areas, is unemployment most severe?

Few issues have been discussed with more heat and less nationwide knowledge than housing. Is one third of the nation inadequately housed? How many of us own our own homes, how many pay rent, and how much? Here again the census will replace debate with unassailable figures, down to the last mortgage and bathtub.

We seek new light also in the field of education. We shall find out how many young people are now in school, how many grades the older ones went through. Until now the percentage of children between the ages of five and 17, who are enrolled in the public schools, has been steadily increasing. But

estimates for 1934 and 1936 both showed the same figure, 83.6 percent, indicating that growth had stopped, and revealed that average daily attendance had actually declined. The number of students in normal schools and teachers colleges has declined. The 1940 count may show whether these falterings are due to temporary conditions or indicate a trend. It will certainly show much about the relationship of schooling to unemployment, income and locality.

One traditional question has at last been eliminated. In April, Americans will not be asked whether they can read or write. For illiteracy has all but vanished from the land except among the aged.

The farm census will yield information much more detailed than ever before on mechanized agriculture, on promising new crops such as tung nuts and soy beans. Farm labor will be broken down to show the number of family workers and regular or seasonal hired hands.

To the few misguided souls who may cry "inquisition" or grumble about government "snooping," it should be said that the most searching questions were suggested not by "bureaucrats" in Washington but by the American people themselves. Of the thousands of questions proposed, only a sensible and revealing handful won a place on the wide white sheets. Cranks, faddists, selfish interests with axes to grind wanted the census to ask such

things as: "Do you own a burial plot?" "Are you a blond?" "How many miles do you travel on your vacation?" "Is your silverware plate or sterling?" Countless such questions were mercilessly rejected. The questions we shall actually be asked are so simple that they can be answered by the average housewife, who is usually the person interviewed.

An army of 120,000 enumerators, officered by 104 trained census area managers and over 2000 district supervisors, is being rapidly assembled. The language difficulties of our cosmopolitan melting pot will not slow them up; "trouble shooters" speaking Chinese or Japanese will operate on the West Coast; elsewhere there will be available others fluent in a hundred strange tongues. Armed with their maps and forms, early on April first the enumerators, tactful and conciliatory, will begin their questioning. If the housewife has a baby in the bath and a pot of vegetables burning on the stove, it is obviously not the time to call. Foot-in-the-door tactics are out. Sometimes in small communities where anybody's business is everybody's business, reluctance to give information is shown but experience proves, curiously enough, that enumerators known to their neighbors get better results on the whole than strangers brought in from outside. To educate the public, and create confidence and good will, voluntary local committees everywhere are even now pub-

licizing the purpose and importance of the census.

The roving nature of our people offers a special problem, and April eighth has been designated as the day when a great effort will be made to count our wanderers and transients, not only by a cross-check in their home towns but by descending on all the nation's hotels, trailer camps, "jungles," and hobo-laden freight trains.

There will be other complications: the very old are inclined to overstate, and the middle-aged to understate, their age — sometimes preposterously. Others really do not know when they were born, or where. And every day, as the enumerators make their rounds, the stork flies in at 6000 windows, and 4000 souls depart. Curiously, those who die in April will be counted, while those who are born will not — in spite of the sometimes strident insistence of proud parents — for the census is taken as of April first.

The instant the giant quiz is over, the returns are shipped to Washington for tabulation. Here a minor miracle begins, as uncanny electrical machines, guided by the nimble fingers of 4000 operators, reduce mountains of data to little holes punched on cards. The cards, after being checked by verification machines with a most inhuman capacity for detecting error, are fed into batteries of sorting machines, which can be worked in various combinations by plugging in lines much as

on a telephone switchboard. Does someone want to know the number of turkeys in each of 3000 counties, or the number of married plasterers in St. Paul? Just set the machines, and the last plasterer or turkey will in time emerge.

The sorted cards are then put on tabulating machines, the latest models of which, developed in the Bureau's experimental laboratory, add dozens of columns of figures simultaneously. As a matter of fact, the tabulating machine now used by business and statistical organizations grew out of census needs and was invented by an employe of the Bureau. It took seven years to tabulate the census of 1880. This year we shall better the record of 1930, when cities of 5000 or more had their returns immediately, the states had theirs within seven weeks, and the preliminary total for the United States was published in little more than three months.

Though a marvel of organization, the 1940 census depends for its success on the truthfulness and co-operation of those to whom the questions are put. The law forbids use of our answers for anything but impersonal statistical totals; disclosure of information about individuals is forbidden under heavy penalties. So we can talk freely. And we'd better, for Uncle Sam can fine or imprison any one of us who refuses to answer or does so falsely. Fortunately, such extreme measures have never been necessary.

Harbor Pilot

Condensed from Metropolis

Lloyd Morris

BY LAW, all vessels, whether of American or foreign registry, which engage in overseas trade must be piloted in and out of American ports. But the pilot who clambers up the swinging rope ladder to "take over" the ship and thread it through the harbor is not a federal, state, or municipal official. He is a private individual, carrying no badge of authority other than his license and a card of membership in the local pilots' association.

These powerful associations, resembling medieval trade guilds, have a virtual monopoly. Because they own the pilot boats and training ships, they effectively control the approaches to a pilot's license. The boy who wishes to become a pilot must register with his local association before he is 18. He must be vouched for by a pilot in good standing, and every step of his progress toward the coveted "papers" is supervised by the association.

Up to 1895, pilotage was a ruthlessly competitive, free-for-all venture. Five or six pilots usually joined in ownership of a small schooner. Thirty such schooners scrambled for shipping bound to New York,

cruising far out to sea. Hot races and fearless seamanship were necessary to "speak" a ship and take it into port. When that period of fierce rivalry ended, 34 pilot boats had been lost at sea, 54 pilots had met violent deaths. Shipping interests and marine insurance companies then encouraged the formation of pilots' associations to regulate and improve the service.

Pilotage fees, fixed by statute, are based upon the draft of vessels. The *Queen Mary* pays about \$185 to enter New York Harbor; a small cargo ship pays \$33.36 for the same service. Each pays a flat \$10 more in winter. But it makes no difference to the pilot's income whether he is assigned to a giant liner or a tiny tramp. The pilots, in rotation, take ships as they come. All fees are pooled, and the "cut" of each pilot depends solely upon the number of days he has reported for work. A New York pilot is his own boss, privileged to report as often as he chooses. In practice, the men work steadily and their income is said to average between \$5000 and \$6000 a year.

Los Angeles is an exception to

the prevailing system of pilotage as private enterprise, the ten pilots of that port being employed by the municipality on monthly salary.

Licenses are issued not by the pilots' associations but by the state, and pilots are subject to suspension or dismissal for negligence, incapacity, intoxication while on duty, refusal without satisfactory reason to take charge of a vessel when requested, and leaving a vessel without the consent of its master.

To serve the 93,000 vessels which enter the Port of New York annually, 99 New York and New Jersey pilots are on call, mostly middle-aged or elderly men, lean, bronzed, far-sighted, taciturn. They bear the courtesy title of "Captain." Reporting at the association's office on the lower tip of Manhattan, they are assigned to outgoing vessels. At Ambrose Light that job is finished, and a yawl manned by two apprentices takes the pilot to one of the pilot ships. If heavy seas prevent transfer to a yawl, the pilot may be carried across the ocean, though that is rare nowadays.

The two pilot ships off Sandy Hook are sturdy craft, measuring some 175 feet, built to stand any weather. They are comfortably fitted with bunks, baths and kitchen, since some of the pilots may have to stay on board 24 hours or more before their turn comes to take an incoming vessel.

The pilot ships, too, serve as training ground for apprentices. It

takes twice as long to become a full-fledged harbor pilot as to become an M.D. One must be a navigator, an engineer, a meteorologist, a practical seaman and a manual of information about the harbor. The Sandy Hook Pilots' Association has nearly a hundred applicants on its waiting list. Not more than 16 are in training at any one time. Fifty percent must be native-born; all must be citizens at least 18 years of age. Especially important among the qualifications are perfect vision, color sense, and hearing.

Promotion is slow. Apprentices must have completed three years' service as "seamen in training," and must serve at least three years as "boatkeeper." Usually they wait one to five years more for examinations to become deputy pilots — of which there are three grades. The lowest is restricted to handling vessels of 18-foot draft and under; the second, to 24-foot draft; top grade, 32-foot. It takes seven years to pass through the three grades and become eligible for a full pilot license. Before gaining the right to handle a *Queen Mary*, a man will have spent at least 15 years aboard pilot boats.

Only once has the ironclad rule of the New York pilots been challenged. The old *Leviathan* drew 40 feet, 6 inches, heavy laden. At low water, the channel was just deep enough for her to scrape through. Piloting her at any time was a ticklish business. During the World War, when she was a troop trans-

port, she was always taken in and out by W. S. McLaughlin, a member of the association who had been designated by the Navy as its own pilot. When she was converted into a luxury liner, the pilots went back to the rotation system, and in 1923, a pilot put her on a mudbank from which a swarm of tugs extricated her only after 20 hours of work.

Sometime later, when H. A. Cunningham, her old wartime skipper, again took command of the great ship, he remembered the incident and demanded that McLaughlin always be assigned to pilot the *Leviathan*. The pilots' association refused, insisted the *Leviathan* must take the pilot whose name was at top of the call board when she hove in sight. Whereupon Commodore Cunningham piloted the *Leviathan* in and out of the harbor himself half a dozen times. The row ended in compromise; the pilots' association designated some 37 members out of its 100 as eligible to take the ship. That saved face. In practice, it worked out that Commodore Cunningham almost invariably got McLaughlin. Incidentally, because of a New York State Law, the ship had to pay the pilotage fee even when Cunningham refused a pilot.

Most harbors are fairly open roads with channels plainly marked. Why, then, are pilots necessary? Because shoals shift, submerged dangers to navigation vary almost daily, and fog, storm and ice create additional and sudden hazards. Even

on a clear day, heavy traffic creates situations which many a skipper, used as he is to open seas and broad horizons, might not be able to meet.

A pilot, however, is so familiar with his harbor that he almost could take a ship in or out blindfolded. During the World War all markings were removed from the channels, but the pilots took 22,000 ships safely through New York Harbor alone. A few years ago a tramp steamer was going out loaded with powdered pitch, the dust of which produces acid in unprotected eyes. A blazing sun, beating down on the ice-clogged harbor, threw up a bewildering glare. This combination of acid and glare blinded the pilot, but despite agonizing pain and failing vision he brought the steamer safely to Ambrose Light. There he had to be guided down the ship's ladder to the waiting yawl, where he collapsed. After months of treatment, his sight was partially regained, but since regulations require perfect vision he had to resign and begin life again in a new kind of work. He became a sandhog.

A pilot once ran an incoming ship onto a submerged rock and ripped the bottom out. But a court of claims adjudged that it wasn't the pilot's fault. The rock had never been charted. None of the old harbor salts knew it was there, and only good luck had prevented ships from ramming it before.

Occasionally a skipper gets through

without pilotage. One dark, dirty night a British cargo boat was ready to leave Baltimore. The pilot refused to take her out before daylight, considering it a needless risk, so the commander sailed without a pilot. After the cargo was discharged in London, the ship's engineer started pumping out the ballast tanks. He pumped for 24 hours, but the tanks remained full. In drydock it was found that the ship had several holes in her bottom and had been floating on her tanktops. The skipper recalled that she had "scratched gravel" in Baltimore Harbor; actually he had run over a submerged shoal, and it was pure luck that his tanktops had held.

Aside from routine duties, pilots perform a variety of services. Stowaways discovered on outbound vessels are brought back by the pilot. About once every six months some individual turns up who hasn't heard

the cry, "All ashore that's going ashore!" The pilot slaps a lifebelt on him and bundles him down the rope ladder, thence to the pilot boat to await an incoming vessel. Life-saving is another incidental service; when the *Fort Victoria* was sunk off Sandy Hook in a fog, pilot boats rescued 400 passengers and crew.

These grizzled pilots, who in the snug smoking rooms of pilot ships play pinochle to while away the waits between calls, regard risk as part of the day's work. Their profession goes back to the 14th century, when the first guild of harbor pilots was formed in England. The New York pilots formed a guild in 1694. They are proud of their traditions, proud of their own training and discipline, proud of the responsibility that every ocean-going skipper hands over when he entrusts the wheel of his vessel to their control.

In the Safe Side

NEWCOME CHARLIE's coffin plate did not have on it — as was usually required — his age. Charlie had been as particular as a woman about keeping his age to himself, and when he died his survivors disputed about it. One told the carpenter, Shandy Maguire, to put on the coffin "Aged 84," another "Aged 79," and a third somewhere between. Shandy said he would part with his one good eye before he'd tell a lie on a man going into the grave, and printed on the plate: "Aged Considerably."

— Seumas MacManus, *The Rocky Road to Dublin* (Macmillan)

Leagues of unemployed citizens in California find plenty of work to do, and share its rewards coöperatively

From Unemployed to Self-Employed

Condensed from The New Republic

Frank J. Taylor

STOUT, jovial William H. Brandenburg of Santa Monica, California, was a vaudeville trouper and film actor in the old silent days. Then he joined the ranks of the unemployed. Today he is general manager of the Unemployed Citizens League which keeps the heads of several hundred families busy and off relief.

They are in the jack-of-all-trades business. One group unloads trucks and sorts bottles in a dairy, the dairyman in return giving the League his surplus milk — 40 to 150 gallons a day — to be divided among its neediest members. Another detail goes fishing almost daily on the League's two seagoing smacks and brings back perhaps 200 pounds of fish, half of it to be distributed fresh to members, the other half to be smoked and stored for later distribution. The fresh vegetable detail sweeps up the local produce market and hauls spoiled fruit and vegetables to the city incinerator, the produce dealers giving the League each month about 90,000 pounds of surplus fruit and vegetables.

The League is in the odd-jobs

business, too. At 50 cents an hour (the money being kept by those who earn it), men split wood, rake leaves, haul leaf mold, stack boxes. The League also has provided dramatic coaches, singing teachers, violin instructors. When there isn't work elsewhere, the men chop wood at headquarters, where there is a pile of tree trunks trucked in after being cut down on city or private property. The women make quilts, repair cast-off clothing, or remodel hats.

It hadn't been merely a scarcity of jobs that hampered Brandenburg and a score of other oldsters when they founded the League seven years ago. It was their age, too. So they decided to make jobs for themselves. Their first enterprise was a garden where they grew vegetables — good ones, too. But they discovered soon that there was already a local surplus of vegetables; so they quit and instead made their deal with local produce men.

The business needed a headquarters. Noticing an abandoned branch lumberyard near the center of the city, Brandenburg obtained per-

mission to use it. The lumber company even threw in an old delivery truck, which it agreed to sell for \$40 if and when the League had \$40. The truck still is running, though the League now has two shiny new ones, and two others which are rented, the rent being paid in hauling services. Someone gave them an old fishing boat, which they reconditioned. The second fishing smack is used on shares.

Brandenburg next tackled city officials, harassed with the problem of housing and feeding indigent transients. "If you'll provide us with gas and electricity, and gasoline to run our truck," he said, "we'll open a kitchen and feed these people. We'll fix up bunkhouses, too, and shelter them."

The Mayor snapped up the offer, and it is still in force. Any transient person or family arriving by night-fall is welcome to dinner, overnight accommodation in one of the three bunkhouses, and breakfast — all free and no questions asked. Patrons who stay longer have to work, the men on the wood pile, the women in the sewing room or the kitchen.

Almost before anybody realized it, the League became a sizable business, with dozens of activities. A former automobile mechanic set up a garage in which he trained men to repair the League's trucks and members' cars — no charge. An ex-watchmaker became a Mr. Fix-It; repairing discarded radios, he sup-

plied all the bunkhouses and most of the workrooms. There is a combination barber shop and lending library, a tailor shop, and a cobbler's shop, all services free.

The League gathers junk, renovates some of it for use on the lot and sells the rest. The trucks gather tons of old newspapers, which the fish and vegetable markets and the nurseries buy at 65 cents per hundredweight. This and cordwood are the cash money end of the business. With the money such necessities as fresh meat are procured. From a local bakery, in return for janitor work, League members get monthly about 2500 pounds of day-old bread.

Last summer Brandenburg heard about some big farms that had surplus peaches, apricots, plums, pears, nectarines. He investigated and the farmers donated almost 1000 tons of good fruit, which the League's trucks hauled back to Santa Monica. There a municipal cannery, operated through WPA assistance, put the fruit into jars. One jar out of three was allotted to the League.

He made another find at Terminal Island, where the Southern California tuna and sardine fishing fleets put in with their hauls. Federal pure-food inspectors open one can in every so many hundred, to inspect the fish and see if it is properly packed. These opened cans were waste until Brandenburg arranged to have a contingent from the League empty the cans into tubs which were shoved immedi-

ately into cold storage. This gives the League about 1000 pounds of choice canned fish daily during the tuna run. Similar deals with fruit-packing plants brought in oranges, lemons, grapefruit and avocados, rejected because a California law forbids shipment outside the state of fruit with blemishes.

Active membership in the League has dwindled from a high of 1700 in the winter of 1934-35 to about 300 at the present writing. That means that the unemployed are connecting with cash jobs. It means also that there is a surplus of certain commodities over and above the League's needs. This surplus is hauled to a Los Angeles warehouse, where it serves 21 other unemployed citizens leagues similar to Santa Monica's, all in the Los Angeles area, notably those at Compton, Southgate, and Huntington Park. Some of them are as old and well established, but Santa Monica's handles the most business.

Pat May, former maritime labor union leader who launched the Huntington Park League seven years ago, soon discovered that most leagues had surpluses of some one product. Santa Monica often had too much fish. Another league had more vegetables than its members could eat. Some in the citrus belt were surfeited with oranges. Glendale, "the professional unit," turned out a surplus of rugs, bedspreads and sofas. May proposed that surpluses be brought to a cen-

tral place in Los Angeles where they could swap commodities, and he got the unsalaried job of running "the Central," known as the Unemployed Coöperative Distribution Association.

The Central is big enough to handle deals that no local league can swing; for instance, one with the gas company whereby old stoves turned in by purchasers of new equipment are salvaged, with the understanding that they are to be given away to the needy and never sold. Another deal with a miller brings in several tons of flour monthly. May has a "second-hand" sugar deal — the sugar isn't damaged, just the packages. Also an arrangement at a soap factory for odds and ends from the cutting machines. Another time he was offered 1800 tons of oranges and grapefruit, and still another time 1500 tons of pears. All this food was salvaged and distributed, either fresh or canned, among 9000 families.

The managers have worked out identical rules for conduct of the 22 leagues. Every member works a minimum of 60 hours a month, more if he or she feels like it. Most of them want to work more.

"Does the man who works five days a week get more food than the man who works two days?" I asked May.

"Not unless he's a bigger eater, or unless he has more mouths to feed," he replied. "The basis of

work is willingness. The basis of distribution is need."

The fascinating feature is the enthusiasm and contentment of the members. Nobody leans on his

shovel, and a man sawing wood saws as if he meant it. Everybody has a feeling he is doing something to keep not only himself but others off relief.



History Lesson

George Malcolm Thomson *in* the London Daily Express

A DICTATOR came to power in his adopted country through a great revolution. He had delighted to call himself "corporal." Now he withdrew into majestic seclusion. His companions, ruthless men who had gathered round him as he marched upward, blossomed out in splendid uniforms. But he trusted none of his subordinates.

The dictator carried out vast projects: he transformed the law; he constructed a network of splendid roads and rebuilt his own capital; he set his scientists to inventing substitute materials; he signed pacts and tore them up; he built up a powerful army and reshaped the map of Europe by a series of swift aggressions. When the Spanish government annoyed him he changed it by military intervention, giving the excuse that Spain was falling into anarchy. He practiced political kidnapping, stooped to political assassination in a foreign land. He ruled his own land through efficient secret police.

He roused the alarm of Britain. Yet when Britain went to war he continued eloquently to protest his desire for peace. In a final interview with the British Ambassador, the dictator burst out: "The British want war. If they are the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to lay it down. They shall be responsible to all Europe!"

Then the dictator met the Russian ruler, who said: "I shall be your second against Britain." "In that case," replied the dictator, "everything can be arranged."

Russia wanted Finland — and took it. But the dictator and the Russians were uneasy allies. The dictator wanted to reach the Black Sea, and the Russians stood against him. At last all nations of Europe rose against him. The Allies told the dictator's country that they wished her no ill, that they fought against *him* alone. In one last fight an end was put to the dictator's power.

His name? Napoleon.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR


by Carl Sandburg



Carl Sandburg's life of Lincoln has been widely praised as the finest biography of recent years. "It is a narrative which for decades will be a hearten all believers in democracy," says Allan Nevins.

What follows is from the final episodes of Sandburg's great work. In words now swiftly dramatic, now poetically eloquent, it deals with the last tragic day in Lincoln's life.

The Calendar Says Good Friday

 IN THE CALENDAR it was Holy Week and April the 14th was Good Friday. Five days before, Lee had surrendered to Grant. The war was over. Some were to say they had never before seen such a shine of beneficence, such a kindling glow, on Lincoln's face. He was 30 pounds underweight, his cheeks haggard, yet the inside of him moved to a music of peace on earth and good will to men.

The schedule for this day seemed much the same as scores of other days at the White House: office business till eight o'clock, breakfast and interviews till the Cabinet meeting at eleven; luncheon, more interviews, a late afternoon drive with Mrs. Lincoln and a small theater party in the evening. Such was the prepared docket for Good Friday.

The city of Washington was gay. Flags and bunting flew across streets and up and down building fronts in riots of red-white-and-blue. Win-

dow illuminations, fireworks, impromptu processions with brass bands and serenades, had kept going all the night before. Churchgoers filled the pews, hearing Good Friday sermons of the Prince of Peace having brought unutterable blessings to the country.

The distinctive national event planned for this day took place at Charleston, South Carolina. With formal ceremonies and amid thundering guns, the flag was again raised over Fort Sumter, four years and one day after it had been shot away in the first action of the war. Henry Ward Beecher spoke, offering to the President of the United States "our solemn congratulations that God has sustained his life and health under the unparalleled burdens of four bloody years, and permitted him to behold that national unity for which he has so labored." Psalms of thanksgiving were read, the assemblage intoning: "The Lord hath

done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

General Grant had arrived in Washington from the front, heard shouts of welcome, and in trying to walk from his hotel to the War Department had to call on the police to make a path through the cheering throngs.

The Presidential theater party for that evening was planned by Mrs. Lincoln. A third-rate drama, *Our American Cousin*, which the star Laura Keane had carried to popularity, was showing at Ford's Theater. Lincoln was disinclined to go, but Mrs. Lincoln had set her heart on it. On his suggestion she invited General and Mrs. Grant to join their party — and General Grant accepted.

Later, however, Grant changed his mind about going. Mrs. Grant, in all probability, had told the General that she would enjoy accommodating the President, but that she could not endure an evening with Mrs. Lincoln, who had recently offended her with a sudden outburst of temper. So he declined, on the excuse of leaving to see his children in New Jersey.

Moreover, Secretary of War Stanton had urged both Lincoln and Grant not to go. He had heard, from his secret-service agents, of threats and conspiracies that would make it unsafe for the two eminent leaders to appear before a large crowd that might contain "evil-disposed persons."

An Ominous Dream

STANTON was taking the same course he had continuously held for more than three years. Against Lincoln's open wishes he had at times thrown cavalry, foot guards, and plain-clothes attendants around the President. He and Marshal Ward Hill Lamon, Lincoln's intimate friend, were the two men who most often warned Lincoln about his personal safety.

A few days previously, Lincoln had sent Lamon to Richmond on government business. Before leaving, Lamon urged Secretary of the Interior Usher to persuade Lincoln to go out as little as possible while he was away. They decided to call on Lincoln together. Lamon asked the President to promise that he would not go out after nightfall, and particularly not to go to the theater.

Lincoln turned and said, "Usher, this boy is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety."

Usher replied, "Mr. Lincoln, it is well to heed Lamon. He has opportunities to know more about such matters than we can."

"Well," said Lincoln, "I promise to do the best I can." Then, giving Lamon a warm handshake: "Good-bye, God bless you, Hill!"

Lamon, as he rode to Richmond, took no ease about this matter — even less than ever because of a dream Lincoln had told him. Lincoln, he knew, had felt earlier pre-

monitions. More than once the President had spoken to him of the double image he had seen in 1860, in a looking-glass. One face held glow of life and breath, the other shone ghostly white. "That the mystery had its meaning was clear enough to him: the lifelike image betokened a safe passage through his first term as President; the ghostly one, that death would overtake him before the close of the second."

Sternly practical and strictly logical man that Lincoln was, he nevertheless believed in dreams having validity. According to Lamon, Lincoln held that any dream had a meaning if you could follow it through the preposterous tricks and vagaries of the human mind. And what Lamon thought about Lincoln had value, for with no other man did Lincoln seem to speak himself more easily and naturally. No one else plucked a banjo for Lincoln or answered to the wish, "Sing me a sad little song," in a concert for those two alone. No one else came nearer being a "boon companion." And Lamon said: "He always believed that he would fall, at the height of his career, by the hand of an assassin."

The dream that came to Lincoln this second week of April 1865, Lamon wrote, was "the most startling incident" that had ever come to the man. One evening at the White House, with Mrs. Lincoln, Lamon, and one or two others present, he told of it.

"About ten days ago," said he, "I retired very late, and soon began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight. It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer; 'he was killed by an assassin!' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

ON TWO OCCASIONS since he had become President, Lincoln had been fired on by would-be assassins. The first of these occurred in the summer of '63. At that time, Lincoln had been daily riding the three miles between the White House and

the Soldiers' Home, where the family lived through the hot-weather months. One morning, as Lincoln came riding up to the White House, he met Lamon. "I have something to tell you," he said. They went to the President's office, locked the doors, and sat down.

Lamon later wrote down the talk which followed. Lincoln began: "You know I have always thought you an idiot for your apprehensions of my personal danger. Well, just now I don't know what to think.

"Last night, about 11 o'clock, I went out to the Soldiers' Home alone, riding Old Abe. When I arrived at the entrance of the Home grounds, I was jogging along, immersed in thought, when suddenly I was aroused by the report of a rifle, seemingly not 50 yards away. My erratic namesake, with one bound, separated me from my eight-dollar plug hat, and at breakneck speed we arrived in a haven of safety. I tell you there is no time on record equal to that made by the two Old Abes on that occasion.

"Personally," he went on, "I can't believe that anyone would deliberately shoot to kill me; though I must acknowledge that this fellow's bullet whistled uncomfortably close to these headquarters of mine."

This was said with much seriousness. He then assumed a playful manner: "I can truthfully say that one of the Abes was frightened, but modesty forbids my mentioning which. No good can result from giv-

ing this thing publicity. Moreover, I do not want it understood that I share your apprehensions. I never have."

The next affair was in mid-August of '64. John W. Nichols, a guard at the Soldiers' Home grounds, heard a rifle shot one night about 11 o'clock and presently a horse came dashing up, bearing the President, bareheaded. "Pretty near got away with me, didn't he?" said the President. "He got the bit in his teeth." To Nichols's query about his hat the President answered that somebody had fired a gun, his horse had become scared and had jerked his hat off.

Nichols found the hat, examined it, and discovered a bullet hole through the crown. When this was called to Lincoln's attention he "made some humorous remark, and added that he wished nothing said about the matter."

This made twice that Lincoln lost his hat while riding. Lamon's continuous warnings went unheeded. Finally, in exasperation, Lamon had sent Lincoln a letter, resigning his office as marshal. Lincoln would not accept it. In this Lamon wrote: "Tonight, as you have done on several previous occasions, you went unattended to the theater. When I say unattended, I mean you went alone with Charles Sumner and a foreign minister, neither of whom could defend himself against assault from any able-bodied woman in this city. And you know, or ought

to, that your life is sought after, and will be taken unless you and your friends are cautious."

Though warned that he was making himself too easy a target, to the theater Lincoln continued to go. Alone often, yet again with varied companions, perhaps a hundred times since coming to Washington. To an interviewer, Lincoln once said: "I go simply because I must have change. I laugh because I must not weep; that's all."

Walking over to the War Department late this afternoon of April 14, Lincoln mentioned the matter of possible harm to come to him. According to the White House guard, W. H. Crook, who accompanied him, Lincoln said, "Crook, do you know, I believe there are men who want to take my life?" And after a pause, half to himself, "And I have no doubt they will do it."

"I hope you are mistaken, Mr. President," offered Crook. And after a few paces in silence, Lincoln said: "I have perfect confidence in every one of you men. I know no one could do it and escape alive. But if it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

Upon their return to the White House door, Lincoln said, "Good-bye, Crook."

Crook was puzzled. Until then it had always been "Good-night, Crook."

IN THE CARRIAGE into which the President and his wife stepped that evening were Major Henry R.

Rathbone and his fiancée, Miss Clara Harris. Rathbone was 28 years old, of a well-to-do Albany family, a major of volunteers and a trusted War Office attaché. His sweetheart was the daughter of Judge Ira Harris, a United States Senator from New York.

The bodyguard in whose line of duty it fell to be with the President this evening was John F. Parker. He was one of four officers detailed from the police force of the city to guard the President. He was 35 years old, had been a carpenter in Washington, enlisted in the army as a three-months man, in '61 joining the city police force. He had a wife and three children. In '62 the Police Board found he had been profane and insolent to a citizen and had used "disrespectful" language to a superior. In '63 he was tried on charges of being asleep on a street-car when he should have been patrolling his beat; and of conduct unbecoming an officer through five drunken weeks of residence in a house of prostitution. But the Board took no action.

How Parker found his way into the White House to begin with was not clear. However, when he was drafted for army service, Mrs. Lincoln had written to the Provost Marshal "that John F. Parker . . . has been detailed for duty at the Executive Mansion by order of Mrs. Lincoln."

This was the drab, muddle-headed wanderer who was to have a role

this evening of April 14, enacting the part of a strange cipher. For this night he would distinguish himself as the world's foremost vacant-minded Naught. He had eyes to see not, ears to hear not — and political pull.

Blood on the Moon

COLD, RAW WEATHER met those who stepped forth on the evening of this April 14. A ceiling of clouds hung low, mist and fog held the streets, and occasional showers had put a chill and a pervasive damp in the air. Away from the street-corner gas lamps, walking men became blurred humps.

The carriage left the White House with its four occupants, with the coachman Francis Burns holding the reins, and alongside him the footman Charles Forbes. Burns spoke to the horses. They moved off. No circumstance delayed or hindered. No telegram of commanding importance suddenly found itself in the President's hands. Nothing happened to cancel the theater date of the evening. Out of the gates they drove.

From the carriage window Lincoln had a final casual glance at the White House where he had lived four years and 41 days. Before they turned one corner, by leaning forward he could see the mystic capitol dome in a haze of light, a floating midair symbol of the Union of States.

AT FORD'S THEATER, the play had already begun. The guard Parker was at hand. The party walked into the theater about nine o'clock. An usher led them to their box. The players interrupted their lines while the audience applauded, and the President nodded his acknowledgments. The play proceeds.

Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, seated toward the front of the box, are in full view of the audience. Mrs. Lincoln is seated farther back, and the President, slouched in a roomy haircloth rocking chair, is at the rear of the box, hidden from the audience by a curtain. Lincoln is in sight of only his chosen companions, the actors, and the few people who may be offstage to the left.

This privacy however is not so complete as it seems. The box has two doors, and one, a few feet behind the President, is unlocked. In this door is a small hole, bored by an Outsider that afternoon to serve as a peephole. This door opens on a narrow hallway that leads to another door opening on the balcony of the theater.

Through these two doors the Outsider must pass in order to enter the President's box. Close to the door connecting with the balcony, two inches of plaster have been cut from the wall. The intention of the Outsider is to place a bar in this niche and brace the door against intruders.

It is the assigned duty of John F.

Parker to guard these doors constantly. A careful man on this duty would probably have noticed the gimlet hole, the newly made wall niche, and been doubly watchful. If Lincoln believes what he told Crook that afternoon, that he trusted the men assigned to guard him, he believes that Parker, with his revolver, in steady fidelity is just outside the door.

IN SUCH A TRUST, Lincoln is mistaken. Whatever dim fog of thought or duty may move John F. Parker in his best moments is not operating tonight. His life habit of never letting trouble trouble him is on him this night. He has always got along somehow. He can always find good liquor and bad women. You take your fun as you find it. He can never be a somebody, so he will enjoy himself as a nobody — though he can't imagine how perfect a cipher one John F. Parker may appear as the result of one slack easygoing hour.

"The guard," wrote the faithful Crook later, "took his position at the rear of the box, close to an entrance. His orders were to stand there, fully armed, and to protect the President at all hazards. From the spot where he was thus stationed, he could not see the actors; but he could hear their words, and became so interested in them that he quietly deserted his post, and walking down the dimly lighted side aisle, took a seat."

Either between acts or at some time when the play was not lively enough to suit him, or because of an urge for a pony of whisky, John F. Parker leaves his seat in the balcony, goes outside and down the street for a little whiff of liquor, inviting the President's coachman and footman to come along.

Thus circumstance favors the lurking and vigilant Outsider.

BETWEEN 11 and 12 o'clock of Good Friday morning the handsome, erratic, fiery young actor, John Wilkes Booth, comes to Ford's Theater for his mail, hears that a messenger from the White House has engaged a box for the President that evening. For months Booth and his accomplices have been plotting against Lincoln's life. The time has come. He hopes not merely to remove a government head whom he believes in his crazed mind to be responsible for all the woes of his beloved South, but to realize the wild frenzy of killing a man he detests as a plebeian mongrel. He goes into action. At four o'clock in the afternoon he returns to the empty Ford's Theater, sees the rocking chair in the corner of the President's box. Booth inspects locks, bores a hole through the box door, digs a niche in the plastered brick wall for the insertion of a bat to hold against the hallway door.

At seven in the evening Booth leaves his room at the National Hotel for the last time. In passing

he asks the hotel clerk if he is going to Ford's Theater this evening. The clerk hadn't thought about it. "There will be some fine acting there to-night," says Booth, and he moves on — there is work to do. Booth hurries on to see his accomplice Paine. They arrange their timing: at the same hour and minute of the clock, Paine is to go to the house of Seward and kill the Secretary of State and Booth to kill the President. A third accomplice, Atzerodt, is to kill Vice-President Johnson. But Atzerodt begs off. He has not enlisted for killing. Booth storms at him and curses him for a coward and a traitor. Atzerodt finally drifts away, never to see Booth again — a muddled and woe-struck wanderer, one of the only three men in the world who could have told the police beforehand of Booth's intentions at Ford's Theater that night.

At a stable near Ford's and close to ten o'clock, Paine and Booth part, Booth to go to Ford's, Paine to ride to the Seward house.

The play is more than half over when Booth enters Ford's Theater. He walks past the doorkeeper with a pleasant smile and "You'll not want a ticket from *me?*," asks the time, and is pointed to a clock in the lobby. "Ten minutes past ten." Booth opens a door into the parquet, notes the presidential box. He has seen *Our American Cousin* played and has calculated to fine points the strategic moment for his deed. Soon to come is that moment when only

one actor will be on the stage. A laugh from the audience usually follows the exit of two ladies, a loud enough laugh perhaps to smother any unusual noises in a box.

Booth goes up the stairs leading to the dress circle, picks his way among chairs behind an outer row of seats, reaches the door of the passageway to the Presidential box.

AND the next scene? The next scene is to crash and blare and flare as one of the wildest, one of the most inconceivably fateful and chaotic, that ever stunned and shocked a world that heard the story.

The moment of high fate was not seen by the theater audience. Only one man saw that moment. He was the Outsider. He had come through the outer door into the little hallway, fastened the strong bar into the two-inch niche in the brick wall, and braced it against the door panel. He had moved softly to the box door and, through the little hole he had gimleted that afternoon, had studied the occupants and his Human Target seated in a rocking armchair. Softly he had opened the door and stepped toward his prey, in his right hand a little vest-pocket one-shot brass derringer pistol, in his left hand a steel dagger.

He was cool and precise and timed his every move. He raised the derringer, lengthened his right arm, ran his eye along the barrel in a line with the head of his victim less than

five feet away — and pulled the trigger.

A lead ball somewhat less than a half-inch in diameter crashed into the left side of the head of the Human Target, three inches behind the left ear. For Abraham Lincoln it was lights out, good-night, and a long farewell to the good earth and its trees, its enjoyable companions, and the Union of States and the world Family of Man he had loved. He was to linger in dying. But the living man could never again speak nor see nor hear nor awaken into conscious being.

OF THIS the audience knows nothing.

Major Rathbone leaps from his chair. Rushing at him with a knife is a strange human creature, terribly alive, a lithe wild animal, a tiger for speed, a wildcat of a man, bareheaded, raven-haired — a smooth sinister face with glaring eyeballs. He stabs straight at the heart of Rathbone, a fast and ugly lunge. Rathbone parries with his upper right arm, which gets a deep slash; he reels back. The tigerish stranger mounts the box railing.

The audience wonders whether something unusual is happening — or is it part of the play?

From the box railing the Strange Man leaps, a ten-foot fall. His leap is slightly interrupted. On this slight interruption the Strange Man in his fine calculations had not figured. A draped Union flag tangles itself

in a spur of one riding boot. He falls to the stage, breaking his left shin-bone. Of what he has done the audience as yet knows nothing. They see him rush across the stage and vanish. Some have heard Rathbone's cry "Stop that man!" Booth dashes to a door opening on an alley. There stands a fast bay horse, a slow-witted chore boy nicknamed John Peanuts holding the reins. He kicks the boy and mounts; hoofs on the cobblestones are heard. In all, it is maybe 60 or 70 seconds since he loosed the one shot of his brass derringer.

Whether the Strange Man paused a moment and shouted a dramatic line of speech, there was disagreement afterward. Some say he ran off at once. Others say he faced the audience a moment, and shouted the State motto of Virginia, the slogan of Brutus as he stabbed Caesar: "*Sic semper tyrannis*" — "Thus be it ever to tyrants."

Others believed they heard him shriek: "The South is avenged!"

Some said the lights went out in the theater. Others a thousand miles from the theater said they saw the moon come out from behind clouds blood-red. It was a night of many eyewitnesses, shaken and moaning eyewitnesses.

THE AUDIENCE is up. Panic is in the air. "What is it? What has happened?" "For God's sake, what has happened?" A woman's scream pierces the air. Some say it was Mrs.!

Lincoln. "He has shot the President!" Men are swarming up over the gas-jet footlights onto the stage. The aisles fill with people not sure where to go.

Mrs. Lincoln has turned from the railing where she saw the wild-eyed man vanish off the stage, sees her husband in the rocking chair, his head slumped forward. With little moaning cries she springs toward him. Major Rathbone has shouted for a surgeon, has run into the hallway, and with one arm bleeding and burning with pain he fumbles to unfasten the bar between wall and door panel. An usher from the outside tries to help him. They get the bar loose. Back of the usher is a jam of people. He holds them back, allowing only one man to enter the box.

This is 23-year-old Charles A. Leale, assistant surgeon, United States Volunteers.

Mrs. Lincoln cries piteously: "Oh, Doctor! Is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Oh, my dear husband, my dear husband!" He soothes her a little, telling her he will do all that can possibly be done.

The body in the chair seems to be that of a dead man, eyes closed, no certainty it is breathing. Dr. Leale with help from others lifts the body and places it on the floor. He holds the head and shoulders while doing this, his hand meeting a clot of blood near the left shoulder. Dr. Leale recalls seeing a dagger flashed

by the assassin on the stage and now supposes the President has a stab wound. He has the coat and shirt slit open, but finds no wounds. He lifts the eyelids and sees evidence of a brain injury. He rapidly passes his fingers through the blood-matted hair, finding a wound and removing a clot of blood, which relieves the pressure on the brain and brings shallow breathing and a weak pulse.

As Dr. Leale told it later: "I saw that instant death would not occur. I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: 'His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover.'"

MR. LEALE asks that the President be moved to the nearest house. Several ask if he cannot be taken to the White House. Dr. Leale replies, "The President would die before we reached there."

Four soldiers lift the body by the trunk and legs. Two more doctors have arrived. One carries the right shoulder, one the left, Dr. Leale the head. They come to the door of the box. The passageway is packed with people. A captain goes into action with troopers. They show muskets, bayonets, sabers. "Clear out!" rings the repeated order. "Clear out!" they cry to the curiosity-seekers.

Then the solemn little group with their precious freight carried head-first moves slowly through a space lined by protecting soldiers.

Overhead is night sky. Clouds of dark gray unroll and show a blazing white moon, and roll over it again.

On the street, humanity swirls and wonders and wants to know. "Is that the President they are carrying?" "Is it true that he was shot?" "Oh, God, it can't be true!"

Across the front of Ford's Theater a crowd is massed. Leale asks the captain to clear a passage to the nearest house opposite. A barrier of men forms to keep back the crowds. Now comes the report that this house is closed. At the next house, No. 453 Tenth Street, Dr. Leale sees a man standing at the door with a lighted candle, beckoning them to come in.

There they laid their stricken Friend of Man in the rented room of William Clark, a boarder in the house of William Peterson — on a plain wooden bed — at about 10:45 o'clock, less than a half-hour after the moment the trigger of the little vest-pocket derringer was pulled.

The bed is too short, and causes the knees to be elevated. Leale, troubled, orders the foot of the bed removed. This it seems cannot be done. Leale then has the body moved so it lies diagonally across the bed. Propped with extra pillows, the body is gently slanted with a rest for head and shoulders, finally in a position of repose.

NOW THERE IS waiting for the end to come. The end may be kept off a little by continuous re-

moval of the blood clot at the wound opening. Aside from this the surgeons count the pulse and respiration — and wait helpless before iron circumstance.

The room is 15 feet long by 9 wide. A Brussels carpet is on the floor. Around are a few chairs, a plain bureau, a small wood stove, a washstand with pitcher and bowl. Outdoors the vagrant white moon is lost behind a cold gray sky, an even monotone of sky.

Robert Lincoln arrives with John Hay, private secretary to the President. Robert is told there is no hope. The tears run down his face. After a time he recovers and does his best during the night at comforting his mother.

At intervals Mrs. Lincoln is notified she may visit her husband. Once she cried to him, "Live! You must live!" and again, "Bring Tad — he will speak to Tad — he loves him so." But it was not considered advisable to allow the little boy to see his stricken father.

One by one the Cabinet members arrived till all were in the house except Secretary of State Seward. As he lay in bed in his home that night, recovering from a carriage accident, Seward had been attacked by Booth's associate, Paine, and had been stabbed almost to death before the Secretary's two sons and a soldier-nurse could beat off his assailant. Vice-President Andrew Johnson came for a brief visit. He also had been picked by Booth for

assassination this night, but Atzerodt had faltered.

As daylight began to slant through the windows, it became evident the President was sinking. A little before seven Secretary of the Navy Welles went into the room where a warm Friend of Man was going cold, moving into the final chill that all men at the last must know. "His wife made her last visit to him. The death-struggle had begun. Robert, his son, stood with several others at the head of the bed. He bore himself well, but on two occasions gave way to overpowering grief."

The last heartbeat flickered at 22 minutes and 10 seconds past 7 a.m. on Saturday, April 15, 1865.

The Pale Horse had come. To a deep river, to a far country, to a by-and-by whence no man returns, had gone the child of Nancy Hanks and Tom Lincoln, the wilderness boy who found far lights and tall rainbows to live by, whose name even before he died had become a legend interwoven with men's struggle for freedom the world over.

The widow was told. She came in and threw herself with uncontrollable moaning on the dead body. . . . When later she went away the cry broke from her, "O my God, and I have given my husband to die!" Over the drawn face Dr. Leale moved a smoothing hand, took two coins from his pocket, placed them over the eyelids, and drew a white sheet over the face.

Over the worn features had come, wrote John Hay, "a look of unspeakable peace."

Stanton, it was said afterward, pronounced the words, since become legendary: "Now he belongs to the ages."

THE ESCAPED J. Wilkes Booth in his flight south, where he hoped to find sanctuary with Confederate loyalists who would hail and exalt him, found that his deed was not appreciated as he had expected. He heard and read of a feeling deep over the South that he had wronged her. Instead of a tyrant-slayer, the assassin was the murderer of a good friend of the South.

On the morning of April 26, hunted like a wild beast and cornered like a rat, Booth met his end. Near Bowling Green, Virginia, in a burning barn set afire from the outside, a bullet drove through his neck bone, and he was dragged away from reaching flames and laid under a tree. Water was given him. He revived, to murmur from parched lips, "Tell my mother — I died — for my country." He was carried to a house veranda, there muttering, "I thought I did for the best." He lingered for a time. A doctor came. Wilkes Booth asked that his hands might be raised so that he could look at them. So it was told. And as he looked on his hands, he mumbled hoarsely, "Useless! Useless!" And those were his last words.

And the one man — John F.

Parker — whose sworn duty it was to have intercepted the assassin? There were charges brought against him for his laxity. But there was no trial on these charges, and it was not till three years later that Parker was to be dishonorably dismissed from the police force for sleeping on his beat.

How did Parker take the news of Lincoln's assassination? It awoke some lethargy in his bones. Probably all night long he wandered half-dazed over the streets of Washington, stopping in saloons, gathering the news, wondering, bothering his head about what explanations he could make. At six o'clock in the morning, he brought to headquarters a woman of the streets he had arrested, her name Lizzie Williams. Parker had decided he would make it a matter of record that early in the morning he was on the job. So he brings in a forlorn, bedraggled streetwalker — against whom he proved no case, and Lizzie Williams was promptly discharged.

Neither Stanton nor any member of Congress nor any newspaper, nor any accustomed guardian of public welfare, took any but momentary interest in this guard sworn to a sacred duty, a more curious derelict than any shot by a firing squad for desertion or cowardice.

The Shock—A Stricken People

THE NORTH, which had now established a Union of States, was

in grief. Everywhere the eye might turn hung signs of this grief.

The talk in the streets, houses, saloons, railroad cars and street-cars, the black bunting and the crape — these were attempts to say something that could not be said.

Men tried to talk about it and words failed and they came back to silence. To say nothing was best.

Lincoln was dead.

Was there anything more to say?

Yes, they would go through the motions of grief and take their part in a national funeral and a ceremony of humiliation and abasement and tears. But words were no help.

Lincoln was dead.

Nothing more than that could be said.

He was gone.

He would never again speak to the American people.

A great friend of man had suddenly vanished.

Nothing could be done about it.

Silence, grief, and quiet resolves, these only were left for those who admired and loved and felt themselves close to a living presence that was one of them.

When they said "It is terrible" or "God help us" it was not as though they were talking to others but rather as though they were moaning to themselves and knowing words were no use.

Thousands on thousands would remember as long as they lived the exact place where they had been standing or seated or lying when

the news came to them, recalling precisely in detail where they were and what they were doing when the dread news arrived.

"President Lincoln is dead" or "President Lincoln is assassinated" were the four words with which so often the news was given in cities, at crossroads, on farms — four smiting words.

Hundreds of thousands there were who had been the foundation and groundwork of what he had done.

They had given what he asked.

When he called for sons, fathers, husbands, brothers, these had been given — solemnly but willingly in a faith that joined his, some for the Union of States, some for the uprooting of slavery.

These people had no words, they had only grief — sorrow beyond words.

The national flag alone didn't seem right — it belonged for this hour with a black border, or a piece of crape festooning it.

Four years now since they had seen him take his oath of office, when they wondered what he would be like as national Chief Magistrate.

And time had gone by and he had proved himself. He had managed to keep hope alive while others were ready to quit.

They knew his heart groaned over that stream of boys and men moving south and ever south for four long years, that he lived with

a multitude of phantom youths who had called him by nicknames and pet words, that he walked with death and became its familiar, that he had no fear over joining "the bivouac of the dead," that in the shadowland to which he had now crossed had gone many comrades and brave men he had commissioned and even deserters he had pardoned.

They had not heard of his murmuring to the woman who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "I shan't last long after it's over."

Amid slaughters too bloody and stupid to report to the country, amid babblings and a heavy sustained pressure of foolish counsels, he had gone on without one of the major mistakes that could have lost everything.

In a furnace and a huggermugger of blood and muck he had proved himself. He was one of them.

He was of the people, by the people, and for the people.

Week by week he had slowly become their neighbor, their close friend, the man of understanding who was worth following even when they could not be sure where he was leading.

Now Father Abraham was gone.

Old Abe — there would be no more stories about him, alive there in the White House in Washington.

President Lincoln — his announcements and proclamations, his letters and speeches — it was all finished and over.

Now there was a memory to keep.

That was left — the life he had lived — the meanings and the lights of that life.

This could not be taken away.

Neither a one-shot brass deringer nor the heaviest artillery on earth could shoot away and blot out into darkness the kept picture — the shape and tone of this tall prophet of the American dream and its hope of the Family of Man around the earth.

A Tree Is Best Measured When It's Down

ON THE SATURDAY following Good Friday thousands of sermons were laid away as of no use for Easter Sunday. A new sermon had to be written after the news arrived that the President was dead. In great stone cathedrals of the cities, in little cabin churches at country crossroads, in hospital chapels and navy ships and in outdoor army-camp services, Easter Sunday sermons memorialized the dead President.

The press from day to day gave its readers the facts as they developed. In language and feeling the news stories mourned with the readers. In black-border crape typography, in editorial comment and letters and poetical effusions, the newspapers went along with the grief of the public.

Beyond any doubt, said leading

men and journals, there never had been on earth a man whose death brought in all countries such quick, deep human interest, such genuine sorrow, such wide-flung discussion and commentary.

A paragraph in *Harper's Weekly*, captioned "Mourning in Richmond," told of sorrow even in what had so recently been enemy territory: "General Lee at first refused to hear the details of the murder. He said that when he relinquished command of the rebel forces he surrendered as much to Lincoln's goodness as to Grant's artillery. The General said he regretted Mr. Lincoln's death as much as any man in the North, and believed him to be the epitome of magnanimity and good faith."

Confederate Brigadier-General Louis Wigfall called it "the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the South." And the Confederate Major Charles F. Baker, at Cairo on his way to New Orleans for exchange, published a letter in which he wished "the vengeance of Heaven" on the assassin, and declared that, if the Confederate authorities were implicated, "I am as far on my way south as I wish to go."

Among the people of England, the masses, whose sentiment kept the Government from recognizing the Confederacy, the mourning was genuine. In Germany many workingmen's clubs, coöperative societies, labor journals, spoke their

loss. In Sweden and Norway flags were ordered at half-mast on the ships in harbor. To the four corners of the earth spread the Lincoln story and legend. He was wanted. What he seemed to mean was reached for. Travelers on any continent came to expect in humble homes the picture of Lincoln, readiness to talk about him.

Ralph Waldo Emerson spoke on April 19 in Concord, Massachusetts. In the deep, unimpeachable sincerity that ran through everything Emerson said and did, he gave his neighbors his meditations on the end of Lincoln's life. The gloom of the calamity had traveled over sea and land, from country to country, "like the shadow of an eclipse." Old as was history, Emerson doubted whether any one death had ever caused so much pain to mankind.

Emerson spoke of his "vast good nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner." His "broad good humor" and "jocular talk" was a rich gift that "enabled him to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company."

He mentioned how Lincoln's off-hand jests "by the very acceptance they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour." Emerson was certain "if

this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological, like Aesop, by his fables and proverbs."

Lincoln, in Emerson's analysis, grew according to need. As problems grew, so did the President's comprehension of them. "It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was." In four years of battle days his endurance, resource, magnanimity, sore tried, were never found wanting. "By his courage, his justice, his even temper, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time."

The suave diplomat John Bigelow, out of his wide familiarity with statesmen and men of affairs, wrote of Lincoln: "I do not know that history has made a record of any other man who so habitually, so constitutionally, did to others as he would have them do to him."

The people were sorrowing now not because of the crime but because they had lost a friend they loved simply as a man.

In thousands of commentaries that were to pile higher and higher, Lincoln stood as the incarnation of two practical results — Emancipation and Union. Tragedy was to go on and human misery to be seen widespread. Yet it was agreed two causes directed by Lincoln had won the war. Gone was the old property status of the Negro. Gone was the

doctrine of Secession and States' Rights. These two.

Decreed beyond any imagining of its going asunder was Lincoln's dream of the Union of States achieved. The decision was absolute, hammered on terrible anvils. The Union stood — an amalgamated and almost an awful fact.

The delicately shaded passages of Lincoln's second inaugural wept over the cost of doing by violence what might have been done by reason. Yet out of the smoke and stench of war, Lincoln stood taller than any other of the many great heroes. None threw a longer shadow than he. And to him the great hero was the People. He could not say too often that he was merely their instrument.

These were meditations and impressions of the American people in days following April 14 of 1865.

Vast Pageant, Then Great Quiet

THERE WAS a funeral.

It took long to pass its many given points.

Many millions of people saw it and personally moved in it and were part of its procession.

It was garish, vulgar, massive, bewildering, chaotic.

Also it was simple, final, majestic.

In spite of some of its mawkish excess of show, it gave solemn unforgettable moments to millions of people who had counted him great, warm and lovable.

Yes, there was a funeral.

From his White House in Washington — where it began — they carried his coffin and followed it nights and days for 12 days.

By night, bonfires and torches lighted the right of way for a slow-going railroad train.

By day, troops with reversed arms, muffled drums, multitudinous feet seeking the pivotal box with the silver handles.

By day, bells tolling, bells sobbing the requiem, the salute guns, cannon rumbling their inarticulate thunder.

To Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, they journeyed with the draped casket to meet overly ornate catafalques.

To Albany, Utica, Syracuse, moved the funeral cortege always met by marchers and throngs.

To Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, Chicago, they took the mute oblong box, met by a hearse for convoy to where tens of thousands should have their last look.

Then to Springfield, Illinois, the old home town, the Sangamon near by, the New Salem hilltop near by, for the final rest of cherished dust.

At last to Springfield came the coffin that had traveled 1700 miles, that had been seen by more than 7,000,000 people — and the rigid face on which more than 1,500,000 people had gazed.

In the State capitol, in the lower house of which he had been a member and where he had spoken his

prophet warnings of the House Divided, stood the casket.

Now passed those who had known him long. They were part of the 75,000 who passed. They were awed, subdued, shaken.

There were clients for whom he had won or lost, lawyers who had tried cases with him and against, neighbors who had seen him milk a cow and curry his horse, friends who had heard his stories around a hot stove and listened to his surmises on politics and religion.

All day long and through the night the unbroken line moved, the home town having its farewell.

On May 4 of this year 1865 a procession moved with its hearse

from the State capitol to Oak Ridge Cemetery. There on green banks and hillsides flowing away from a burial vault, the crowded thousands of listeners and watchers heard prayers and hymns, heard the second inaugural read aloud.

Evergreen carpeted the stone floor of the vault. On the coffin set in a receptacle of black walnut they arranged flowers carefully and precisely, they poured flowers as symbols, they lavished heaps of fresh flowers as though there could never be enough to tell either their hearts or his.

And the night came with a great quiet.

And there was rest.



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

AN OLD mirror, blind with age (Leslie Ford)

SHE KNEW all the words, but none of the music of love (Elizabeth Block)

AS NERVOUS as a candle-flame (H. M. Tomlinson) . . .

As mutual as a pair of shears (Frank D. Aucott) . . . Restless as a rumor (Walter Winchell) . . . As stay-at-home as a turtle (Louise Gooch)

THE SINISTER weapon of tact (Marquis James)

SHE WOULD rather be looked around at than up to (Phil Robinson)

How Else

Would

You

Say It?

WEARING his hair departed in the middle (Jimmie Fidler) . . . Too much Vitamin I in his system (Rose Fulkerson) . . . Along the highways, enjoying the signery (Henry Rich) . . . Two taxicabs drowsing at the curb (Dorothy Aldis)

A SLEEPY FIRE nodded and dozed over a few chunks of hard wood (Julia Peterkin) . . . The full moon pushed the clouds aside as if they were double doors (Erich Kastner) . . . The wind told its own ghost stories (Rudyard Kipling)

Among Those Present

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley (p. 7), columnist on the *New York Post*, graduated from Northwestern University, and served during the World War in the French-speaking unit of the Signal Corps. She has written books and numerous magazine articles on social, medical, legal and political subjects.

Dorothy Canfield (p. 1) established a home for children in France during the World War and opened her own house in the Basque country to refugees. Knowing the tragic needs of children throughout the warring world today, the distinguished Vermont writer has dedicated her energy and her skillful pen to their cause.

P. H. Erbes, Jr. (p. 59), still in his 30's, has been on the staff of *Printers' Ink* since 1929. The author of a serious history of advertising and marketing, Mr. Erbes also frequently wields a satirical pen against advertising's silly phases.

André Maurois (p. 95) was born in Normandy, his real name Emile Herzog. During the World War he was attached to

the British GHQ, and wrote *The Silence of Colonel Bramble*, his first novel. Now at 54, the French author of many books about England and the English is again serving as liaison between British and French military forces.

Carl Sandburg (p. 125), born in Illinois in 1878, was until the age of 36 totally unknown to the literary world. He worked as milk-wagon driver, barber-shop porter, scene-shifter in a cheap theater, dishwasher, harvest hand, soldier, salesman, newspaperman. Lecture audiences know him, not only for his poetry, but for his inimitable banjo-playing and ballad-singing. *The War Years*, concluding his great biography of Lincoln, was the literary event of 1939.

Otto D. Tolischus (p. 61) is a native of Germany. He was graduated from the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University, in 1916 and served with the *Cleveland Press* and the International News Service before joining *The New York Times* as its Berlin correspondent.

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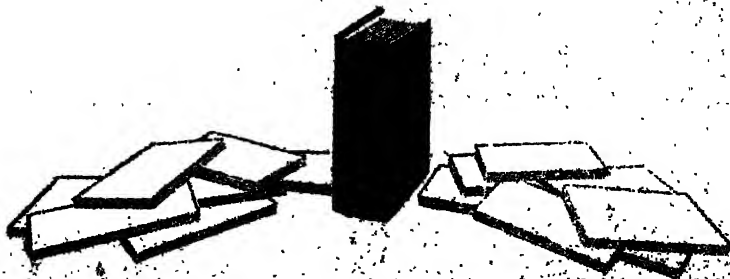
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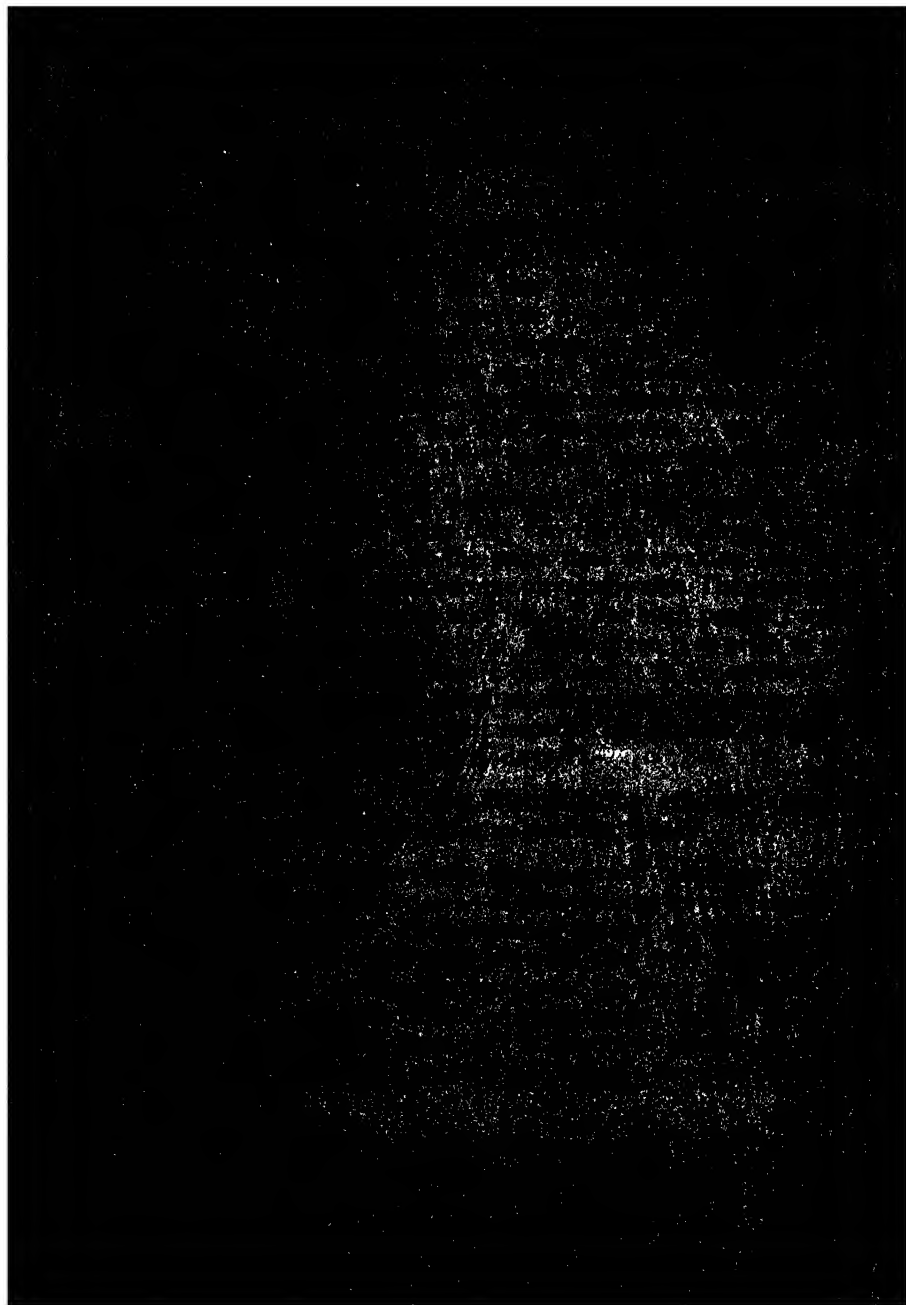
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NINETEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 36, NO. 215

Q Is the Church's failure to teach absolute spiritual values undermining our civilization?

The Light That Has Failed

Condensed from an editorial in
Fortune

DEMOCRACY is too easily assumed to be a pattern of government based upon special political bodies and offices. Actually democracy is a spirit, not a form of government. It consists largely in assumptions, one man about another, one nation about another. And in our civilization these assumptions are Christian assumptions.

As the leading democracy of the world, the U. S. is perforce the leading practical exponent of Christianity. The U. S. is not Christian in any formal religious sense; its churches are not full on Sundays and its citizens transgress the precepts freely. But it is Christian in the sense that the basic teachings of Christianity are in its blood stream. The central doctrine of its political system — the inviolability

of the individual — is inherited from 1900 years of Christian insistence upon the immortality of the soul. Christian idealism is manifest in the arguments that politicians use to gain their ends; in the popular ideas of good taste, in the laws and manners of our people. These applications of Christianity are humanitarian rather than terroristic, kind rather than cynical, generous rather than selfish. The American has always been, and still is, at home among ideals.

The American owes all this to the fight that the Church put up during long, dark centuries in Europe; and he owes it to the leadership that the Church provided in the founding and political integration of his incredibly bounteous land. But it cannot be said that, for the past 100 years or so, the pro-

found original debt America owes the Church has been much increased. It cannot be said that this period, characterized by the greatest material progress that man has ever made, is characterized by an equivalent spiritual progress. It cannot be said that the Church has faced with any conspicuous success the new material conditions brought about by the industrial revolution. Indeed just the opposite can be said: that the Church has been unable to interpret and teach its doctrine effectively under these conditions; and that as a result there has been a declining emphasis on spiritual values and a rising emphasis on materialism as a doctrine of life.

We have, therefore, the peculiar spectacle of a nation which, to some imperfect but nevertheless considerable extent, practices Christianity without actively believing in Christianity. It practices Christianity because the teachings of the Church have been absorbed into its culture; but it fails to believe because it is no longer being effectively taught. The Christian leadership in America has passed from the Church to the active and practical laity — the statesmen and educators, the columnists, the scientists and great men of action. And this is another way of saying that there is no true Christian leadership at all. Hence the future of Christianity, and of its derivative

political and social doctrines, has become imperiled.

Fortune comes to this subject as a layman. We cannot presume to know what the Church's solution is. But we can record our certainty that in order for humanity to progress it must *believe*; it must have faith in certain absolute spiritual values, or at least have faith that absolute spiritual values exist. The Church, as teacher and interpreter of those values, is the guardian of our faith. And as laymen we do not feel that that faith is being guarded.

In support of this criticism there is considerable historical evidence, such as, for example, the Church's stand toward slavery for decades prior to the Civil War. Neither in the North nor in the South did the Church embrace the doctrine, inherited from its own teachings, that all men are free, whether black or white. Instead, it rationalized slavery and did not change its position *until the people forced it to*. It did not, that is to say, preach absolute values, but relative values. It failed to provide spiritual leadership.

An even more trenchant example of the Church's failure is to be found in our own time, in its attitude toward war. In 1914 the U. S. Church was solidly opposed to war, which it characterized as un-Christian. But in 1917, on the grounds that certain Christian values were at stake, the pastors mounted their pulpits to declaim against the Huns

and bless the Allied cause. Such hatred for the enemy as there was in the front lines produced no oratory to compare with the invectives hurled against Germany by the men of Christ.

But the reaction from that war to end war was as extreme as the invectives that had urged it on. Nowhere could men see any good in the war; nowhere would men give any credit to the peace. The boys had died in vain. And as for the Church, it, too, retracted; it was ashamed of having called down the fire; a number of its members turned to extreme pacifism; and when the war of 1939 broke out it was *again* opposed to participation almost to a man.

The values used by the Church in reaching its decisions could not have been absolute spiritual values, because by no spiritual logic is it possible to get from one of these positions to the other. The threat to Christianity in 1917 was far less than the threat from Hitler today. The Kaiser's regime, despite its militarism, embodied a culture from which neither religion nor certain political rights were excluded. The regime of Hitler is godless, deriving its strength from the denial of all values except personal power. Yet the men who urged U. S. soldiers in 1917 to face death against an ordinary emperor, whose chief sin was worldly ambition, now conclude that it would be wrong to fight a virtual Antichrist whose doctrines

strike at the base of the civilization which the Church has done so much to build.

How soon could the Church again reverse its views on war? The answer would seem to be clear: the pastors will go over to the other side when, as, and if the people go over to the other side. Their arguments today are the same arguments used by industrialists who urge us to stay out. In dealing with both wars industry has provided a leadership at least as effective as that of the Church. Industry wanted to save democracy in 1917 by fighting; it now wants to save democracy by not fighting. If its point of view is more materialistic than that of the Church, its goal is identical.

Thus the flock is leading the shepherd. And this circumstance, if not corrected, will carve itself deeply in human history.

The first result of lack of spiritual leadership for a people is a rise in materialism. No matter how well intentioned our lay leaders may be, this can scarcely be avoided. Industrialists are not spiritual leaders. The best they can do is to adapt such spiritual truths as they have been taught to the requirements of the arena of action. Their progress is inevitably slow. But it will vanish entirely unless the initial teaching is effective. It is all-important to observe that the solutions to material problems are not to be found within materialism. By no conceivable set of circumstances

could materialism have produced the great "solution" of the 18th century that we have come to know as the American system. The American system has its origin, on the one hand, in passionate religious sects who believed in the spiritual absolutes that today are lacking; and on the other hand in those rationalists of the Golden Age of the American colonies, for whom Reason was not merely mechanistic but divine. Similarly, by no conceivable set of circumstances will it be possible to solve by materialism the titanic problems, domestic and international, with which humanity is faced today. The ultimate answers to the questions that humanity raises are not, and never have been, in the flesh.

If these matters are left in the hands of the laity, to be solved on materialistic grounds, civilization, instead of going forward, will recede. Without effective spiritual leadership the maladjustments of our politico-economic system must inevitably increase; unemployment, lack of opportunity, maldistribution of wealth, and lack of confidence will symptomize a long retreat; collectivism will grow; and what remains to us of the Golden Age, when we were able to *believe*, will be

consumed in revolutions and wars.

So long as the Church pretends to preach absolute spiritual values, but actually preaches relative secondary values, it will merely hasten this process of disintegration. We are asked to turn to the Church for our enlightenment, but when we do so we find that the voice of the Church is not inspired. The voice of the Church today, we find, is the echo of our own voices. And the result of this experience, already manifest, is deep spiritual disillusionment. The effect of this experience upon the present generation is that of a vicious spiral, like the spiral that economists talk about that leads into depressions. And in this spiral there is at stake, not merely prosperity, but civilization.

There is only one way out: the sound of a voice, coming from something not ourselves, in the existence of which we cannot disbelieve. It is the earthly task of the pastors to hear this voice, to relate it convincingly to the contemporary scene, and to tell us what it says. If they cannot hear it, or if they fail to tell us, we, as laymen, are utterly lost. Without it we are no more capable of saving the world than we were capable of creating it in the first place.



IT WAS a slip of the tongue, but the lady spoke aptly when she telephoned the local radio station and inquired: "When will the waropean news come on?"

¶ The Republican leader of the House, heading for the Speakership or the Presidency, exemplifies a fundamental issue of 1940

Joe Martin & The People

Condensed from Life

Hubert Kay

JOSEPH WILLIAM MARTIN, JR., Minority Leader of the House of Representatives, is a blacksmith's son who never got to college. Middle-sized and middle-aged, with a Yankee-Irish tongue which slips occasionally into folk errors of grammar, there is nothing of the messiah about him. If you met him walking down the street in North Attleboro, Mass., being first-named by everybody he meets, you could hardly mistake him for anything but what, at base, he is: a plain, hard-working, popular businessman-politician. Yet, at this moment, America has no more significant citizen.

It is one thing to believe ardently in the glorious idea of democracy. It is quite another to put up with the processes of democratic government, which, based on compromise of many conflicting wills, are often exasperatingly slow and inefficient. Joe Martin exemplifies the democratic belief that it is better for the people, by slow debate and compromise in Congress, to make their own decisions than to have decisions made for them by executive decree.

Elected to Congress in 1924, after six terms in the Massachusetts legislature, Joe Martin was a rear-row private in the army of smug Republican elders who marched invincibly through the 1920's. Then came Depression. In 1932 he saw his party lose control of Congress and the Presidency. He heard a confused and frightened people hail the new President as the nation's savior, saw Congress surrender its powers to the Executive. From White House to Capitol Hill came a steady procession of deep-changing bills written by closet advisers and labeled "Must." The Republican press shouted "rubber stamp" at Congress, but it was no use. The people wanted action, and they were getting it.

Martin made himself useful to Minority Leader Bert Snell, tried to rally his colleagues into effective opposition. But that was no use, either. In the massacre of 1936 the House Republicans dwindled to a corporal's guard of 89, too puny and demoralized to do anything but gloom about "dictatorship," "bankruptcy" and "the American way of life."

Then things began to happen. First came the Supreme Court packing bill of 1937, then Recession, increased unemployment, politics-in-relief. The "purge" of the 1938 primaries split Democrats wide. Our citizens began to feel uneasy about the soaring national debt.

Two other influences worked deeply to turn U. S. political winds: the hated example of one-party governments abroad, and the historic tendency of the American people to swing back to their normal calm conservatism after a bellyful of jitters and reform. In 1938 the voters elected 80 new Republican Representatives, eight new Republican Senators, 12 new Republican Governors.

As chairman of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, Joe Martin had done much to encourage the swing of public opinion toward his party. Shrewdly and tirelessly he combed the field for able new candidates, concentrated his fire and funds in districts where Republicans had at least a fighting chance to win, swung around the country and kept in touch with candidates by long-distance telephone. When Congress convened in January 1939, Joe Martin, now ripe in Congressional experience, was promptly chosen leader of the sizable Republican minority.

The way Joe Martin performed his job made the biggest U. S. political news of 1939. Crying a pox

on carping generalities, Leader Martin appointed committees of Republican Congressmen to go out and consult the experts and the country, bring back fact-filled reports on such major issues as national debt, extraordinary powers of the President, national defense, agriculture. From these the party conference decided its stand and party spokesmen drew their arguments. Result: when Republican debaters took the floor last year, they knew all the questions and most of the answers.

The party whip, Harry Englebright of California, saw to it that Republicans were always on hand when needed. Once, as a vote drew near, Speaker Bankhead looked out on row on row of alert Republicans, saw Democratic benches near-empty, cried in despair: "We can't vote! We haven't got the Democrats on the floor!"

When Republicans lacked votes to win, Leader Martin did not hesitate to line his team up in working partnership with like-minded Democrats. Senate Minority Leader McNary followed the same coalition strategy on his side of the Capitol. The result was to give the New Deal, for the first time in its career, that indispensable checkrein of democratic government: a vigorous, intelligent Opposition.

Martin does not drive. He leads. He is not boss, but the captain of a team. Even the greenest Republican Congressman is encouraged to

air his views in party councils. No one of them is ever told how he must vote on any bill. If a man's convictions stand in the way of his going along with the party, no discipline is threatened. Leader Martin may try to persuade, but he will not command. In return he wins loyalty and a willingness to compromise individual viewpoints whenever possible. "They give me the borderline decisions," says Joe.

No spotlight-grabber, Joe Martin is still not so well known to the public as he will be, but he is enormously liked and respected in Washington, is known as the man without a single Congressional enemy. Fifty-three leading Washington correspondents, grading Senators and Representatives on the basis of industry, integrity, intelligence and influence, rated Martin ablest, with a mark higher than the No. 1 Senator, Nebraska's Norris. When he made his first speech of the 1939 Congressional session — an undramatic request that some of the government's surplus cotton be stored in New England warehouses — he received loud and long applause from both sides of the House.

Campaigning and consulting with other Congressmen have given Martin a wide familiarity with the nation's problems. His political views — on the need for business encouragement, economy, keeping out of war — are those of most middle-of-the-road Republicans. Never in debt in his life, he took five years to

save the first \$1000 with which he bought into the North Attleboro *Evening Chronicle*. Boosting the *Chronicle's* circulation from 800 to 2800, he has made it pay regular 10-percent dividends. He believes wholeheartedly in the system which gave him his chance, and thinks the country's greatest need is a government which businessmen can be sure also believes in that system.

Joe Martin's father was a \$15-a-week hired hand in the village smithy of North Attleboro. Joe was the eldest boy of eight children. After high school he was offered a scholarship at Dartmouth, but decided to work a year first, and got a job as a \$10-a-week reporter on the Attleboro *Sun*. He never went back to school.

At 24 he chipped in with friends to buy the *Chronicle*, became editor and publisher, sent his two youngest brothers through Dartmouth. In time he became majority stockholder.

Starting in politics as manager of a friend's campaign for the Massachusetts legislature, Joe ran for it himself in 1911, went to the lower house at 27, moved up to the senate for three terms, then back to his paper.

If a photographer could have been on hand at the high moments of Joe Martin's life, these are two pictures he would have taken.

Scene One: Office of the president of the Massachusetts Senate. Time: 1915. The sharp-featured, poker-

faced Republican president has summoned the new Republican senator to discuss a pending bill. "Could you vote for this bill for me?" he asks. "I could, Mr. President," says Joe Martin to Calvin Coolidge, "but I won't."

Scene Two: Office of the President of the U. S. Time: December 1939. Minority Leader Martin has dropped in to discuss the coming session of Congress. "Joe," says the President, "don't you think we ought to have a short session?" "No, Mr. President, I don't," says Joe Martin to Franklin Roosevelt. "Why not?" "I want action," says Joe Martin. Both men laugh.

Between sessions of Congress, Joe drops in every day at his newspaper office to chew the rag with cronies and callers. Almost every afternoon he drives around his district to find out what his constituents are thinking about. He has had no patronage to distribute for eight years, but at election time he always runs well ahead of his ticket, with many a Democratic vote.

In 1938 the New Deal tried to "purge" him. "They sent an extra \$50,000 of relief money into my district," Martin relates with relish, "and they got the WPA workers to wear buttons and sign pledges to vote for the Democratic candidate, who was state employment director of WPA. Well, I'd speak at a meeting where there were a lot of those fellows and I'd look at their buttons and say: 'To think that they would do that to you here in Amer-

ica, that they would brand you like cattle.' Then I'd see them look mad and start taking off their buttons."

At 55, Joe Martin is still black-haired, bright-eyed, quick-moving. A bachelor, he lives at North Attleboro with his invalid mother, widowed sister and a brother; at Washington in a modest two-room apartment. Politics, involving endless meetings and talk with constituents, colleagues and reporters, is almost his whole life.

Joe Martin, whose favorite word is "confidence," faces the future with plenty of it. He thinks there is an excellent chance that the people will elect a Republican President in November, is sure they will elect a Republican House. "Even if Roosevelt runs," says Joe Martin, "I think a good many people who vote for him will want to take out a little insurance by voting for a Republican Congressman."

If enough do, Joe Martin, the blacksmith's son, is practically a sure bet for what has been and can be again the No. 2 post of power and influence in the U. S. government: the Speakership of the House. There is even considerable talk that if the leading Presidential candidates should deadlock at the Republican convention this summer, Joe Martin may be nominated for the No. 1 job.

That prospect startles some of Martin's warmest friends. Put Joe on a pedestal and he inspires no awe. Measured by a Wilson or

Hoover in intellectual depth or by a Franklin Roosevelt in intellectual flexibility and personal magnetism, he looks small. Where he belongs is in the center of a group picture. There he presents with complete

clarity the issue of government of and by, as well as for, The People — as opposed to the dominance, however benevolent, of a Great Man. That is Joe Martin's significance for America in 1940.



American Newsreel

❏ A BEAUTY PARLOR in Wilmette, Illinois, has a number of young patronesses who bring their dolls for a permanent or water wave. Almost any day, one to half a dozen dolls may be seen sitting under the drying machine.

— Paul T. Gilbert in *Townfolk*

❏ A PITTSBURGH MOTORIST named Spencer had his name vulcanized in raised letters on his rear automobile tires; under the rear wheel fenders are wells that drop ink on them. The result is that wherever Mr. Spencer goes, his name is stamped endlessly on the highways.

— Neal O'Hara in *N. Y. Post*

❏ AT A Salt Lake City eating place, called the Grabeteria, sandwich materials of all kinds, breads, fruits and sweets are displayed, and the businessmen who throng the place at noon prepare their own lunches.

— Eloise P. IL in *The Christian Science Monitor*

❏ TWO FRIENDS made a bet in Baton Rouge, La., that will pay the winner over two billion dollars, but it won't do either of them any good. Payoff will be in 2432.

R. E. Collins bet J. D. Stotler \$2.50 that Louisiana's \$5,000,000 capitol building will not stand up 500 years. They banked the money in 1932 at 4 percent interest and signed a contract that specifies the bank is to pay the money to the heirs of the winner — \$2,084,495,605.22.

— *The World Almanac*

❏ HORSE RACING has gone into reverse at Calistoga, California. The horses are trotted out to the track where each jockey is obliged to give up his mount and ride someone else's. Then every rider tries to come in first, thus enhancing his own horse's chance of being last. For the last three horses win!

—UP

❏ A NEW RADIO "press-clipping" bureau, operating from key cities, listens day and night to every important broadcasting station and reports to its subscribers when and where their names have been mentioned.

— Freling Foster in *Collier's*

☛ Three hundred executives answer the question,
"How many new jobs must you fill in 1940?"

Two Million Men Wanted

Condensed from The American Magazine

Don Wbarton

IN 1940 American business and industry will have approximately 2,000,000 jobs to be filled. Some of these openings will be replacements. Some will be new positions, created in expanding firms and industries. Some will be temporary jobs, which wide-awake men and women can often turn into permanent positions.

This estimated total is based not on guesswork but on a nationwide, factual survey made by *The American Magazine* of leading firms in all types of business. Significant among the facts revealed by the 300 top executives coöperating with the survey are:

Business is definitely in the market for really competent men and women and opportunities number far more than is generally believed. The incompetent and mediocre are the ones who are unable to place themselves.

Thousands of openings require no experience; the growth of a promoting-from-within policy in American business, for instance, means plenty of openings at the bottom for competent young people who want to climb.

Hundreds of firms have jobs they have been unable to fill because they cannot find qualified employees.

Most of the firms report that increasingly keen competition has caused them to raise standards for new employees. Extra taxes have increased the cost of doing business, resulting in a need for employees with an extra ray of intelligence.

The 1940 openings are not all at the bottom. Writes the personnel director of a finance corporation which expects to need 300 additional employees: "Men with executive ability and imagination are not easy to find. We have several positions that have been open for two or three years. We have not found just the man for the job. This is particularly true along research lines." The controller of a Chicago newspaper writes that he "personally knows about an important executive position which took a year to fill." Another firm confesses the "greatest difficulty in securing good salesmen."

Even greater is the demand for men and women who are willing to spend time in the ranks, gaining the training that will fit them for responsible positions later. And, one executive writes, "It is amazing to learn how many instances there are

in which capable persons make jobs for themselves because of their imagination and ability."

Too many applicants, an air line executive points out, merely ask for a job rather than attempt to sell the company on the value of their particular services. In contrast, he cites the case of a messenger boy. "He had kept a record of the sums we had paid the telegraph companies for delivery of tickets. And he suggested that by employing him to deliver the tickets we could save money and do a better job. He got a job with us and is now making steady progress."

Another young man waited in vain for a job in a large household supply house. Finally he persuaded the factory superintendent to allow him to use the company garage to wash cars for employes strictly on his own. He made enough money to live on — and eventually landed the job he wanted because he became acquainted with the men who filled vacancies.

The survey shows that everywhere there is a demand for trained mechanics. Many concerns — machinery manufacturers, a glass company, a watch manufacturer who expects to have 300 openings in 1940, a maker of firearms, a nationally known hat manufacturer, a radio set maker who in the coming year expects to have 1000 openings — report mechanics as their greatest need.

Good stenographers, too, are

wanted. From a New England firm comes the statement: "Despite high school business courses and business schools, competent stenographers are difficult to find. One in 25 is passable."

In aviation the demand for capable new employes is particularly great. In 1927 the air lines had 462 employes; today, more than 13,000. Future needs are suggested by the fact that only one half of one percent of the traveling public at present is using planes.

A plane builder reports a definite shortage of men in mechanical and engineering fields. One of the large air lines, which in 1940 expects 220 openings, needs mechanics, pilots, hostesses, radio operators, meteorologists, salesmen. But they must be above average. Consider the case of a young man who sought a mechanic's job with this same air line two years ago. He had no license, no experience, no training.

"But without asking us how he could receive training," the personnel manager writes, "or telling us that he had no money to pay for a course (as is the usual case) he set out to do something about it.

"Last fall he returned and said he was ready to go to work. He had obtained employment in a filling station and enrolled in a small aviation school. After completing his course he worked for a year in an aircraft factory. Now he held all his licenses and, of course, was immediately accepted."

Most employers agree that the 1940 technique of filling jobs differs from that of the early 1930's. As one publisher puts it, "intelligence, integrity, and ambition are in demand as they always have been, but now the *degree* of the candidate's possession of these qualities is much more carefully scrutinized through intelligence and aptitude tests and shrewd questioning."

This extra scrutiny gives applicants a better chance to make their abilities known. The secretary of a financial corporation tells of a young man who couldn't be fitted into that firm. "After talking with him I found he had been engaged after school hours in supervising about 20 other boys who distributed newspapers. I suggested that he call on a large news distributing company and tell them that he knew how to distribute their goods in a small way and wanted to do it in a big way. The company hired him."

One corporation reports that it is seldom able to start a man out in the kind of position he thinks he should have, "and therefore one of the most interesting tests we can give these young men is to see how they react to less desirable jobs."

A glass company offers a case in

point: Young man with master's degree from technical school; had used his college courses to make himself expert in clays; tried to convince glass works it needed a full-time expert to guide selection of these materials; failed, but did convince them he was worth employing. "So he was hired as a laborer in our dirtiest and hottest department at our lowest hourly wage. It was soon found that he had the answers to a lot of questions which had puzzled us. And after a year he was established as a new one-man branch in our engineering department."

Pride in one's work, loyalty and ambition are qualities employers are always looking for in applicants for jobs. Stunts and trick approaches, while occasionally effective, are disliked by most personnel managers. Whether spectacular or orthodox, the approach must, in the words of one of them, "reveal something about the applicant which is of value to us." Our survey of 1940's 2,000,000 openings might be summed up in those words. As one advertising executive puts it: "The market for men of quality, purpose and brains, who are sensibly aggressive, is always good."



MY FATHER used to say: "Never suspect people. It's better to be deceived or mistaken, which is only human, after all, than to be suspicious, which is common."

—Stark Young, *Feliciano* (Scribners)

“Foreign Propaganda Agent No. 159” offers
some biting comments on American neutrality

America Looks at the War

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Raoul de Roussy de Sales

American correspondent of *Paris-Soir* and *Paris-Midi*

I FEEL IT my duty to let my readers know the worst before they read further. Sometime last winter I was told that I should register with the State Department as a person employed “to disseminate propaganda in the United States.” My job being that of correspondent in America for a French newspaper, it seemed to me rather unpleasant to register as a propaganda agent. Nevertheless, being unable to deny that I have written and lectured in the United States about France, I finally submitted and added my name to a list which contained mostly such suspicious characters as the heads of shipping companies, tourist bureaus, perfume exporters and so forth. The following are therefore the remarks of Registered Foreign Propaganda Agent No. 159.

Like most observers of American opinion, I was wrong in my predictions as to what America's reactions would be when war actually broke out. The Americans, more than any other people, certainly more than the English and French, had shown for years a remarkable awareness concerning the real dan-

gers of Hitlerism. History will probably show that the blindness of European leaders was all the more unaccountable since all they had to do to have their eyes opened was to read the cables of a dozen American correspondents during the last few years.

In view of this awareness and of America's intensity of feeling concerning the approaching conflict, I thought that the emotional character of the people of this country would manifest itself violently as soon as the war broke out, and that, at least, the arms embargo would be lifted at once. Nothing of the sort happened. If this is a “queer war,” the attitude of those who do not take part in it is no less queer.

The most striking reaction was the “Keep the United States out of war” panic. I call it a panic because it was indeed a slightly hysterical stampede away from a danger which never was very great.

Before the war began all polls of public opinion said that, in spite of the fact that nine out of ten Americans rejected the idea of going to war, three out of four were quite

sure that America would be dragged in sooner or later. The average American apparently visualized himself as the Greeks did: his will was set one way, but he felt that the gods would be stronger than his will.

Today Americans seem to have realized that if they go to war they will not be dragged into it, but, for some reason not now predictable, will have decided to go. But while the panic lasted, one of the basic elements of Americanism — which is a permanent protest against Europe as a whole — found new expression: despite the general conviction that the Allies had to go to war to curb Hitler, the very fact that war existed in Europe reawakened the traditional tendency to condemn Europe *en bloc* because it was at war.

The animosity against Hitlerism did not subside. But many honest people, in an effort to justify America's neutrality, marshaled all the arguments they could to demonstrate that England and France must be guilty too. But the desire to see Nazi methods eradicated from the world was suddenly repressed when Americans found themselves facing the logical consequence of the determination to resist Hitler.

The press and many leaders praised the American public for its coolness and self-restraint: this time Americans were not being carried away by their emotions and their

partisanship; for once they were using their heads.

May I say that I cannot feel great admiration for this restraint and reasonableness. If American opinion had shown itself as cool-headed and as impartial before the outbreak of the war as it did after, there would be nothing to say. But it didn't. For three or four years before, no voice was louder in condemnation of Hitler than the voice of America. While England and France were foolishly but perhaps honestly trying to deal with the Nazis as if they were not so bad as America thought, Americans were practically unanimous in denouncing the French and British governments as cowards and traitors to the cause of civilization. The least that was said about Mr. Chamberlain and M. Daladier was that they were blind fools in not seeing that the only thing that could stop Hitler was force — which means war.

When England and France did decide on war, one might have supposed that the Americans would have applauded loudly. But this did not happen. England and France were now called the "Allies," and grim memories were brought to the surface by the word. All the mischief they had committed between 1914 and 1917 through their propaganda was recalled and refreshed. All the arguments that postwar American historians had marshaled to prove that the United States had been dragged into the last war

against its better judgment were dug out. It was suddenly discovered that England and France had finally gone to war purely for selfish motives.

Senator Borah made a speech to demonstrate the atrocious egotism of these two so-called democracies that had permitted the sacrifice of Ethiopia, Austria, and Czechoslovakia and only resolved to fight when their own security was threatened. And he concluded that the true duty of America was therefore to let them go to hell and resolve to be even more selfish than they.

Simultaneously many articles were written to prove that this war would be the end of civilization anyhow, and that it did not matter much which side won because democracy and civilization would in any eventuality be saved in America. Strenuous efforts were made to demonstrate that the French and English were greatly responsible, through their past errors, for having produced Hitler and therefore the war.

Nobody looking back on the past 20 years could say that the French and English made no mistakes and that the Germans were always wrong. But the point is that this violent outbreak of American impartiality reached its peak precisely at the moment when the English and French finally made up their minds to accept the consequences of doing what nine Americans out of ten had urged them to do — and

wisely so — for three or four years.

The attitude of American liberals was the most interesting of all. The flower of American intellect, they led the world crusade against Hitler and Fascism. Bravely they accepted the eventuality of war. Freedom, they said, is worth dying for. They sang the glory of the Ethiopians and of the Chinese. They mourned the treachery that lost Spain to Franco and Czechoslovakia to Hitler. But when the showdown approached, last August, they felt alarm at the dilemma which confronted them. They could not rejoice at the idea that war had come — although it was the only possible way of saving liberalism — because it is no fun to be called a warmonger. On the other hand, they could not recommend another Munich which would obviously have consecrated the domination of Hitler.

And so, awkwardly, they soft-pedaled their war cries and made up their minds that in view of the complexity of the situation at home and abroad the best thing to do was to be very reasonable. They are still being very reasonable, and the whole of America with them.

Polls continue to show that practically nobody in America wishes Hitler to win this war. But this American reasonableness which accepts the paradox of avowed partiality within the technical observance of neutrality needs some clarification — as does the word "neutrality" itself. Neutrality im-

plies indifference, and practically everybody admits that this country is far from indifferent. Rather than call the United States neutral, it would be more correct to term her a "noncombatant belligerent."

At this point the reader may think: "At last Agent Number 159 is showing himself up. Applying the word 'belligerent' to the United States proves how much the English and French misunderstand the sincere desire of Americans to remain at peace. It's always the same thing: propaganda, always propaganda to drag us into the war."

My only answer to this is that there is no room on the Maginot Line for anybody but the French and English at the moment. The Allies do not need men from America, but they need other things, some of which they already have — such as a preponderance of good wishes — and all manner of supplies. Beyond that, I suspect they have no definite idea of what they want of America, either in the war or in the peace settlement. I think they have realized perhaps better than the Americans that this war has no relation with the last one. Many Americans are still obsessed by the precedent of 1914-1918, which explains why so many shake their heads suspiciously and mutter, "Phony war."

But, as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, this war is much more regular than the last one; it is in the true tradition of classical warfare,

when battles were merely the verification of long preparation to bring about the enemy's defeat. Condé, Turenne, Marlborough and Napoleon relied for victory on long diplomatic intrigues and clever maneuvering much more than on the blind struggle of millions of men such as we saw in the last war. In ten years of war, Marlborough fought only four battles.

This "phony war" attitude is part of the traditional American suspicion of Europe expressing itself in fear of propaganda, which is described as the latest and most dangerous weapon invented by Europeans to undermine American integrity.

Curiously enough, Allied propaganda is dreaded much more than that of the Reich — the reason being that Americans do not fear the rather obvious propaganda of the latter, but are very much afraid that English and French propaganda is so subtle that no one can detect it. I even heard a friend say that the French had adopted the most deadly propaganda of all, which was the absence of propaganda.

It is quite obvious that most Americans, while steeling themselves against being dragged into the war by such propaganda, are already chiefly interested in the peace. This may be due to the fact that the war, from the spectators' point of view, is much less interesting than had been expected. For 20 years we

have been told that World War II would be a tremendous and terrifying amplification of World War I. We were prepared for devastating battles, for the destruction of whole cities, for the massacre of millions of innocent civilians. Humans being what they are, there is a sense of disappointment in discovering that the great calamity that was supposed to destroy civilization everywhere except in America has caused up to now so little visible damage. Of course, all this may change any day, but the current impression of the public could be summed up as follows: "You Europeans are so hopelessly decadent that, now that you have started a war which will obviously finish you all off, you can't even put your heart into it. Well, then, if that's the way you feel, why don't you make peace?"

So many Americans, anxious to stop the war as soon as possible, berate the Allies for not formulating their aims clearly enough. The unfortunate leaders of England and France who for years have been shamed by the indignant cry of America's best minds, "Why don't you stop Hitler?" are now being asked by these same Americans, "What are you fighting for?" And when they answer, "Well, we are trying to stop Hitler," they are told that this is purely negative and that they must find a better reason than that for fighting.

Docilely, it seems to me, the Allies have tried to comply. Before we

have even started the wrecking of civilization in Europe we are discussing the new world which will arise from the smoking ruins-to-be, and America, who fought in the last war but deserted the peace, seems now inclined to consider the reverse experiment: to keep out of the fighting but plunge into the peace.

If this is to be the program of America, if active coöperation with Europe in sharing the responsibilities of the new world order becomes part of the American mission, very profound changes have to take place not only in the minds of the Europeans but also in the minds of the Americans. When the time of making peace comes, they may find themselves confronted with a much more complicated problem than the ones they have had to face up to now. The slogan "Keep the United States out of war" will be replaced by a "Keep the United States out of peace" infinitely louder and considerably more pathetic.

The last war was a fairly simple affair on the whole, and most Americans have dismissed it by deciding that they made an error in having anything to do with it. They have proved to their own satisfaction that they were wise in deserting the peace by showing the mistakes of those who were left to make it work.

It probably will not be so easy, however, to escape the consequences of this war, whether one takes a direct part in it or not. Its ramifica-

tions are too far-reaching. To build the peace may be much more difficult and take much more time than to win the war. It may not be the

work of this generation, and we may never know in our lifetime anything that we shall be able to call peace.



The Questioning Public

Excerpt from *The New Yorker*

Meyer Berger

THE SIX librarians at the information desk of the New York Public Library apparently regard as commonplace the amazing variety of things people want to know. There are about two thousand questions a day. In rapid succession the librarians may be asked: "What is a shim?" "What are Napier's bones?" "What is the chemistry of bathtub rings?" The librarian looks up shim in Webster, knows offhand that Napier's bones are a calculating device, and suggests the chemistry room for the last question.

When a man with a deep voice recently telephoned to ask how many chromosomes in an elephant he was told the Library couldn't answer (the question was considered frivolous). His civic sense was outraged. "What the hell am I paying taxes for?" he demanded, banging down the receiver.

Library rules forbid helping the public on matters of medicine and law, although people keep calling for advice on how to treat rat bites, colds, quinsy. One woman telephoned, held her crying baby up to the transmitter

and wanted the desk to tell her how to soothe the child. The librarians advise such people to consult a physician or the Medical Society. Five or six times a day stenographers call for help on transcribing unfamiliar words in their shorthand; in most cases the men figure out the answer. Housewives who call for recipes are switched to a telephone handy to four trays of recipe cards. Steadiest demand is for information on the origin of things. The staff is prepared for impatient couples who call to find which nearby states offer the promptest marriage ceremonies. They are cool to gamblers who want them to figure a player's mathematical chance on a gaming device.

Questions about the Ten Commandments are frequent, and ordinarily a matter of simple routine. One of the assistants was disconcerted, however, by a call from a lady who asked for the wording of the Seventh Commandment. When he told her "Thou shalt not commit adultery," the lady said "Oh, heavens!" in a frightened voice, and hung up without even thanking him.

The Fun of Being Normal

Condensed from The Rotarian

Edith M. Stern

FOR TWO YEARS, now, I've been living in a red brick colonial house in a Maryland suburb. When I awake in the morning I hear birds and I see trees outside my window. After my children have left for school, in the matutinal flurry common to all households, I market in an uncrowded, friendly village. Part of the day I spend at my desk, with a bit of puttering now and then, or a stroll in the yard to uproot a few weeds. In the afternoon, the children come bursting in with the can't-possibly-wait news and then rush out to play. Later, I call for my husband at the bus. We have an early dinner that permits a leisurely evening, and a respectable bedtime that enables us to rise early, refreshed.

Not very exciting? No, it isn't news to the thousands of women who lead the same kind of life, and complain of its dullness. But it's new, and thrilling, to me, for after having spent most of my life in one of those glamorous circles about which suburban matrons daydream while they're doing the dishes, I have, for the first time, discovered the fun of being normal.

My particular set were the New York writing crowd and their hang-ers-on. I was on first-name terms

with the literati. I sprawled on modernistic divans in Greenwich Village, talking of life, letters and Freud. In my early twenties I married a young attorney and, even after my children were born, kept up both my work and my diversions. We paid a fabulous rent for an apartment with a good address. Four times a week, at least, we went to concerts or openings; during the intermissions we saw and were seen. There were the latest in exotic films and modern music and art shows, there were parties that ended with breakfast in Harlem, and epicurean dinners where the *bons mots* of the celebrated guests found their way to the columns.

Up and down the eastern seaboard I lectured on contemporary literature to women who wistfully told me how much they envied my life. "I do absolutely nothing," these homemakers, gardeners and committeewomen would lament. "What fun it must be to know such interesting people!"

But these ladies sighing for glamorous metropolitan sophistication are fooling themselves. What we all really want is normality, including washday, Japanese beetles and the children's questions.

That I finally found it was thanks

to no mystic revelation, but to the depression in which my husband's formerly thriving practice went to pot; and when he was offered a responsible position in a region we had called "the sticks," we grasped it.

My friends shook their heads. How could I, urbanite of the urbanites, survive outside the Center of the Universe? Since to a *New Yorker* there is nothing urban outside New York, we decided that we wouldn't even try to live in the other city. We'd take to the country; it was supposed to be good for the children, at least. Thanks to FHA financing, we bought a comfortable, commonplace house, and resigned ourselves to immolation.

Step by step, I have learned that far from having buried myself, I have come alive. For full lives, like enduring art and literature, are based on the eternal simplicities.

My first satisfying contact with the commonplace came when my colored maid asked me, "When are we going to put up preserves?" I had never thought of it. In New York apartments there is no shelf space for preserves. To keep face with her, I procured great baskets of peaches, dusky plums, and grapes. I sat with her in the kitchen and helped prepare the fruit. I hovered over the steaming kettle as we cooked the fruit and sugar, sniffing the pungently sweet air. The shelves of filled jars gave me a keen esthetic satisfaction, and every now and then I crept downstairs to gloat

over them. That winter every time we opened a jar, it was like seeing one of my manuscripts in print.

Every time we make a payment on our home it becomes more a part of us. When we screen a porch, whitewash markers for the driveway, or build in a bookshelf for the children, we become more a part of our home. I have watched the modest stock of shrubbery in which we invested, our first spring, grow and blossom, like my contentment.

Moderately well-regarded though I was in my former milieu and given space in the papers, never before have I experienced the genial sense of really belonging. Friendly associations in this suburb come easily. When someone in my family is ill my neighbors know immediately, and offer help and sympathy. They don't wait until they've heard the news accidentally at a night club. We lend one another punch bowls and lawn mowers and butter; we park our children with the family across the street, and are parked upon by theirs.

Once a week I act as readers' adviser in the little library that has been heroically built up by a determined group of booklovers. In an emergency I put on an apron and assist at the school cafeteria. At P.T.A. meetings I raise my voice and help shape the policies of our school, and when the children's playground is not well policed, I make a direct protest that is far more effective than a letter to the

Times. Ordinary contributions to community living, these, performed continually by thousands of housewives everywhere. But one must, perhaps, experience the futility that goes along with gossiping and whirling around in the "right circles" of Manhattan to appreciate thoroughly the glow that comes with actually doing something you know is immediately useful.

Often have I heard complaints about the dullness of small-town social life. But I am actually less constricted than before. Among my friends, now, I number a radio mechanic, an entomologist specializing in cockroaches, an actress who retired to rear four children, two schoolteachers, and the proprietor of a small grocery store. Normal Americans, unlike megalopolitan intellectuals, have the fun of mingling with all kinds of people.

I have discovered, too, that there are fine minds among people who never become famous, and altruists whose names don't appear on impressive lists of sponsors. My daughter's music teacher, a little wren of a woman who teaches on a battered upright piano in her frame house, is not only a good teacher but also a profound musical scholar. My next-door neighbor, who mows his own lawn and cooks picnic suppers for his three children, is one of the nation's best authorities on marine biology. Down the street, the sister of a clergyman has been corresponding with a Jewish den-

tist in Germany, and, alone and unpublicized, has been trying to devise means of resettling him and a group of his friends.

The "ordinary" American often has more to give me in the way of information and philosophy than have the purveyors of literary gossip. I've watched mothers work out solutions to their own and their children's difficulties with a clear common sense which my metropolitan friends, who frequent psychoanalysts' offices, might well envy. Some of my most fruitful hours have been spent chatting with the skilled mechanics who come to do odd jobs on the house. Accustomed to using both their hands and their heads, they have a down-to-earth realism combined with a keen analytical faculty: if ever I wanted to pull political or economic wool over anyone's eyes, I'd choose a poet or novelist rather than a carpenter or plumber!

Around here we don't have an abnormal concern in the affairs of other nations. Within our means, we contribute to the relief of distressed peoples, but we know that agitated discussions of ideologies while the canapés are being passed won't save the world, and we go into no sporadic dithers about what's going to become of democracy. Matter-of-factly, we preserve it by the way we live.

"Surely," I've been told, "you must miss the tempo of big-city life." I don't! I find, in this com-

monplace life of mine, luxurious quantities of time released for whatever I most wish to do, whether it be identifying the birds who fly around my yard, cogitating, or working with my hands. Only normal Americans really do as they please: the others are always putting on a show for the rest of us, for one another, for society reporters, or for the doorman.

Having plenty of time is a priceless essential of normality. You can keep house when you have very little time, but you cannot make a home. You can get along amiably with your husband and children, but you cannot develop a really fruitful intimacy. That precious, intangible family unity flowers only through slow, leisurely cultivation, uninterrupted by alarms and excursions.

In the dazzling circles where cynicism passes for wisdom and sentiment is called sentimentality you escape humdrum domesticity, but you do not escape emotional conflict. Only when you fulfill the basic human needs for love, for stability and peace, day by day, detail by detail, do you find happi-

ness. Here I'm emotionally free. Here, it's customary to love your husband and children and not necessary to "express yourself" or to live daringly, for fear of being thought "bourgeois" or "dull."

Today, when occasionally I encounter the sophisticates with whom I was once so much at home, I see that they're not having much fun. They seem to me to be eternally chasing an eternally unattained goal, and running away from life in an attempt to seize it. The rest of us do what has to be done, like building a toolhouse in the back yard, tiding over the Evans's until Bill gets a job, or sorting the laundry, and though we may champ at the bit of normality, in the long run we have what we want — what everybody really wants. The inner satisfactions of a harmonious domestic and community life are deeper and more enduring, richer in human values, than a succession of external stimuli. Because, now, I know the fun of being normal, my former haunts seem alien. Joyfully I live in America; the America where countless people take the good life for granted.



OSCAR WILDE arrived at his club one evening, after witnessing a first production of a play that was a complete failure.

"Oscar, how did your play go tonight?" said a friend.

"Oh," was the lofty response, "the play was a great success, but the audience was a failure." — Daniel Frohman, *Encore* (McLeod)

Sisu: A Word That Explains Finland

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Hudson Strobe

Professor of English, University of Alabama

THE FINNS have a favorite word. It is not easily translated, because no other language has its precise equivalent. Even the Finns have difficulty in defining it, for it is a thing felt, like religion or love. The word is *sisu*, pronounced see-su. To understand *sisu* is to understand how a country not much bigger than California has withstood the onslaught of a nation that covers one seventh of the world's land area.

Sisu, a Finn will tell you, means "something still more." It surpasses fearlessness and extraordinary endurance. It is a kind of inner fire or superhuman nerve force. It makes an athlete forget fatigue and pain, and risk his life to win. *Sisu* made Paavo Nurmi run and win sensational championships. It enables Taisto Mäki, the new star runner, to break Nurmi's records.

Jean Sibelius defines *sisu* as a metaphysical shot in the arm which makes a man do the impossible. At Helsinki on the September afternoon I left Finland, Nurmi gave me his favorite definition. "*Sisu* is patience and strong will without passion," he said; "it comes to men miraculously in times of stress."

A quarter of a century ago Finland was little more than the name

of a far-flung land lying in Arctic and semi-Arctic regions, a discontented protectorate of imperial Russia. At the beginning of the century the one personal name familiar to the foreign public was that of a man of music. Only through Sibelius did Finland communicate anything of herself to the outside world. Then, at Antwerp in 1920, Nurmi ran into the world's arena bringing tidings of the birth of a new nation. In that year Finland entered the Olympic contests as an independent country for the first time.

In the years that followed, school children learned that Finland was the only country that was paying her war debt to the United States. Cruise boats called at Helsinki. Tourists began to poke about the 60,000 lakes and to push up to the Arctic Ocean. Social investigators went to look at progress in Finland and write admiring monographs. Helsinki was chosen as the seat of the next Olympic Games. Finland was preparing to be host to the world in 1940 when war broke out in Europe. First Finland's peril and then her superlative courage held the front pages. More attention was given Finland in the last three months of 1939 than in 19 preceding centuries.

The Finn is not well understood, even by his nearest western neighbor, the Swede. Despite similarities in their countries — in landscape, the northern winds, the white nights of summer, the red farmhouses — the Finn is different from the Swede in temperament and character. He has a fresh, unspoiled, primitive side that exists in close harmony with nature — with virgin forests, unproductive fells, and the animal life that haunts them. Wherever his foot wanders, even into the city, his roots remain in the soil.

The rural Finn — and three fourths of the population are still rural — has been self-educated in a heroic school. In Finland nature is impregnated with harshness. The stubborn soil does not render fruits in exchange for loving words or hits with a hoe as it does in Denmark. It likes a tough struggle. Nature and man in Finland have many of the same traits.

"A typical Finn," a countryman said to me, "is an obstinate fellow who believes in getting the better of bad fortune by proving that he can stand worse." But his Spartan qualities carry with them no hardness of heart, no selfishness. He has always been one to help his neighbor and he can be sympathetic in trouble. "Pity never harmed a man," he says, "except when he pities himself."

"To understand the Finn you must remember winter and what it does to us," a man from the Finn-

ish Foreign Office said to me. "Winter is one of the keys that give access to a comprehension of the Finnish soul. Others are space and solitude."

Everywhere there is feeling of infinite space beneath the sun and the stars. It is a companionable space. Unless a Finn looks up to the heavens, he is always met by evergreen trees, by the familiar but magical forest.

In Finland the stranger senses security and fair-dealing straight off. Even in the cities he feels no necessity for bolting doors, and above the Arctic Circle it is an unwritten law that doors be left unlocked, for the difference between a locked door and one that opens quickly may mean the difference between death and life to a freezing traveler. Tales of found purses being nailed to trees and retrieved by their owners months later are not exaggerations.

The Finns are relentless against boasting and pretentiousness. They do not encourage "personalities" among their compatriots. They are apt to discredit all "chiefs," particularly those who rise too fast.

Rich men's sons are not pampered. Their fathers train them for the business of life. "No tennis courts are allowed at our country place," the well-to-do son-in-law of Jean Sibelius said to me. "My boys can play tennis at school. At home in summer they are in the fields at 7 o'clock every morning. They

work until the laborers quit in the evening. The job hardens their muscles, and the boys get the peasant's point of view."

"Don't they ever get a vacation?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. The 19-year-old one is on vacation now. He's helping to build anti-tank fortifications near the Russian frontier."

Finns do not like haste, but they always arrive in time. An old proverb says, "God made time, but man made haste." The Finn often conveys the impression of being phlegmatic. When it is necessary, however, he can hurry.

The Finns cling to customs that reach back a thousand years. Yet no nation is more alert to new ideas. The Finns are not afraid of experiments. Their schools and hospitals and coöperative shops are replete with modern equipment. Their factories and laborers' houses, often designed by their foremost architects, are calculated to beautify the district as well as to be models of efficiency.

Though Finns are not big talkers, they can be excellent conversationalists. And they can be elo-

quent with passionate appeal when something that matters is at stake — something that touches their patriotism. Patriotism is the Finn's real religion.

The Finnish passion for education and self-improvement is another kind of religion. There are more university students in Finland in proportion to the population than in any other country. There are more books published annually per capita.

While gratefully accepting the material aspects of better living, the new conveniences of modern culture, Finns seem to understand that spirit is life's only significant reality.

They savor living in their own peculiar way. A man of infinite patience, a Finn can be passive with the utmost calm. Yet without any prompting, he seems to know when to act. And for all his cool-blooded, poker-faced appearance, there is something in his make-up to be mightily feared if it is loosed. He does not fear death or destruction. When a situation looks grim, the Finn laughs and says, "Oh, well, nothing fiercer than death can come of it."



"*I* DON'T MIND being a grandfather," Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg remarked to his wife when informed of the birth of his first grandchild, "but I'm a little dubious about being married to a grandmother."

— Harlan Müller in *Washington Post*

Over Jordan

Condensed from The Christian Century

Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick

Author and critic; formerly editor of Stage

"WHAT I have heard today is not heard once in a hundred years," Toscanini said after Marian Anderson's Salzburg recital in August 1935. That tribute, the best summing up of the glorious voice of this American Negro contralto, dramatically high-lighted the turning point of Marian Anderson's career. Four years earlier she had left America in despair — a gifted singer with a phenomenal voice, helpless before barriers of racial discrimination and critical indifference. Four months later she returned to America to become an overnight world wonder after one sensational concert in New York.

The curtains of Town Hall parted on the evening of December 30, 1935, to disclose a tall, handsome girl standing in the curve of a grand piano. Her long white dress concealed the fact that one of her feet was in a cast, due to a bone fracture suffered her last night on ship-board. Her manager and friends had urged her to postpone this crucial concert rather than undertake it thus handicapped. But Marian Anderson merely smiled

out at her audience. Then she closed her eyes and sang — *Ave Maria*, *Der Tod und das Mädchen*, *O Don Fatale*, Payne's *Crucifixion*, as only she in our day can sing them.

Next morning the critics were rapturous: "Marian Anderson has returned to her native land one of the great singers of our time . . . sheer magnificence of voice . . . genuine emotional identification with the core of music . . . applause seemed almost a sacrilege. . . ." The Anderson avalanche was under way. Today, as a concert singer who maintains her position without benefit of Hollywood or grand opera, she is unique.

In America Marian Anderson carries a heavier schedule than any other singer — more than 75 concerts a season. She is booked two years ahead and is, whenever and wherever announced, an automatic sell-out. On *Variety's* 1939 box-office score she is topped only by Nelson Eddy of Hollywood and Lily Pons of the Metropolitan. Her fees average \$2500 a concert. Radio engagements average \$3000. Twentieth Century-Fox paid her \$6000

for singing two songs at the gala opening of *Young Mr. Lincoln* in Springfield, Illinois — when, bizarrely enough, she was not accepted as a guest at Springfield's leading hotel, The Lincoln. She is the first Negro singer ever to be asked to the White House for a solo performance, and when the President said, "Oh, hello, Miss Anderson, you look just like your pictures, don't you?" she had the only attack of stage fright of her life and forgot the speech she had learned by heart. But when she was invited to the White House again last June, to sing for the King and Queen of England, without previous instruction in etiquette for the occasion she went down that glittering and illustrious receiving line with the poise of a princess.

Europe, even back in 1931, accepted with gratitude and amazement the singer whom America had ignored. London, Vienna, Oslo, Prague called her back for repeat engagements. Six concerts in Scandinavia were stretched to 76. In 1936, three weeks in Russia became three months. She triumphed in Italy when the Ethiopian incident was at its height. Before she came along, only Rachmaninoff and Kreisler had ever sold out the Paris Opera House for a solo performance. In Finland she is one of the very few who have been invited to the home of Sibelius. "We will have coffee," the great man said when she came in. "Not coffee, cham-

pagne!" he shouted to his butler after she had sung for him.

Still she remains the genuinely modest Marian Anderson of South Philadelphia, the center of a singularly happy family that has lived in the same little brick house for 25 years. Her father, until his death, sold ice and coal. Her mother, before her marriage, was a school-teacher.

Marian was possessed by music always, and developed early a sense of the lofty standards which sustain her art today. When she was 10 her father took her to a pawnshop to buy the violin she had been begging for (it cost \$4, which was saved up a penny at a time), and she asked the pawnbroker over and over, "Is it the best, the very best? It *must* be the very best." Her first memory, as it should be, is of singing. She was not quite three and her mother had left her alone in the dining room where the wallpaper had a red rose border at the top. She began to sing to herself and, as she sang, the flower border opened like a lattice and smiling, friendly people looked out and sang with her. They are very real to her still, that first audience of hers. Perhaps they have something to do with the light that always touches her face when she closes her eyes to sing.

Marian joined the junior choir of the Union Baptist Church when she was six. It was then that she made her first public appearance, singing *The Lord Is My Shepherd*.

The Sunday school superintendent asked if she would sing again. And so a career was launched.

At 13 Marian joined the senior choir. She sang bass when the bass soloist was away — an octave higher, of course — and soprano when the soprano soloist was away. Her phenomenal range and sound musicianship undoubtedly stem partly from that early training; just as her poise and complete lack of platform nerves come partly from having sung to large audiences of musically alert people from the time she was six.

Mr. Anderson died when Marian was 12 and for the next decade the Anderson career became a community project. Mrs. Anderson took in washing and went out to do housework. Church members started a fund for "Marian Anderson's Future" which grew by nickels and dimes. Benefits were given, singing teachers contributed their services. Marian earned what she could herself — \$5, \$7.50 a recital; later \$10 and even \$20. Mrs. Anderson had flu, badly, five years after her husband's death and Marian never let her go out to work again. That meant a family to support as well as a musical education to be had.

Until she was 16 Marian had no singing lessons at all. Her first teacher was Mary Saunders Patterson, who gave her a scholarship; later she studied with Agnes Reifsnnyder. Then her high school principal arranged for her to meet

Giuseppe Boghetti, well-known teacher and coach of New York and Philadelphia. Maestro Boghetti remembers well the first time he saw Marian, at the end of a hard day's teaching when he was, for the moment, surfeited with song and singers; a tall, calm girl who sang *Deep River* in the twilight and made him cry.

It is to Boghetti that Marian Anderson owes the first landmark of her career. In 1925 he entered her in a singing contest, the winner of which was to appear as soloist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra at Lewisohn Stadium. That contest was her first major experience with racial discrimination. Only after threatening a scandal was Boghetti able to get her a hearing. It finally came at the end of an August day, when the judges were hot, bored and in a hurry to get home. Marian's aria was *O Mio Fernando* from Donizetti's *La Favorita*. "Even if you hear the gong, go on," Boghetti had told her, "so they can hear you do the trill at the end." But she heard no gong. After the first bars there was a hush; then surprise, then delight on the faces of the judges. And at the end a spontaneous roar of applause, although "absolutely no demonstration" was the strict order of the day. All this was repeated at the second audition, again at the final. Marian won the prize. The Stadium concert itself was another personal triumph, and it looked for a

while as if, at 21, Marian Anderson had stepped "over Jordan" into the promised land of success.

Another five years of wandering in the wilderness were before her, however; five years of hope deferred, which often bordered on despair. Promises were made, then broken; one of New York's top managers put her under contract, then nothing happened. Connoisseurs of music shook their heads wonderingly over her glorious voice, but muttered about the handicap of race, and said, "What can she do with it?" Had her goal been less exalted, her problem would have been simpler. The middle road of song has been trod often and with conspicuous success by her people. But the world of great music was this girl's home and she could accept no other.

She sang a good deal, of course, usually under Negro auspices. Her fees were better now, \$100 usually and sometimes \$150. She made her mother and two sisters comfortable. But that was not enough for the girl who, at 10, had felt so passionately that only the best would do where music was concerned. So she decided on Europe as a way out and up. She would study in Berlin and, if she was lucky, give a few recitals on the Continent.

Eight years of conquest abroad intervened before the spotlighted climax of her career. That climax came at Easter 1939, when Marian Anderson touched a new high in

the struggle of her people against intolerance. For that Easter concert on the steps of Lincoln Memorial in Washington became not only a national issue but perhaps the most impressive event in the musical history of America.

The controversy started when Miss Anderson's manager, seeking a Washington auditorium for April 8, 9 or 10, was told that Constitution Hall, owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution, was "not available for a concert for Miss Anderson." The manager was then refused the use of Central High School auditorium. By this time feeling was running high across the presses of America. Petitions were signed, pronouncements mentioning the Bill of Rights, the Constitution and the merits of the liberal ideal were sent out everywhere — particularly to members of the D.A.R. Telegrams of protest poured in — from Mayor La Guardia, Walter Damrosch, the entire Philadelphia Orchestra. On February 24 Miss Anderson's manager announced "a free open-air concert for all music lovers and believers in true democracy to be given within earshot of Constitution Hall." And on February 26 Mrs. Roosevelt resigned from the D.A.R. amid the editorial cheers of the nation; cheers for a "First Lady who had the courage to fight group prejudice and group intolerance."

The federal government, through the courtesy of Secretary Ickes,

was host; the sponsors were Cabinet members, Senators, Congressmen, national celebrities, headed by Mrs. Roosevelt and Chief Justice and Mrs. Hughes. After so sensational a build-up it seemed that only a miracle could save the concert from being an anticlimax.

Those lucky enough to be there will never forget that day: Bellhops all over town praying, "Please don't let it rain, God, for the D.A.R.'s will think You're on their side." The crowd of 75,000, the greatest since Lindbergh's arrival in 1927. The haunting symbolism — the tall, grave girl with the towering marble Lincoln brooding above her shoulder. The look of wonder when she saw that uplifted sea of faces, white man and Negro, shoulder to shoulder. The hush. The incomparable voice, deeper, more passionately moving, perhaps, than it had ever been before — *My Country 'Tis of Thee, Ave Maria, Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen*. The tears. The cheers. Never had a greater burden been put on the shoulders of a single artist. But the great gift and soul of Marian Anderson were equal to it.

As with other great artists, the private life of Marian Anderson is practically nonexistent. She has never married, although she hopes to some day. She permits herself few friends and almost no social life. There is nothing of the legendary diva about her: she is disciplined, amiable, possessed of rare

common sense. She likes clothes and is dressed by Chanel for the concert platform. Most of her other things she makes herself, for sewing is her only relaxation. She has neither a maid nor a secretary; she prefers to look after herself. When she tours in the United States she usually stays at the homes of members of her own race. For years, however, she went to the Harlem Y.W.C.A. when she came to New York. The only concession she makes to the nagging counterpoint of race discrimination, which always runs below the harmonious leitmotif of her life, is that she spends her short and infrequent vacations in Europe, usually on the Riviera. Even there she works, coaching and program-making for her next season. Today she sings in nine languages. Even though it is unlikely that the doors of grand opera will ever be opened to her, the horizon before her is wide.

At the foundation of Marian Anderson's life and art is religion. No gothic abstraction, ornate with dogma; no primitive frenzy, shot through with jungle rhythms; rather the consecration and light of *The Ode to Joy*. Beethoven would have loved and understood this "Child of the King," just as another great master in our own time has loved and understood her. It was Jean Sibelius who dedicated to her his song *Solitude*, who said to her at parting, "The roof of my house is too low for you."

❖ How the Japanese army is debauching a nation, facilitating conquest and making money by promoting the opium trade in China

Dope, Japan's New Weapon

Condensed from Scribner's-Commentator

Carl Crow

Long-time resident of Shanghai; author of
"400,000,000 Customers," "Chinese Are Like That," etc.

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NARCOTICS — opium, morphine and heroin — are the spearhead of the Japanese military invasion of China. I am not talking about the surreptitious traffic in drugs which is an old story in other lands. I mean the Japanese army's systematic use of dope as a military weapon.

Advance guards of dope peddlers debauch populations, particularly young men of fighting age, to pave the way for army victories. Special agents plot to make addicts of Chinese who are or might become leaders dangerous to the conquerors. Battalions of dope peddlers come in with the troops, to keep the people enslaved — and to make money. And the drug traffic helps finance the Japanese army.

"Pestilence and war historically go together," said Lieut.-Commander Reginald Fletcher to the House of Commons, "but it has been left to the Japanese to find a way in which to make pestilence pay for war."

These charges are fully substantiated. Every "old China hand"

like myself tells the same sickening story. A constantly increasing docket of official reports piles up the indictment. The damning evidence is to be found on file with the League of Nations, the Institute of Pacific Relations, our own State and Treasury Departments, the Navy Department, the British consular service; and in hundreds of letters from missionaries to their headquarters here. All agree on the main outlines; each adds specific detail or verified statistics.

Production of opium, heroin and morphine is increasing in Japanese-controlled territory, notably in Manchukuo. Thousands of dope peddlers work under military direction. To every protest Japan turns a deaf ear.

She is self-convicted of knowing perfectly well what she is doing. Japanese laws against drug addiction — by Japanese — are the strictest in the world, and the best enforced. Mere possession of an opium pipe, for example, is good for seven years at hard labor. And a pamphlet distributed to all Japanese

soldiers contains this paragraph: "The use of narcotics is unworthy of a superior race like the Japanese. Only inferior races that are decadent like the Chinese, Europeans and the East Indians are addicted to the use of narcotics. This is why they are destined to become our slaves and eventually disappear."

The Samurai have acquired a new sword.

The Japanese first grasped the potentialities of narcotics as an agency of conquest when they took over Manchukuo. Opium-smoking regiments of the Manchurian army fled or surrendered without resistance. Thereupon the Japanese army embarked on a program to prepare North China for conquest by the use of narcotics. The army and the Japanese diplomats smoothed the way for the Korean peddlers who were sent in. At home a Korean has no civil rights; the lowest Japanese can slap a Korean aristocrat with impunity. But when the scum of Seoul came into China and started peddling dope, they became important representatives of the Empire. If arrested by the Chinese police, the Japanese police forcibly released them. If by chance they did come before a Japanese judge, they were fined a trivial sum — a fraction of the profit on one suitcase full of dope. There had to be arsenals for this new munitions of war, so the drugs were stored in Japanese consulates where Chinese officials could not pry.

In North China, General Chiang Kai-shek's customs guards found it a waste of time to arrest these Korean smugglers; the Japanese courts would release them. But they could seize the narcotics. The Koreans then began traveling in armed bands, sometimes accompanied by Japanese soldiers or police. The customs guards also organized, and there were clashes. Many of the peddlers refused to go on with their work, until the Japanese army brought pressure to bear on the Japanese foreign office which in turn bore down on the Chinese government. Since China then was doing everything possible to postpone the inevitable conflict, the customs guards were disarmed and reduced in number. Dope peddling entered upon a new boom.

In the guise of traveling doctors, the peddlers sold pills guaranteed to cure all diseases. They were heroin. But young men, potential soldiers for China, were healthy and did not buy pills. So the Japanese introduced a new brand of cigarettes, loaded with heroin, priced to compete with the cheapest on the Chinese market. The cigarettes made addicts by thousands. Japanese salesmen gave away samples, made cut-price introductory offers.

These salesmen did not follow the natural arteries of trade. Theirs was not a commercial mission; it was military. The cigarettes were first introduced and were pushed hardest in Shansi Province, a for-

midable obstacle athwart any Japanese advance toward the Yellow River; here the army might expect to meet the most determined resistance.

The peddlers did their work well, for Japanese troops marched through North China practically unopposed. One Chinese commander explained the loss of an important battle by saying that the weather was rainy and his troops could not light the doped cigarettes without which they were helpless.

As the Japanese armies have pushed from Peiping and Tientsin to the south, and from Shanghai to the west, they have followed the procedure developed in Manchuria. As soon as they come into control of a place, they establish an opium monopoly, revoke anti-narcotic laws, release all prisoners held on narcotic charges. The aim is to create as many customers as possible. Particular attention is paid to young patriots — university students, for example. They are arrested on some trumped-up charge and held in jail for a week or two. When released they are addicts. A package of heroin cigarettes, or a little heroin in food or drink, does the trick.

Thus all China under Japanese control has been flooded with narcotics — sold as openly as soap or kerosene. Every old American resident of Shanghai, Canton, Peiping, Soochow, Nanking, and Hankow has been horrified by the scourge.

The program of poisoning has probably been most successful in Nanking. Three years ago Nanking was as free from narcotics as any city in the United States. Under Chinese rule it had been impossible to purchase any narcotic without a physician's prescription. But the Japanese army began the open sale of opium, morphine and heroin even before the orgy of looting and raping had ceased.

Early in 1939 a survey conducted by British and American residents showed that 50,000 people in Nanking — an eighth of the population — were drug addicts. The most recent report estimates addicts at from one fourth to one third of the population. The Nanking opium monopoly, which calls itself "the Opium Suppression Bureau," does a business of 5,000,000 Chinese dollars a month. This sum would feed, clothe and shelter 200,000 people.

In Peiping there are 500 shops dealing in narcotics, outnumbering those in any other line of business. The quiet little street on which I lived in Shanghai three years ago is now surrounded by opium dens and drug shops.

Profits meet a large part of public expenses, but the profits do not all go into official treasuries. The entire army is honeycombed with opium graft. Officers in higher ranks spend more than their salaries on sake and geishas; those in lower ranks luxuriate with beer and Korean prostitutes. While poisoning

the people of China for military purposes, Japanese officers are meeting their own expenses, and even getting rich, out of the drug traffic.

A recent controversy between the army and the navy over control of the opium business in Shanghai resulted in a compromise whereby the army gets the major portion of the swag. Opium and the finished drugs as well are moved as army stores.

Year after year the Narcotics Advisory Committee of the League of Nations has called the attention of the Japanese government to the flood of illicit drugs for which it was responsible. The only response has been a promise to investigate.

The Manchukuo budget for 1939 estimated the revenue from opium at 71,000,000 yen, an increase of 24,000,000 yen over 1938. But after a few months the officials announced that the revenue would exceed 90,000,000 yen. For some time the revenue from opium has been second only to that provided by the customs, and if the present rate of increase continues it may take first place. Manchukuo appropriately decorates its bank notes with the poppy flower.

The average annual opium production of Korea used to be about one ton. This jumped to five tons in 1931, to seven tons in 1932, to

14 tons in 1933. In 1937, with new demands occasioned by the use of opium in the China campaign, it was almost 30 tons.

The annual exportation of opium from Persia from 1928 to 1934 inclusive averaged about 500 tons. In 1935 the Japanese army became an important purchaser, and exports of Persian opium jumped to a new high of 833 tons, increased again in 1936 to the amazing total of 1346 tons. Some of this Persian opium was carried in ships flying the Japanese army transport flag and was consigned directly to the army.

The guilt of Japan is so complete that it might be said to constitute the perfect crime. It has been committed not by individuals but by a nation. The army, the navy, the foreign office, have all been involved. While there have been arguments in Japan about other phases of the war in China, there has been none about this one. The Japanese newspapers have been silent and so have the Japanese priests.

The Japanese cannot, officially or unofficially, deny the truth of the facts I have presented. They will simply remain silent. The narcotic war is too profitable and too important to the army — both for victory now, and thereafter to maintain a debauched people in slavery to the conqueror.



THE department store fire mentioned in the January Reader's Digest, page 69, occurred in Marseilles, France — not Illinois. — The Editors

“I believe there is one way we can carry all Americans to an ever-higher standard of life” —

Adventures in Industrial Citizenship

By

William Hard

Noted Washington correspondent; lecturer on economics and politics

I WROTE an article called “America Unlimited”* and in it I said:

“I do not believe that America has come to the end of its ‘expansion.’ I do not believe that we must have millions of unemployed. I believe, on the contrary, that there is one way we can carry all Americans, and particularly the poorest, to an ever-higher standard of life.

“I believe that this way lies in increasing our productivity per man. Which means lower costs, which permits lower prices. Lower prices will enable consumers to have money left over. They will spend that money, thus putting the unemployed to work.”

Among the approving letters I received was one from a young industrial engineer, Allan H. Mogenssen. He said that I was right in principle but that I greatly underestimated what could be done toward lower costs and lower prices in practice. He said he would like to show me.

I recoiled. I knew that Mr. Mogenssen was eminent. I knew that in 1937 he had been awarded the

Gilbreth Medal by the Society for the Advancement of Management.

But I once very well knew a certain sort of efficiency engineer. He goes into a plant. Armed with a clock and camera he approaches a girl operator to make motion-studies of her. Then he says in effect:

“You are moving your left hand too slowly.”

“But I don’t think —” the girl begins.

“That’s right,” says the efficiency engineer, “you don’t think. I think. You just move — and move faster.”

So the girl gets sore. Plenty of efficiency engineers have received plenty of big fees for making girls — and men — get sore. They go on mental “sit-downs.”

So I said to Mr. Mogenssen:

“Another fomenter of mental sit-downs?”

“I start by trying to eliminate them,” said Mr. Mogenssen.

“Lead on,” I said.

WE ARRIVED in the New Jersey plant of Johnson & Johnson, manufacturers of surgical supplies. We came to a girl who was packaging. I noticed that she was doing it

*This widely discussed article appeared in *The Reader’s Digest*, September, ’39, p. 1.

awkwardly, with too little help from her left hand. I said: "Why don't you tell her?"

"Because," said a plant official, "we're trying to educate her to tell herself. We don't begin with clocks. We begin with brains."

A few minutes later I was listening to Mr. Mogensen as he talked to a study group of foremen. He was saying, in substance:

"Don't drive. Lead. Don't coerce. Persuade.

"Make suggestions for simpler work methods to the people under you. Get *them* to make suggestions.

"A few years ago the idea was to have all the thinking in a plant done by a little group of thinkers in a room by themselves. That's out. In a really modern plant everybody must be a thinker."

We moved to another room. There a top engineer was teaching a study group of mechanics. He was starting them thinking on such questions as these:

"What do we need? More money? Or more of the things we can buy with money?

"How can we get more of those things? By making them cost more? Or by making them cost less?

"Is there any way to have more wealth except through more production of wealth?"

I felt in the presence of a new phase of adult education. Education during work-hours in a factory! Courses in human relations! Courses in economics!

I WENT NEXT to the plant of the Maiden Form Brassière Company at Bayonne, N. J. Mogensen's ideas of "Work Simplification" were introduced there by one of his pupils, J. J. Baer. He began by announcing to all in the plant:

"Our objective is a larger earning, without greater effort, and a better product at a lower cost. Each operation will be motion-studied, to arrive at the 'one best way' and to eliminate motions that cause waste and fatigue. I hereby set forth that I am opposed to all forms of speed-up."

The management added that nobody would be dismissed because of any work improvement methods introduced. That point seems to be essential. No employe will come forward with a suggestion which would suggest him out of his job.

There is the additional idea mentioned by John T. Sinkey, assistant treasurer of the Central Hanover Bank and Trust Company of New York, where a Work Simplification program was installed:

"It was important to us that our employes should become more management-minded. There is a minimum to the size of a trust account that we can handle profitably. But if we can reduce the cost of handling smaller trust accounts to the point where they are profitable, a rich field will be open for development. We make it clear to our employes that the lower our costs, the more business we will attract and

that, instead of fewer employees, we will need more."

Costs down! Then, in the end, employment up! If only management and labor together could everywhere realize that truth!

So now! Employees have taken study courses. Employees have been guaranteed against tossing themselves off the payroll. Then — and then only — Mr. Mogensen begins on scientific management. He begins with its most vital tool, the camera.

He gets a group of workers together and shows them motion pictures of bungling operations *in other plants*. They laugh at the way things are done in other plants.

Then Mr. Mogensen makes motion pictures of themselves at their various tasks. The result is almost always that expressed by a woman employee: "How stupid of me to do *that!*"

Over and over again employees and executives will positively deny that they are doing a certain piece of work in a certain awkward way until they see themselves doing it.

But Mogensen's camera and his charts are but educational devices toward the central aim sought: to get everybody in the plant to *think* about better work methods. Mr. Mogensen even insists that the top executives shall join the thinking.

So now. After as much as is feasible has been done to get everybody

interested, the Work Simplification itself begins. It begins with asking everybody to ask "Why?"

Why do we do such and such things, in such and such ways? *Why* do we do them at all?

These "whys" produce some sublime headaches — and some very red faces now and then — for top management. The Du Pont Company has a pigments plant in Wilmington, Delaware. In this plant there is a dry room and a grind room. Barrels of pigments were always weighed as they went from one room into the other. A workman inquired: *Why* do we weigh those barrels of pigments?

Top management plunged itself into profound thought. When it emerged, it said: "There is no reason whatsoever." So the weighing of the barrels was abolished and plenty of time saved.

Hundreds of such instances could be given.

After the "whys" comes the never-ending chapter of "Suggestions."

In a Du Pont rayon plant there were scales for weighing coal in the powerhouse. Every time a batch was weighed, a ticket was made. Then the entries on the tickets were totaled on an adding machine. A powerhouse employe rigged up a totaling device on the scales itself. Time on the job was saved by 165 hours a month.

In the Bristol-Myers plant at Hillside, N. J., there is a man who

dumps a chemical out of trays. When he has dumped a batch of it he writes out a "plant-order." Then he walks down two flights of stairs. He finds a forelady and gives her the plant-order. Then he climbs back two flights of stairs.

That's how it used to be. But when I walked by that tray-dumper I was startled to see, at his side, an ordinary fishing-rod reel with a line descending from it through a hole in the floor. A sub-foreman had created that elementary device. The tray-dumper no longer walks two flights down and two flights back. He attaches his plant-order to the fishing line and lets it down to the forelady.

A plant at Bridgeport, Connecticut, was producing valve-bodies. These valve-bodies had to have holes drilled into them. For that purpose they were fastened to the drill-table with clamps. These clamps had to be shifted from time to time in order to give the drill a chance to make another hole. A rank-and-file employe took an old lathe chuck with jaws and substituted it for the clamps. The jaws of the chuck held the valve-body from underneath. No more shiftings were necessary. The cost of the operation was reduced from ten dollars to three and a half dollars. The wages of the employe performing the operation could be — and were — raised 25 percent.

Again, hundreds of such instances could be given. What amazes me

about many of them is their child-like simplicity. No wonder top executives could not think of them!

Consider the Work Simplifying girl in the Richmond plant of Larus & Brother, tobacco manufacturers. She stood beside a system of belt conveyors on which cartons of cigarettes were traveling. At a certain point they had to be turned so that they would travel head-on. This girl was energetically doing the turning.

Her boss, Mr. Glazebrook, wondered whether the turning could be done better and cheaper. He decided to build a machine to do the turning. The machine would cost about \$300. The next day he walked up to the girl and asked her why she seemed not to be working. There wasn't a motion in her. The first finger of her right hand, though, was projecting about an inch over the belt conveyor. Mr. Glazebrook marveled. The girl had found the strategic spot. Each carton, as it struck her finger, swerved exactly right and went on its way head-on.

That girl had reduced work to motionlessness. A nail was installed where the girl had held her finger. The nail turned the cartons, and the girl was free for another job in the plant — and a raise.

Sharing the results of Work Simplification with labor is essential, under the Mogensen type of program; and another thing essential is personal recognition. Mogensen's methods seek to create a new spirit,

a spirit that kills the "mental sit-down," a spirit that creates the desire to work, in full confidence that more work will bring more income and more recognition. This spirit can extend to the solution of even that most harassing of all labor problems: the problem of "work standards" and "piece rates."

The problem came up in the plant of the Maiden Form Brassière Company. In that plant there had been many considerable feats in Work Simplification.

For instance:

Studies showed that a girl clipping thread-ends off a brassière was making 58 movements with her left hand and 88 with her right. These were reduced to 34 with the left and 38 with the right. Much better balance between the two hands. Awkwardness and fatigue diminished. And a total of 74 movements eliminated!

After many such experiences Moe Rosenthal, production manager, found himself negotiating a new contract with the International Ladies Garment Workers. He proposed "work standards" and "piece rates." The union began by saying no. But the contract ultimately signed said:

"The Employer has installed a time and motion study system in its establishment. The Union has investigated and reviewed this system and believes it to be fair and equitable and an appropriate method for establishing piece rates."

Now, what results can be expected from such developments?

There are two, I think. The first was expressed the other day by a member of the management of a Du Pont plant. He said that the best thing about Motion Study and Time Study and Work Simplification, soundly conducted, is that they develop *men*.

The other day I had a talk with Louis Meltzer, vice-president of the C.I.O. union in the New York plant of the Eagle Pencil Company. Mr. Meltzer said that he believed in Work Simplification if management and union would get together on it. I had been deeply impressed by a talk he had made to the Society for the Advancement of Management. He had finished up that talk by mentioning three things which he thought were the basic aspirations of the workers he knew:

1. To get recognition of "worthwhileness."
2. To get an opportunity to criticize inefficiency of management.
3. To get a chance "to participate in one's own destiny."

Are we not all of us, deep down, interested not only in more bread and butter but also in "participation" in the control of the processes through which more bread and butter comes into being? That "participation" would be industrial or economic citizenship.

It occurs to me that we have political patriotism because we have political citizenship. If we had eco-

conomic citizenship, might we not have economic patriotism? And might not economic patriotism, however "idealistic," be a very practical driving force toward increasing our national production and our national income?

That thought keeps repeating itself to me as I think back over Mogensen's efforts to begin efficiency not with mechanical contrivances but with men.

But I descend from such speculations to immediate dollars and cents in the cash register. The second result of Work Simplification is a strong acceleration of the original true American economic progressivism toward lowered costs and thereupon toward either improved quality or lowered price — or both.

The Maiden Form Company states that with Work Simplification it confidently expects improved qualities, increased sales, more employes on the payroll, and a lift of at least 20 percent in wages.

The Larus firm in the last few years has accomplished, in the manufacture of its 10-cent Domino cigarettes, improved qualities, has trebled its output, has doubled the number of its employes, has advanced individual wages all along the line from 20 percent to 100 percent — and still has reduced its net labor costs per 1000 cigarettes.

The American Hard Rubber Company, of Butler, N. J., reports an

average reduction of 30 percent in the costs of every job to which Work Simplification has been applied.

That such reductions are feasible is now widely admitted among informed people. Mr. Mogensen in the last eight years has introduced Work Simplification in more than 50 plants. From this experience he believes that people in factories and offices are working today — in general — at not more than 70 percent of their easy possibilities. He calculates the current money value of that lost time and output at almost 20 billion dollars a year.

What happens if that 20 billion dollars — or the bulk of it — gets transmitted to the consumers in lowered prices?

Some of the experiences of Johnson & Johnson with lowered prices explain their enthusiasm for Work Simplification. Note the following:

1. In four years they have reduced the price of a certain hospital item 10 percent. Its sales have gone up 250 percent.

2. In four years they have reduced the price of another hospital item 16 percent. Its sales have gone up 300 percent.

3. In four years they have reduced the price of a certain first-aid item 32 percent. Its sales have gone up 410 percent.

Work Simplification in the manufacture of a bolt-action rifle at a Remington Arms plant so reduced costs that the price was reduced

from \$7.50 to \$5.50. Sales instantly outstripped production.

The firm of Graton & Knight, leather goods producers, in Worcester, Mass., went in for Work Simplification. As a by-product, they had a dog collar. Priced at 75 cents, it sold in a few pet shops. Work Simplification of the whole plant made it possible to sell that dog collar, as a by-product, at 10 cents. It began to sell by the million in five-and-ten-cent stores.

That is what happens with simplified work, reduced costs, lowered

prices. What happens is a bigger volume of consumption. And a bigger volume of consumption means a bigger volume of production. And a bigger volume of production means a bigger volume of employment. Which is what we want to do.

And I ask again: Is there any other way to do it?

And I assert: The government cannot and does not prevent us from doing it.

And I suggest: Take time off from cursing the government — and do it.



So That's How It Started! — XIX —

The Triumph of Trousers

BEFORE the French Revolution well-dressed men wore knee breeches while the rabble wore long trousers. When the French monarchy was overthrown, long trousers became a symbol of the revolution. Since anyone whose outward appearance during that time brought him under suspicion of being an aristocrat went in danger of his life, even wealthy men went about wearing the blue linen pantaloons of the common people.

Curiously enough, the fashion was introduced to England by such dandies as Beau Brummel and the Prince Regent, men bitterly opposed to the democratic principles which trousers had been chosen to represent. England's acceptance of trousers was not immediate, however. Cambridge University, in 1812, decreed that students appearing in hall or chapel in long trousers should be considered absent. The Duke of Wellington was barred from London's favorite resort because he was wearing trousers. In 1820 one sect of the Church of England ordered that no preacher who wore long trousers be allowed to occupy a pulpit, and even today knee breeches are still worn in English court-dress.

— Robert Hogg

Caesar Grows Old

Condensed from The American Mercury

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

THE MOST unpardonable journalistic crime in Rome is to write about Mussolini's age, mention that he is a grandfather, describe an indisposition, or allude to signs of his increasing years. Breaches of the rule send him into tantrums. *Time* magazine caused a shower of sparks in the Palazzo Venezia recently by mentioning his stomach ulcers and eyeglasses.

This is not vanity on *Il Duce's* part so much as fear that he will not much longer be able to exert the absolute power so dear to him. A short time ago an old friend had an appointment with the *Duce* at the Palazzo Venezia. Mussolini was a few minutes late and, stickler for promptness that he is, came bounding up the stairs. He was out of breath. "Must be getting old," he panted. Then he realized what he had said. He scowled and burst out, "I hate old age. The inaction, muddled thoughts, slow reactions. I'd rather be dead than old."

Outwardly, Mussolini has not changed much during the past few years. At 57, the lines in his face are heavier, but his step is as quick and springy, the magnificent posture which makes him seem taller

than his 5 feet 6 inches is as erect, his salute as snappy as ever. And his speeches have the same clipped, precise cogency as always.

In private, the change has been gradual. He still "jumps out of bed like Napoleon" at about six o'clock in the morning after a sound, seven-hour sleep. Insomnia is rare with him. He "shuts off" his "worries," he says, "like closing a sluice-gate." After a cup of camomile tea, he goes horseback riding. But he no longer takes the phenomenal jumps he used to. His doctor has tactfully warned against the strain. Mussolini has also stopped his mad motorcycle dashes and his hair-raising skiing swoops.

At the Palazzo Venezia he takes his work much easier. He receives only the most important visitors. Few diplomats, no newspapermen except his personal mouthpiece Virginio Gayda, and only a handful of prominent foreigners have been admitted to the presence during the last year. Jim Farley was turned away. And his favorite remark to his own ministers is a brusque, "Get on with it. Don't waste my time." He is more irritable than ever before, even at home with his children.

But the real change has come in the *Duce's* mind. Not many, even in Rome, know what staggering blows Mussolini's ambitions and pride have taken from the "wild man of the north" — Adolf Hitler. Italy reached her zenith with the conquest of Ethiopia, and Rome went wild when, on May 9, 1936, the *Duce* shouted his proclamation of the Empire to packed thousands. But thereafter Mussolini skidded rapidly from the position of world power which he thought was within reach. And to Mussolini, who has lived by the precepts of Julius Caesar and the lessons of Napoleon, that is a realization that tears his soul. The *Duce* was fooled — he knows that now — and allowed his chances for real greatness to be taken from under his nose by a man whom he had always regarded with contempt, and of whom he said at their first meeting, "That man's face is a disgrace to Europe."

When the dictators met for the first time in June 1934, at Venice, Mussolini found Hitler a weak, disorderly, undisciplined dreamer. A French journalist who knew him well warned the *Duce*. "Why," said Mussolini, "don't you French make your peace with Hitler?" "Because we don't trust him," answered the Frenchman. "*Eh bien!*" replied the *Duce*, "I have confidence in him. And I can handle him," he added, making a kneading gesture with his strong white fingers.

Mussolini's confidence was even

stronger when he went to Germany in September 1937. Hitler had been an obedient servant. During the darkest days of the Ethiopian crisis — even when war with Great Britain threatened over the League's sanctions — Berlin had performed at the *Duce's* command. When, on Chancellor Dollfuss's assassination, Italian troops rushed to the Brenner Pass, Hitler dropped his *putsch* against Austria and went scuttling for safety. And now the *Führer* was turning Germany inside out to give Mussolini an imperial welcome. It was almost too good to be true, Mussolini told son-in-law Ciano.

Backed by Hitler's power, Fascism — Mussolini's, that is — could dominate Europe. Intoxicated by these visions of power, the dictators talked it over amid the roars of cheering thousands. Germany was to have Austria and colonies, Italy a Mediterranean Empire; the Balkans would be divided between them. The pact was sealed with a handshake. At last Mussolini felt that a real Imperium Romanum was in his grasp.

The *Führer*, however, took precipitate prepayment for services to be rendered. In March 1938 his columns rolled into Vienna. The *Duce* agreed, 24 hours before Hitler struck, only because he had to. After the *putsch* was over, a telegram arrived from Berlin — "Mussolini, I will never forget what you have done." One of Mussolini's own

satrap suggested to friends that the *Duce* should wire back, saying — "Neither will I."

When the *Führer* rumbled into Czechoslovakia in September 1938, the *Duce*, knowing that complete control of the former republic would mean German domination of the Balkans, tried his best at Munich to save a buffer state that would retard the Nazi march. But Chamberlain and Daladier gave way to Hitler too quickly for that.

Back in Rome, Mussolini and Ciano went into a huddle. If France and Britain had knuckled under so easily to Germany, they would do the same for Italy. Hitler would now be bound to help, in exchange for past favors. A telephone call to Berlin confirmed that. And on November 30, the Chamber of Fasces and Corporations in Rome suddenly re-echoed with shouts of "Tunisia!" "Corsica!" "Djibouti!" — a "spontaneous demonstration of the Italian people." And in the Mediterranean, the Italian fleet began concentrating.

Breathlessly, Mussolini and Ciano waited for Hitler's opening lines. The cue had been given. And then came one of the biggest double-crosses in modern history. The German press fluttered mildly — yes, wasn't it a shame that Italy was so maltreated. In London and Paris, the German ambassadors knew absolutely nothing about Mussolini's claims. No, Hitler had no intention of giving active support to Italy.

In Paris, Daladier and Bonnet heaved sighs of relief, then filled their lungs for a bellowed "No!" in the Chamber of Deputies which swept the nation with them. Mussolini's Mediterranean Empire came crashing down. And for four days, in Rome, he would see no one. Alone, he paced unceasingly up and down his gigantic room, only pausing from time to time to shout orders through the telephone. No one dared go near him.

He has salvaged what he could from the wreckage. The Axis remained in theory. To have given it up would have been to lose all bargaining power against England and France. But the German "missions" of trade and military experts gradually disappeared. Once more he tried to influence Hitler. Convinced that war with Poland would bring in England and France and start a European conflagration, he sent Ciano to Berchtesgaden to warn the *Führer* and to tell him that Italy would not stand by him. When Ciano returned with Hitler's shriek of "You ass! You son of an ass!" still ringing in his ears, Mussolini realized that the game was up, and said so. "Whoever wins this war," as a high official who parrots his master's opinions commented to us recently in Rome, "will not treat Italy well."

Mussolini's mistakes have cost him more than his dreams of empire. They have cost him much of the dictator's most essential possession — prestige at home. Every

morning a chubby little man with a double chin patters past two saluting guards at the Palazzo Venezia and walks unannounced into the *Duce's* room. It is Arturo Bocchini, able chief of the secret police, Mussolini's closest adviser and probably the second most powerful man in Italy. "One of the few really honest men I know" — Mussolini has said of him. And Bocchini pays the *Duce* back in kind for his confidence. His tentacles reach into every stratum of Italian society. The gossip of the aristocratic tea table and the opinion of the dock workers in Genoa alike are laid, digested and precisely ordered, before the *Duce* every morning.

To his master, during the past two years, Arturo Bocchini has brought the story of increasing discontent. Abyssinia, in terms of coffee, gold and promised raw materials, has been a great disappointment. There is now no coffee in Italy. And the campaign in Spain was very unpopular. Homecoming troops spread the stories of the execrable Italian generalship. The cost in men and money seemed absolutely unjustifiable to the Italian people. Stories began to circulate. The Italians are much more frank in their conversation than the Germans dare to be. "Mussolini makes history, but Hitler makes geography," was one of the pet cracks in Rome. Above all, the Axis is unpopular. When the floods of hated Nazis began visiting the capital to "advise" the govern-

ment, even high Fascist officials sighed — "Yes, it used to be nice in *Mussolini's* day."

Things like that rattle the *Duce*. He has no sense of humor to fall back on — he hates jokes, particularly about himself. Above all, he has no friends. Even men like Dino Grandi and Italo Balbo, who have been with him since the beginning of his career, complain that he treats them as nothing more than useful assistants. He often makes them stand in his presence. "When people stand," he has said, "they don't gabble so much, and you get rid of them quicker." As a newspaper editor in Milan, he had a sign on his door — "Whoever comes in does me honor. Whoever does not come in gives me pleasure." That rule still applies at the Palazzo Venezia. His lack of contact with people makes him suspicious of perfidy. He trusts no one, not even Ciano — who is completely devoted to him.

Mussolini finds no relaxation in society. Parties bore him to extinction. The Roman social world — which is stupid and dissolute — he loathes. He is proud that he has never set foot inside the door of a Roman aristocrat. For the local intelligentsia he also has profound contempt. "Blithering old gray-beards" is the closest possible translation of his epithet.

In his own home he is well taken care of. The Donna Rachele, who has never quite been able to realize

that she is the wife of the greatest man in Italy, follows him with a slavish devotion. She cares about nothing except the children and the household. He has tried to educate her and has given it up. When he comes home in the evening, she always brings him his dressing gown and slippers. "I like to take care of Benito myself," is one of the few statements she has ever made.

Mussolini worships his younger children — Romano and Anna Maria. Anna Maria almost died of spinal meningitis a few years ago. He was like a man gone mad. He dropped all work and spent whole days at the child's bedside. When she was on the road to recovery, he came to open the new building of the Foreign Correspondents' Association. There newspapermen presented the *Duce* with a big doll for Anna Maria. Mussolini held the doll in his arms and hugged it like a real child. Swallowing a couple of times, with tears in his eyes, he turned to Alfieri, Minister of Propaganda, and whispered in a choked voice, "You say something. I can't." And he turned toward the window while he tried to control his heaving shoulders. All in the room were veteran newspapermen, but there was hardly a dry cheek. And many of those present learned something

about Mussolini the man that they had never known before.

But even in the family happiness of the Villa Torlonia, there is no one whom he can talk to on his own level. And so he has had no cushion against the blows from across the Brenner, the blows which have shattered his ambitions. And he has no dynasty. "I think," he told Emil Ludwig, "that there will not be a second *Duce*; or that if he appears, Italy would not put up with him." And with that realization, he is relaxing. Formerly he was never content to issue a decree without pages of detailed instructions for its execution. "I am the only really efficient man in Italy," he once said. But of late he has been deputizing more and more authority to Ciano, Grandi and Balbo.

Italy feels the slackening from one end to the other. Generals complain that they are having difficulty getting supplies for the army for a conflict in the Balkans which they consider inevitable. Italian diplomats abroad miss the crisp instructions that always guided them. Competent observers in Rome think that Mussolini is just holding his hand until he sees the way to jump. But many who are close to *Il Duce* think otherwise — that Caesar is growing old.



I AM only an average man, but, by George,
I work harder at it than the average man.

— Theodore Roosevelt

❑ *How powerful is radio in forming public opinion?—*
Significant conclusions from a nation-wide survey

Radio versus Reading

Condensed from *The New Republic*

Edwin Muller

WHEN Congress was debating the repeal of the Neutrality Law its members were snowed under by an avalanche of mail — 100,000 letters in a few days. This was the result of radio broadcasts by partisans of one side or the other. It caused a sensation in Congress. Were legislators to become Charlie McCarthys to carry out the will of persuasive radio orators?

Many people have come to think that radio is indeed an almost omnipotent force to form public opinion and to sway elections. They think that its power now surpasses that of the printed word in conveying ideas and opinions.

Yet the truth is not that simple, as will be generally realized after the forthcoming publication of the most thorough study of radio yet attempted. This survey, financed by the Rockefeller Foundation, has been carried on for two years by the School of Public and International Affairs of Princeton University.* Thousands of detailed interviews

were held with radio listeners of every type all over the country; the most highly developed, modern fact-finding techniques have been effectively employed in this study.

The survey shows to begin with that there's no question as to the immense size of the radio audience. Nine out of ten families have radios — 45 million sets, going on an average five hours a day. Radio has just about reached in 20 years the goal toward which print has been working for 500: to extend its audience to include the whole population.

But there's a great difference in the amount of listening done by different kinds of people. The Princeton survey classified the population according to income levels and educational opportunities. And it found conclusively that the higher the level the more reading. Radio goes the other way: the lower the level, the more listening. On the lower levels the radio is frequently on ten hours a day. In the home of a poor tenant farmer, the one who lives up a back country road and sees little cash money, the radio is often the family's main contact with the world.

* The material referred to in this article will be contained in a forthcoming book, *Radio and the Printed Word*.

But it is more important to find out who listens to *what*. Therefore the survey analyzes the audiences of those radio programs that compete with print — the programs that convey ideas, information, interpretations of news, political opinions. And the interesting discovery is that the lower the level of education, the fewer people listen to such programs. Vice versa, the *reading* people do listen to them more frequently.

The majority listen to the comedian who confides in you about his mother-in-law, to the innumerable serials that dramatize how the Jones family overcomes its tribulations. They don't listen so much to political speeches, public affairs forums, cultural talks.

There is danger of exaggerating the size of the radio spellbinders' audience. The survey, through the facilities of Dr. George Gallup's organization, found that even President Roosevelt doesn't reach as many over the air as some might suppose. Though he is admittedly our most charming and persuasive political personality on the radio today, his speeches, except on unusual occasions, are listened to by less than one third of the radio owners. Only 25 percent of the families owning sets heard his recent Jackson Day address. It is generally thought that his main support is from the lower economic levels. Yet on the lower economic levels one set in four is likely to be

tuned in on him; on the upper, one in two. The better-educated people, who would in general rather get ideas by reading than by listening, are twice as likely to listen to the President. And the difference is apt to be greater in the case of other serious broadcasts.

But, if the rank and file of listeners do not care for political broadcasts, what about the mail response to political appeals — the 100,000 letters that deafened the Congressional ear? The answer is that a very large proportion of those nonreading people who *do* listen to political addresses on the air are the "suggestible" type. And they write in as they are told. Radio — as the advertisers know and as this survey bears out — is most effective in playing on the uncritical, childlike mind. A commercial broadcaster finds it easy to get a mail response of 500,000. One commercial broadcast brought in 2,500,000 letters. Beside that, the 100,000 that went to Congress are small change. The Senators and Representatives overvalued the importance of those letters.

And yet one may hazard the guess that there may be future danger in the fact that radio is the preferred medium of those strata of the population that are more suggestible. Its influence with the great numbers who read little or nothing is often prodigious. The appeal to buy something, skillfully worked into a popular entertainment program,

gets tremendous results. What would happen if the political spellbinders knew that as well as the advertising men?

This isn't idle speculation. There was a radio entertainer in Texas who sold flour on the air. He sang a lot of jolly little jingles, read poetry, advised housewives on their problems — and built a big following. Then one day a blind man suggested that the entertainer run for governor. He read the letter on the air and asked his radio audience what he ought to do. In one week he got 54,449 replies begging him to run. During his campaign he didn't talk politics much — just kept putting on his show. Election day he got 30,000 more votes than all other candidates combined.

A reader of the Princeton study may be prompted to wonder whether this doesn't suggest that there might be danger if radio were used by demagogues with shrewd showmanship. Perhaps. But radio may bring its own cure for the danger. Effective democracy depends on the spread of knowledge. It requires that more and more people should know more of the facts underlying urgent problems of the day. The best means of spreading knowledge is the printed word. And study of the Princeton survey makes it seem highly probable that radio increases the total amount of reading.

How this comes about may be observed in the field of news. The survey shows that there are at least

as many people in the total population who listen to radio news (not to news commentators but to straight news bulletins) as there are who buy newspapers. Seventy percent of the families owning radios listen to news more or less regularly. The average amount of news listening is the same on all levels of society.

But the essential point of the findings is that the greater the interest in news, the greater is the preference for the newspaper over the radio. As curiosity increases, the habitual nonreaders are less satisfied with the comparatively simple fare radio gives. They slowly develop into newspaper readers.

It is obvious, from a study of the survey, that radio stimulates curiosity in the world outside the reader's habitual orbit. For example, the reaction to radio quiz programs was analyzed. It was found that whereas on the upper cultural levels such programs are regarded as parlor games, on the lower levels they are taken seriously as a means of education. And these listeners become eager to know not only the answers but the informational background behind the answers. To get that background, the survey shows, some of them turn to the printed word.

The study suggests that radio leads people to book reading. More than 100 libraries in Iowa reported an increase in the demand for books as a result of local radio comment.

In one town sales tripled in six days when a book was reviewed over the air. A survey of a Michigan network showed that every radio review stimulated bookstore sales and library lendings. More remarkable is the fact that programs one might suppose would compete with reading — such as the reading of novels over the air — have had a similar effect.

A general conclusion appears to be that in almost every field of thought radio can stimulate interests which require supplementary reading to be fully satisfied.

There is a wider range of content in print than on the air. Radio, the survey finds, tends to play safe. Due to our system of station ownership, program sponsorship and government supervision, broadcasting is apt to treat most subjects as they already appear to the average mind. Radio, generally speaking, does not feel free to attack people or things. Unless, of course, they are people or things that are already unanimously disliked, such as Hitler or the bubonic plague. Most programs strive to displease as few listeners as possible.

If, as the survey shows, radio is probably not displacing the printed word, there must be some fundamental reason. The reason is that, for those who happen to be skilled readers, reading is a more efficient

process than listening. "You can concentrate on reading more than on listening," was a statement frequently met by the survey's interviewers. And, "Listening is easier but you get more out of reading." That is the common-sense way to put it. In the case of the skilled reader, the supporting data, the facts needed to clinch an argument, can be marshaled more adequately when one reads.

The reader chooses his own material and can come to it when he wishes; he sets his own pace. Everybody has a "right" speed for himself in listening or reading. The reader can adjust to it, the listener cannot. The reader can reread and dwell on the passages that need it. There's less opportunity to think an argument through along with the broadcaster. The reading-minded person, when he listens to a program that requires any thought, is apt to have a feeling of frustration, he isn't getting all that he should get out of it. Serious reading requires more effort than listening, but intellectually it is more satisfactory.

There would seem to be less and less likelihood, then, that radio will displace reading. Radio may well become an increasing factor in popular education, but its ultimate effectiveness will be determined by the stimulus it gives to other means of acquiring ideas and information.



□ A wartime Atlantic crossing — and
a Captain who was "one ver' nice man"

The Captain of the Cargo

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Frances Parkinson Keyes and Katharine McKiever

"IT is just a small cargo — a freight-air you call it. But I can give you a cabin — for two." The passenger agent's face brightened. "The Captain is one ver' nice man. What do you decide, *Mesdames?*"

We had been in Bordeaux for two dreary weeks, along with thousands of other Americans who had been mobbing the steamship offices for passage home. So with a score of miscellaneous refugees, we embarked on the French Line cargo vessel *San Pedro*.

We walked up the gangplank in a spirit of mingled bravado and gratitude. But when we had unpacked and put our small cabin to rights, we began to feel less sure. And as we entered the small dining salon two decks below we felt that we had stumbled into the setting of another *Outward Bound*, not a stage version of a last journey, but a real one. All the portholes were painted in ominous dark blue and screwed down tight. Here we were on a ship belonging to a belligerent nation, about to cross waters spotted with mines and submarines. The behavior of our tablemates contrib-

uted still further to the eerie atmosphere.

A lonely looking Austrian girl kept making little moaning sounds and soft, desperate exclamations, addressed to no one in particular. She was terribly pale and clutched frantically at a large handbag as if she expected someone to wrest it from her any moment. A Czech and his Argentinian wife were voluble in their conviction that we should be torpedoed before the night was over. The general frenzy was brought into sharp relief by the perfect self-control of two English spinsters, clad in serviceable sports clothes.

Nervousness pervaded the galley, too. The courses arrived higgledy-piggledy, some with no change of plate between, others with no accompanying forks and knives, and all at lightning speed.

In the middle of this crazy service a pleasant voice came out of nowhere, "Steward, *Madame* needs an ash tray." We turned. At another table, which had been empty when we entered, sat a man with a lean, brown, aquiline face. He had an irrepressible twinkle in his keen eyes, and a whimsical smile which

appeared unexpectedly. He was dressed in a shabby uniform with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole. This must be the "ver' nice Captain."

It was next day at luncheon that the Czech, the Argentinian and the Austrian began to question him. We had found that morning that we were not headed out to sea but creeping cautiously north along the coast of France, getting farther from New York every minute.

"Do tell us, Captain," they bombarded him, "what route are we taking? We can't understand why. . . ."

"Route? W'at route are we taking?" The Captain's face assumed a blank expression. "I don' know," he said pleasantly but vaguely. "I don' get my orders yet. I don' know w'ere we're going."

"But are we going north instead of west to avoid submarines?"

"Submarines?" inquired the Captain. "W'at makes you think there might be submarines? Did you ever see wan? No! Did you ever hear wan? No! *Eh bien!* Legends, that w'at they must be."

He produced a funny little nickel-plated gadget and began to roll himself a cigarette. "All I know is," he said in a slightly plaintive voice, "yesterday morning the general passengair a-gent he ask me if I could take five, six passengairs to New York. We never take passengairs, this is a freight-air. But I say yes, if he want, we manage five, six.

Two o'clock he say could I manage 12 passengairs. *Que voulez-vous?* I say yes again. Finally, dinnair time we have 19 passengairs on the poor *San Pedro*. How I going to think about a route, about submarines? I got to look after 19 passengairs!"

Somebody certainly had looked after them, very efficiently; and when we caught the Captain testing the taps in the community bathroom which had declined to turn, and unobtrusively doing similar odd jobs, we knew who it was.

Lifeboat drill took place immediately after lunch. It was not the usual perfunctory ceremonial, but a rather grim affair. The Mate adjusted the lifebelts individually to make sure that they fitted. He also gave detailed instructions concerning the small bags to be kept ready, packed with bare necessities, by our berths.

The drill was hardly over when the *San Pedro* groaned, creaked and came to a stop off picturesque Belle Ile. The barrage of questions began again: Why had we dropped anchor? How long were we going to stay in this place? What was it all about?

"This is a ver' nice harbor," the Captain said cheerfully, "ver' shallow. If there should be a submarine — you said you believed in submarines, *non?* — the *San Pedro* couldn't sink. She is right on the bottom. You can all have a nice, long sleep. So can I. *Bon repos, Mesdames, Messieurs.*"

That evening, as if he had divined our sudden longing for congenial friends, the Captain said to us, "I don' have to get that good sleep just yet. Shall we make wan small bridge?"

An American refugee, a mining engineer, produced some cards and we sat down. By and by a young officer came in quietly and handed the Captain a message. The Captain waited until he was dummy, then glanced at it. "Half-past six," he said to the young officer, in an undertone. He rolled a fresh cigarette, picked up his newly dealt cards and regarded them critically. "I bid three no trumps," he said, and glanced around challengingly. He nearly always bid three no trumps no matter what his hand — and he nearly always made his bid.

We wakened next morning to a rocking ocean and knew then what half-past six had meant. But we were still hugging the coast of France and that afternoon entered the harbor of Brest. We were all asked to hand in our passports and to fill out elaborate forms. The Captain took them ashore and was gone for a long while. When he came back he looked tired but triumphant.

"That poor little Austrian," he said to us during our "small bridge" that evening, "she has a German passport. The authorities did not wish that she should sail. And her French visa good only five days more! W'at would have happened

if I had put her off? She is a Jewess and would have to go back to the Nazis. *Non*, the *San Pedro* will take her to America."

He picked up his cards, and glared at them.

"Three no trumps," he announced.

Late next afternoon the *San Pedro* headed for the submarine-infested Channel.

Strangely enough, we slept soundly that night — perhaps because we were exhausted by the strain of the past few days. When we woke the ship had stopped again, and there was a sound of voices in the Captain's quarters — English voices, courteous but cold. The Plymouth port officials were asking searching questions of the Czech, the Argentinian and the Austrian. The little Austrian's tones were shaky. The Czech was strident and argumentative. You fool, you fool, we said to ourselves; you'll end by having all aliens sent ashore.

It was the Captain's voice we heard next, suave and hospitable. There was a clink of glasses, a short laugh, a pleasant murmur. The moment of tension had passed. When they had gone, the Captain showed us a formidable document which the Mate had filled out. "Now w'at you think of that? Animals — dogs, cats, we must say hew manny we have. I have told the port authorities we have three cats, I suppose that is all. I don' know anything about anything. One of these cats,

she just has three kittens. My *Second* has written in six cats on the papair. The British officer finds the item about the kittens I didn't declare! *Mon dieu! Que voulez-vous?*"

After we had been in Plymouth a day and a half, the Argentinian began to voice a fresh cause for alarm. "No doubt we shall soon be running out of food," she said after dinner. "The passenger agent in Bordeaux told me the voyage would last ten days. Here we have been gone five already, and we haven't even started across the Atlantic!"

The Captain smiled his whimsical smile, and said: "It will not mat-tair if before that time we have met wan of those — w'at you say they were, *Madame*? Wan of those submarines. There are plenty of provisions in the lifeboats."

But that evening the Captain did not say anything about "wan small bridge." He was plainly preoccupied. And during the night we were awakened by the throb of the engines. This time we were really "Outward Bound."

In the morning, we saw other freighters bobbing up and down close behind us. Overhead two airplanes were swooping, and around us two destroyers were frisking.

Late that night, after our "small bridge" in the Captain's quarters, we went out on deck. All round us on a glass-smooth sea the still dark shapes of ships were silently gliding forward. Not a sound came from

anyone, not a beam of light. Overhead the moon, encircled by flashing stars, hung like a silver lamp. The ocean was radiant, making the silent shapes look all the blacker against it — giant coffins set down in celestial silver.

"You nevair saw anything like that before, *Mesdames*," the Captain said. "I hope you nevair will again. Beautiful, is it not so, as you look at it this way? But that, *Mesdames*, is war."

We stayed with the convoy three days, then we were alone again. The Captain made our solitude seem important. "We go faster now. We go'n' to be the first French boat to make this crossing since the war. The *Normandie* and the *Ile de France*, they are both tied up at the dock in New York. The *San Pedro* is the flagship now!"

That afternoon André, the steward, got seasick and resorted to strong remedies. At dinner he passed us the soup although he had provided no plates to put it in. He balanced the platter containing lamb drenched in gravy as if he were doing a juggling act. When we gently called his attention to the liquid dripping down our dresses, he said airily, "*Cela n'a pas d'importance*." He quoted proverbs, burst into snatches of song and tossed the oranges which comprised the final course first to one passenger then to another.

"W'at am I goin' to do?" the Captain said plaintively. "First

submarines, then passengairs, and now the *garçon*! Everythin' goin' from bad to worst!"

After a few stormy days balmy weather announced our entrance into the Gulf Stream, though the Captain still looked blank when anybody spoke to him about a route. ("I don' know. Panama, maybe. Maybe Martinique.") Then came the unmistakable fog and wind of the Banks and a light which proclaimed Nantucket. The Captain made a casual suggestion. "Maybe you like to send some little messages home? We are in territorial waters now."

"Some little messages home!" There were sudden lumps in our throats. For 16 days not a single wireless had been sent out from the ship; it makes it too easy for a submarine to compute the ship's position. We had not even been allowed beforehand to say what boat we were taking. We typed out our messages with thankful hearts, then dressed for the Captain's dinner.

In his quarters before dinner, the Captain drew from a drawer the map showing the positions of the submarines of which he had been warned by wireless during the voyage. We saw now that there had been a submarine at the very entrance to the harbor by Belle Ile — so that was why we had run in there. Of course there were a flock of them in the Channel. And one had been only 30 kilometers away,

two days before we reached territorial waters. But the submarines were behind us now. Everyone complimented the Captain. He shrugged his shoulders.

"*Que voulez-vous?* The *San Pedro* is the flagship now; we shall not call her a freight-air any more, we shall call her a luxury line-air. Has she not taken you on a splendid cruise, showing you beautiful harbors? Now we must celebrate. To your health, *Mesdames, Messieurs.*"

We drank our toasts, but to him, not to ourselves. He smiled his little whimsical smile and turned away. We knew he was touched. Then he said, huskily, "*Voyons, voyons.* We must have wan more small bridge before we say good-bye."

The *San Pedro* steamed into New York harbor the next day. The little Austrian stood looking out with a transfigured face at the tall buildings gilded by the bright autumnal sun. To her they represented a new heaven and a new earth. To us they represented home.

Our families and friends were waiting for us. We had asked the Captain to give us the privilege of presenting our own people to him, and we waited eagerly until the slight, nonchalant figure, with its jaunty air, came into view.

"Kitty," we said excitedly. "Eleanor, John. We want you to meet the Captain of the cargo." Then, under our breath, we both added, spontaneously and simultaneously, "He is one ver' nice man."

☞ With mornings in class, afternoons on a job,
these high school students do better at both

The South Blazes a New Trail for Youth

Condensed from *The Forum*

Roy A. Benjamin, Jr.

OUT OF THE SOUTH has come a human experiment which may in time enrich the whole nation. Southerners call it "co-op training," a community program for fitting high school graduates into the world of work.

"Co-op training" (officially known as "coöperative part-time programs in diversified occupations") is a happy marriage of our school system with the long-lost tradition of apprenticeship. In 250 communities of the South, high school boys and girls of the junior and senior classes spend their mornings in the classroom and their afternoons working, under careful supervision, in machine shops, grocery stores, doctors' offices, business concerns. For this work the employer pays them, and the school gives them credit toward a diploma. By the time they graduate they know what they want to do, what they are fitted for, and are practically assured of a job.

In 1933 two Southerners, appalled by the floundering attempts of high school graduates to find a place for themselves in our depressed economy, put their heads

together. One was C. E. Rakestraw, Southern Regional Agent for the U. S. Office of Education, the other Robert D. Dolley, then Director of Vocational Training in Jacksonville, Fla. They saw high schools giving college preparatory courses to boys and girls of whom few ever would go to college at all; they saw how quickly students trained only in book learning were stranded in communities which needed capable young plumbers, printers, stenographers and sales clerks. Trade schools were no answer, for Southern towns could not afford them. And in smaller places there was not enough demand for any one trade to warrant teaching it in class. Why not bridge the gap between school and jobs by using the entire community as a work laboratory while the youngsters were still in school?

So Rakestraw and Dolley drew up a low-cost program and applied it to Jacksonville. Dolley made a thorough survey of the city's occupations, and explained the plan to employers. An architect, an insurance agent, a plumber agreed to coöperate; the railroad shops prom-

ised to try student workers as pipe fitters, machinists and car repairmen; the broadcasting company took a boy, a dentist hired a girl as learner assistant. During the Jacksonville program's first year there were 26 student workers. Now there are 5000, white and Negro, in 12 Southern states.

Businessmen and schools normally have little contact with each other. But in communities that boast of a co-op training program, these strangers team together, thanks to the skill and diplomacy of a new profession, that of "co-ordinator." The details and success of every co-op training program are in the coöordinator's hands.

In the course of a morning's work a coöordinator calls on the Chamber of Commerce to verify rumors that a new bottling plant is to be started and look into the new industry's employment opportunities for his high school charges. He talks a doctor into hiring a girl who will send out his bills and keep records in the afternoon. He takes a student and his parents to inspect a dry-cleaning plant. He glances at the local want ads.

He interviews the owner of a paper mill who has promised to take on a boy. Together they map out a program for months in advance, so that the lad will shift from department to department, learn as much as he can, find what kind of work suits him best. If the boy tries hard and still doesn't like

the work, then at least he has discovered, years ahead of most high school boys, what he does *not* want to do — which is quite as valuable as learning his positive likes.

Toward the end of the morning, when the student learners have finished their regular classwork, the coöordinator goes to the school and supervises their "related studies." A "must" assignment is a history of the business the student learner is working in, with a statement of its policy. The coöordinator assigns special reading, guides research in such diverse crafts as barbering, soldering, sign painting, meat cutting, upholstery and undertaking. He digs up requested books and trade magazines, for young minds suddenly become very hungry at contact with reality. He conducts a clinic in the crucial but neglected art of job-finding and putting one's best foot forward before an employer.

In the afternoon the coöordinator checks on his student learners at work — so carefully that exploitation hardly ever occurs. The youngsters are paid according to how much they contribute; wages range from about \$3 a week up to \$9 — much better than pocket money for high school seniors in a small town.

Organized labor, which might have objected to "co-op training," approves of the program; employers must meet all labor laws in regard to wages, hours and compensation insurance. Labor leaders are

on the program's advisory committees, the A.F. of L. has given its sanction.

One of the coördinator's hardest and commonest tasks is persuading parents to abandon one of the most obstinate of American ambitions — a white-collar job for their son. Patiently the coördinator explains that the boy has tried several office jobs and just doesn't like them, that only one third of the nation's employed are in white-collar fields, that famous executives often rise through the ranks, and that skilled workers are in greater demand and much better paid than clerks anyway. And to college-minded school principals who think that co-op training breaks up the school schedule and encourages a materialistic standard, the coördinator must point out that 80 percent of high school students don't go to college and that 40 percent of all college students in the South drop out after their first year.

In addition to all this, the coördinator must make out a report for the Office of Education in Washington (for Uncle Sam puts up a quarter of the money, states and localities the rest), explain co-op training to the Women's Club, and drop in on his students at home to make sure that the work isn't harmful to their health and happiness.

There are 350 coördinators now on the job, mostly men under 40, more often recruited from the ranks of business than from teaching.

Each must be a Jack — or Jill — of all trades, with three years' experience as a wage earner in at least two occupations or skilled trades. Because the overwhelming majority of co-op programs are in the South, the University of Florida School of Trade and Industrial Education was organized at Daytona Beach. Last summer 450 attended its courses.

The record of co-op training in getting its graduates full-time jobs is remarkable. Of the 40 boys and girls who graduated under the program from a typical school last June, only one is unemployed. Of the 700 who have trained in Jacksonville during the past six years, over 90 percent have jobs or are in college. Of 196 co-op graduates from 23 Alabama towns, 85 are still working where they were trained, 64 have jobs in the same general field, seven have different work, 23 are continuing their education, and only 17 are unemployed or unaccounted for.

Businessmen who have employed these apprentices welcome them as full-time workers. Seven of the 15 accountants of a motor bus line were former co-op students. Says the manager of an airport where co-op students work as ground-crew learners: "A national air line, always short of capable mechanics employs these fellows just as quickly as I can train them." A lawyer was astonished that his co-op secretary was so much better at taking dicta-

tion in legal terminology than the average secretary. Explanation: unlike the average secretary, she had been drilled every morning during related-study hours in the words she was likely to get. Said the vice-president of an insurance company: "I hate to admit it, but that high school kid knows more about this firm than most of the regular employees."

Through employing student learners, businessmen have gained a new interest in education. A bank president, long a stubborn objector to increases in school appropriations, is delighted to discover that these 17-year-olds have a practical outlook which his own generation did not reach until the age of 25.

A welcome result of the program to teachers is that students are showing a new enthusiasm for their lessons. Habits of accuracy and concentration learned in the serious atmosphere of office or factory carry over into the classroom. And the

co-op boys and girls apply themselves to books with a new sense of reality and responsibility. One boy who had never topped "C" became a consistent honor student when he took co-op training.

With the students the problem of school discipline largely disappears. And co-op students are too busy for the out-of-school escapades which land some high school boys in the hands of the law. Of the 700 young people turned out by the Jacksonville program, not one has ever come up for delinquency.

We Americans are strangely slow in matters of human engineering. Our schools are turning out too many youngsters doomed to futile job-hunting because they have been trained as square pegs in towns where the only available holes are round. The time should come when co-op training spreads the country over, for the benefit of the several million boys and girls from 16 to 19 who cannot go to college.



Grand Ole Opry

EVERY SATURDAY night for the last 15 years, Nashville, Tenn., has been housing a "Grand Ole Opry" in its War Memorial Auditorium. Although there is a nucleus of professional musicians, the majority of performers are folks from the hills who bring their fiddles, banjos, jugs, washboards, mouth harps, accordions and other regional instruments with them. The tunes, too, come from the hills where they were born.

The "Grand Ole Opry" attracts visitors from all over the southern and midwestern states. The auditorium's 4000 seats are filled long before curtain time.

— N. Y. Times

Why Russia Can't Fight

Condensed from

Events: A Monthly Review of World Affairs

Earl Reeves

Veteran foreign correspondent and writer on military affairs; author, with General Robert Lee Bullard, of "American Soldiers Also Fought"

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THE REPEATED blundering and successive disasters of the Soviet armies, during the first months of their Finnish campaign, have seemed incomprehensible. How could a nation of 170,000,000, with the largest army in the world and the greatest air force next to Hitler's, be so completely checkmated by a nation with a total population hardly larger than that of Chicago?

The mystery is explained in a secret report to the French government by its Army and Navy Intelligence and by the famous "*Deuxième Bureau*," the Secret Service. Russia was by treaty until last summer the "mutual aid ally" of France. Naturally French military intelligence was anxious to discover how valuable her ally was. Bit by bit, despite the world's tightest military censorship, the truth about Russia was ferreted out. When it seemed, just before the war broke out, that the British and French politicians might be ready to pay an exorbitant price for Russian help against Hitler, the high military command of France made this re-

port. I have had access to it, and its facts are shocking.

Behind the Soviets' impressive exterior lies a chaos of incompetence, a mass of sullen terror, a morass of ignorance. In summary, the French Intelligence reported that from the outset of a war with a major power, the Red army would be so stupidly led and so badly supplied that it could never successfully take the offensive.

The investigation reveals that Stalin's purge of the Soviet army, begun in 1937, went far beyond anything heretofore known. Our newspapers have disclosed that three marshals out of five were executed — Tukhachevsky, Blucher and Yegorov — and that six of the eight generals who passed sentence on them were later shot in their turn. It has been published that every regional commander had disappeared. But the French report brings this "liquidation" record to March 1939: 75 out of 80 members of the Superior War Council (the equivalent of our War Department) have disappeared; nine tenths of the politi-

cal commissars of the army have been removed. Besides, there have been executed or imprisoned 13 out of 19 commanders of armies, 15 out of 85 corps commanders, 110 out of 195 division commanders. This means a total of 147 officers who had army rank, at our rating, of major general or higher. Add brigade commanders, 202 out of 406, and it appears that 349 officers out of 754 of a rank higher than colonel have been victims of the purges.

"As a matter of fact," the French report adds, "this list is incomplete." The purges extended throughout the lower officer ranks.

General Baratier of the French army summarizes: "Wholesale massacre has meant disappearance from Red army ranks of two thirds of the general staff officers, about half the officers of other ranks, or about 30,000 in all. Captains were hastily appointed to command divisions and regiments, promotions were haphazardly speeded in order to fill the tragic gaps."

It is, further, the conviction of the French experts that the Red army had inferior leadership even before the purge. All Red generals created by the revolution were compelled, long after promotion, to attend "perfecting courses" for two years; few were able to graduate. Only 15 percent of the colonels and half the officers of higher rank had passed through military schools. Of a total of 46,000 officers at the beginning of 1937, 16,000

had had no military education whatsoever and "could barely read and write." (From *Krasnaia Zvezda*, official organ of the Red army, we learn that young men promoted to artillery commands show complete ignorance of their duties. Special schools are organized hastily; military professors lecture and discover that the new officers cannot understand because they never heard of algebra or trigonometry, or even elementary geometry.)

The French document comments: "The Red army can have a practical value only in proportion to the value of its command, barring which it represents only a formless mob." And, "The essential fact of the Soviet armed forces being actually deprived of adequate command is fully established."

How big an army can the Soviet raise and use in battle?

The standing army numbered 1,300,000, of which 25 percent were reserves and territorials. Soviet estimates give the ultimate available force as 12,000,000. The French experts think 6,000,000 might be mobilized, of which not more than 1,000,000 could be sent to face a Western foe, because of the inadequacy of the Russian railway system and the consequent failure of supplies. "Soviet armies on a war footing would be no better supplied with war materials, foodstuffs, etc., than they would be commanded. This would deprive them of all capacity for initiative."

The French consider it of "tremendous importance" that (in March 1939) Stalin spoke publicly of the wide margin by which the Soviet Union lagged behind other nations in production of iron, steel and electric power. They declare that the quality of Soviet industrial output has not improved in six years of intensive effort. "Defective products and waste still eat up 25 to 40 percent of gross production."

Ex-soldiers of the Red army generally have had a preferred standing for the better industrial jobs; these are trained men, counted as readily available reserves but, precisely because they hold key jobs in industry, it becomes dangerous to the national economy to call them to the colors. "Collectivization" has made agriculture dependent upon a huge new group of technicians — operators of tractors and other equipment, mechanics, etc.; they must not be drafted lest the nation face hunger. Finally, there is that great mass, the bureaucracy of an all-possessing state; wholesale draft here might lead to collapse of the entire Soviet system.

The French investigators thus point out that "the elements called to the Russian colors must be those least necessary to the national economy and at the same time most dangerous to the Soviet system — the peasants and nondescript small employe classes, which have suffered most under Red rule." The French study expresses fear of the

consequences when these discontented millions are given arms in a wartime mobilization. That the Soviet leaders themselves mistrust the army is proved by the re-establishment of complete Communist party control alongside the direct line of army command. "In fact, the whole Soviet army has been entrusted to the tender mercies of a branch of the G.P.U."

It is said in Russia, and advertised to the world, that the Soviet air force represents "the best there is in the U.S.S.R." It might therefore be assumed that this branch would be untouched by the purge. However, here again the "death or imprisonment" list includes two commissars for air, the chief of the air force general staff, three chiefs of the aerial forces and the commander of the Moscow airdrome.

The man known as "the creator of Soviet aviation," Andrei Nicolaiev Toupolev, has disappeared. His initials, A. N. T., for 15 years designated the leading models of Soviet aircraft. He had designed 40 different types. Toupolev's principal collaborators went out too. The wastage of aviation experts "in a country as poor in specialists as Soviet Russia" staggers the compilers of this report.

The French report also questions the quality of the Soviet planes. "Plane models are a jumble of foreign patents acquired or copied by the Russians. Soviet aviation has never created a model which was

considered worthy of imitation by any rival air force." The motors in use include our own Liberty motor of 1917-18 design!

Soviet pursuit plane speeds are 230 to 310 miles per hour, with 250 the apparent top for planes now in service in any number. Pursuit planes of other nations have speeds of 320 to 380. New Soviet scout planes, with a speed of 180 m.p.h., are gradually replacing scouts 30 to 40 miles slower, which are especially vulnerable to anti-aircraft fire because they cannot fly high. But the new planes still haven't enough speed. The same criticism applies to bombers and attack planes.

In conclusion, the French report says: "Any air force must possess a reserve fund of human material, whether for production or for battle service, as well as almost inexhaustible resources. All this is lacking in the Soviet air force. It *bad* first-class technicians. A few may still be alive, but they are at the mercy of a political system which may brand them as traitors and send them to the firing squad tomorrow. This system may keep the commanding and technical personnel 'on the straight and narrow way of pure Stalinist principles'; but, in addition to decimating the ranks,

it has deprived the survivors of all taste for initiative and the taking of responsibilities."

The story of the navy, though little publicized, is the same as that of the army and air force. The purge of naval officers "exceeded in murderous thoroughness that of the military command." During 1937 at least 12 of the highest-ranking naval officers were executed by Stalin's command. Officers of lower rank were also shot, so that, as in the army, juniors had to be jumped to commands for which they had no training. Further, the French experts assert that the Russians will not be able to build any important tonnage for years, that it will take even longer to re-create competent command and good morale.

Thus French military findings, written last summer, both explain and are confirmed by the early Russian failures in Finland. It will be strange if the tiny Finnish nation can stand against Stalin indefinitely. But at least it has proved to the world what the French Military Intelligence already knew — that Russia, despite her boasts of military might, is neither an ally to be counted upon nor an enemy any first-class power need fear.



THE U. S. Census Bureau has given up trying to keep up with Europe's map changes. The 1940 census blanks ask: "If foreign born, give country in which birthplace was situated on January 1, 1937."

— *Newsweek*

Frozen Forest of the Dead

Condensed from The Chicago Daily News

Leland Stowe

Veteran journalist and European correspondent

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WITH Finnish Army in the East; Battlefield of Tolvajarvi: In this sad solitude lie the dead; uncounted thousands of Russian dead. They lie as they fell — twisted, gesticulating and tortured. But they lie beneath a kindly mask of two inches of new-fallen snow. Now they are one with the cold, white shapes of the illimitable pine and spruce trees. An unknown legion of fallen, they have been covered over with winter's spotless sheet.

But even this profuse, virginal coverlet cannot quite conceal the anguish of their last movement or the catastrophic suddenness of their end. Here all the pain and all the cruelty of their betrayal has been preserved. It is as if Mme. Tussaud of the famous London waxworks museum had decided to preserve one of war's final horrors — as if she had created this scene of false peace and inexpressible tragedy and with appropriate simplicity had called it the "Field of Battle."

Every winter deep solitude hovers above the snows of Tolvajarvi. But today it is infinitely deeper than in other years for it is heavy

with the loneliness of death; and thousands of the dead may be as lonely as a single one. In this place we have heard of a magnificent victory. In this place the silence speaks of things that man may destroy but never more restore.

When we rode out upon the narrow finger of Lake Tolva's peninsula, we were not prepared for this. It is a thin and twisting road with trees standing high on either side and the white, frozen bosom of the lake just beyond. All along this central artery of the battlefield we saw the shattered tanks and broken supply trucks and heaped debris of the Red Army's annihilated divisions.

All along the roadway we saw strange shapes bulging beneath the snow among the trees, shapes which might have been logs. Sometimes they looked like crooked limbs cast into discard by the woodsman's axe. Sometimes heavy felt boots, bared of snow by the stumbling contact of some passing Finnish soldier, protruded suddenly and revealed the naked truth. Sometimes, too, we saw soldiers dragging frozen shapes, like pieces of cordwood, from the forest —

and here and there bodies lay in crude contorted piles, waiting for a final nameless common grave.

December's last snowfall had cloaked these forms in immaculate anonymity. Nature had done her charitable best. It did not seem possible that these could have been human beings only a few days before.

Then our white-painted army bus stopped on the crest of the ridge. We climbed out and followed our guide into the forest.

"There are many of them here," he said. "They were all wiped out by our machine-gun fire." It was true; there were very many of them here.

All about us they lay — featureless human shapes, their masks of snow making them more anonymous than death itself. Some lay straight on the ground, but mostly the arms were drawn convulsively upward to project stiffly above the shoulder. Mostly their legs were bent or doubled. The grotesque bodies were curiously oversized with their two-inch coating of snow.

Who did not wonder what these men looked like and what might be written on their faces? Slowly I brushed the snow away from one. An unshaven face with an alabaster forehead emerged first, and then the stubble of close-cut, black hair. This face was peaceful, as if its owner had fallen asleep here in the blizzard. It was the face of a man of 30 — still and frozen and lifeless.

But there were other faces on which was written such suffering as can scarcely bear contemplation. One of these belonged to a young soldier who had been shot in the right knee. He lay with both hands clutched desperately against the wound. This had been the young Russian's last action and the terrible frost of 35 degrees below zero had mummified him in the precise attitude in which he had died.

We could not look for long. Never has any battlefield been more deeply saturated with the imploring silence of the dead.

Steel helmets with a slender red star painted on them lay where they had fallen. From some of the pockets protruded letters or newspaper clippings or membership cards in the Bolshevik Comsomol organization. These had spaces for dues to be paid up to the year 1946. Oddly enough beside one soldier we found the photograph of a young man lying in a coffin. It would be impossible even to dig a grave for his brother here until spring.

Someone picked up a packet of letters written by a soldier's wife in Leningrad. Although they were written by an almost illiterate woman he was able later to translate them. They told how she had written letter after letter, but still had received no answer since he had been taken by the Red Army in October; how she had sent 5 rubles this time and 20 rubles an-

other; how she had sent a picture of their little boy, Loonja; how the bills could not be paid and how they waited for him to come home.

"I spent the holiday (Nov. 7) very badly," she wrote. "I cried all the time. Loonja keeps asking when is Daddy coming home. He asked Uncle Pete, 'Haven't you seen my papa?' Uncle Pete said no but that you were coming home soon. Loonja said, 'Well, tell Mother that Daddy is coming home and that if he comes at night

she must wake me up as soon as he comes.'"

I hope that I did not see this Russian soldier's face. We left him there, with countless hundreds of other proletarians of the Soviet Union, in Tolvajarvi's snowbound forest of dead. On almost all these rigid, frozen bodies there must have been similar letters. But they will never be read again. In this vast solitude, all will return to the earth when another spring burgeons the pine and spruce forests of eastern Finland.



"There's Still Chivalry"

A YOUNG LADY taxiing home in New York rather late one night suddenly realized she didn't have enough money to pay the fare. She rapped for the driver's attention, when the meter registered the amount of money she did have, explained the situation, and asked to be let out.

"Listen, lady," said the driver, "money isn't everything. There's still what you call chivalry. You just sit still."

— *Rockefeller Center Magazine*

THERE WAS a touching scene on a Fifth Avenue bus the other evening. A pretty lady found a seat beside a portly, middle-aged man, and while fumbling through her purse for her dime fare, dropped a penny, which rolled under the portly one's feet. He peered about in search of it, but it was obvious that his bulk, and the cramped quarters, would prevent his retrieving it. So he unbuttoned his overcoat, reached in his pocket, and handed her another penny. She accepted it, with a conventional murmur of thanks, and put it in her pocket. A very thoughtful man and, if we may say so, a very thoughtful lady.

— *The New Yorker*

❏ Behind the scenes with 531 harried fellow citizens
who make our laws more efficiently than we realize

What We Don't Know about Congress

Condensed from Current History

Jay Franklin

Author of "The Future Is Ours," "1940," etc.

CONGRESS is the people of the United States, reduced in numbers for convenience. It is democracy in action, showing forth its weaknesses but also its strength. Congress is unwieldy and often verbose. Yet, though few voters realize it, the process through which 531 harried and diverse individuals make the nation's laws is a triumph of organization.

Laws originate from four sources. The Bill of Rights guarantees to all citizens the right of petition, and how they do use it! Thirteen citizens of Hutchinson, Kansas, want a law to tax chain stores. The Apostle Thomas Holy Name Society wants a committee to investigate spies. Tens of thousands of such proposals pour in; few get beyond the wastebasket, and those which are introduced are invariably marked, "By Request," meaning that the legislator washes his hands of them. Only when there is strong pressure back home, as for the Townsend Plan, will he act as sponsor.

Much legislation originates with the Administration. The President by message suggests measures he

thinks necessary. Recently such messages have often been accompanied by complete drafts of legislation, ready-made for Congressional action. But the most prolific source of legislation is the Senators and Representatives themselves. Some members deluge the bill clerks. The late Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York introduced as many as 300 bills in a single Congress. Veterans like him become authorities on certain subjects (his was commerce) so that they are asked to frame and introduce any legislation in their field. Congress is predisposed to pass measures thus sponsored.

Final source of bills is the government departments. Their estimates of the money they need, filtered through the Budget Director, the President and the proper committees, become appropriation bills. By Constitutional provision, all revenue bills, and by custom all appropriation bills, originate in the House.

Let us follow a bill through the gauntlet it must run if ever it is to become law. We can begin by estimating its chances mathematically.

At the last regular session, 17,906 measures were introduced; 720 reached the statute books.

In the Senate, the bill may be introduced during "morning hour," actually the first two hours, of any legislative day. The Senator rises, is recognized by the chair, and offers his bill. The President of the Senate (the Vice-President of the United States) assigns it to the proper committee. It is numbered, noted in the journal and sent to the printer.

There is a catch in this. The "morning hour" is observed not every day, but every legislative day. Precisely to save the time used up in the prayer, the introduction of new bills, and other routine, the Senate frequently recesses overnight, instead of adjourning. Thus in 1922 and again in 1938 one legislative day spread over 105 calendar days.

In the House, a Member just drops his typewritten bill into a small black box on the right of the Speaker's desk. Lewis Deschler, House Parliamentarian, collects the bills from this "hopper" and designates the committees to which they go. This is one of his lesser chores. Principal duty of the Parliamentarian in each chamber is to keep the chair straight on the complicated status at any moment of a tangle of motions, amendments and so on, and to cite upon the instant the precedents covering any parliamentary situation. He advises Mem-

bers as well; Deschler answers at least 500 questions a day. Parliamentarians acquire their unique lore by long service on the Congressional staffs. Deschler started in 1925 as the "Messenger to the Speaker's Table," who holds the stop-watch on House speeches — which, in contrast to Senate rules, always have a time limit.

Bills fall into two great classes, public and private. Private bills deal with specified individuals: to reimburse Ezra Jones for the damage a CCC truck did to his fence, or — these by the thousand — to increase the pension of the Widow Scraggs, or to "correct" the spotted military record of Bill Smith so that he will become eligible for a pension. Of these last two types, few get by. The War Department has become tough about them. So has the President.

Unknown to fame is the House "Objectors' Committee" of three Democrats and three Republicans. Theirs is the drudgery of scrutinizing every private bill. Unless wholly satisfied, they object, which usually kills it. Despite this double check by the standing committees and the informal committee, three bills of every seven passed last session were private.

The Senate maintains 33, the House 47 permanent or standing committees, each a little legislative body in itself. The chief error into which the public falls in judging Congress from the visitors' gallery

or by reading newspapers is not to understand that the real work of Congress is done by these standing committees.

They are filled by the majority party leaders in House and Senate, acting as a "committee on committees." The leaders apportion memberships roughly in ratio to party strength, not through compulsion, but because they prudently look ahead to the inevitable day when they will not be on top and will expect a square deal themselves. Committee members move up toward chairmanship in order of seniority as vacancies occur. Vacancies are filled from among applicants in order of their length of continuous service in Congress.

Each committee has a number of clerks, of whom the chief clerk, at least, is generally a fixture because his guidance is invaluable to the chairman. Chief clerk of an important committee typically spends 20 years at the job, knows all there is to know about affairs of the Navy, let's say, and draws \$5000.

To the proper committee is referred each bill, as we have seen. Large committees, and one has 40 members, split into subcommittees to consider specific bills. The chairman naming a subcommittee frequently will load it with friends or foes of a bill according to how he feels about the measure. He likewise will be careful to name a majority of his own party.

If a bill is of any importance, the subcommittee will call hearings so that all persons interested may come and express their views. Special invitations will go to outstanding authorities on the subject — leading bankers, maybe, or prominent duck hunters.

As many as a dozen such hearings go on at the same time in the Capitol, the Senate and House Office Buildings. This is where your Congressman was when you visited the gallery and saw the floor half empty. True, no committee may sit while the Congress is in session, except by special permission. But it is routine for the important committees to get this permission, and the members come trooping through the underground corridors and onto the floor only when bells have warned them that a roll-call vote is about to be taken.

Committee hearings may last a few hours, or many weeks. The Appropriations Committee in the last Congress worked eight hours a day for five months. It is a grind. You will see the office buildings blazing with light night after night and long ranks of Congressmen's cars parked outside.

Small hearings are likely to be held somewhere in the Capitol. Committeemen and the witness sit at one long green table. The atmosphere is friendly, informal, and thick with smoke. Big hearings are more ponderous, held in magnificent marble rooms, with commit-

teemen on a raised dais so that the witness has to look up awkwardly. Crowds sometimes attend, particularly if some notable is to take the stand.

When the committee decides it has heard all the testimony it needs, it goes into closed session to deliberate what recommendations it will make. It is likely to redraft the bill in the light of the information it has gathered. Whereupon it will call in the Legislative Counsel.

The Legislative Counsel expresses no opinion on policy; he is an expert at writing laws. He will undertake to see that a bill conflicts with no existing law, that it will stand up in court, that its intent is clear, and that insofar as possible it facilitates the work of whoever must administer it.

Such counsel first appeared as volunteer assistants to two Congressional committees, sent by Columbia University Law School. The two attorneys made such a hit that both the House and the Senate formally created the office. Middleton Beaman was one of the men; he still is Legislative Counsel to the House.

The new bill drawn, or the old bill amended, the majority report framed and perhaps a dissenting minority report written, the matter goes before the whole committee. It accepts, rejects or amends the work of the subcommittee and reports to the Senate or House. Or it may decide not to report the meas-

ure at all. In fact, that is what happens to nine out of ten bills — they go to committee and are never heard from again.

Now the bill goes on the calendar, a list of bills ready for action. In the Senate anyone may move to take up any bill regardless of its place on the list. The majority leaders take advantage of this rule and form a "steering committee" to decide which pet measures shall be pushed ahead. In the House, the Rules Committee can suspend the regular rules in order to consider a measure out of its turn.

Any Senator has the right to propose amendments to any bill under consideration and, unless it is a general appropriation bill, the amendment need not bear the remotest relation to the bill's subject matter. Of these "riders," a famous one is the Thomas amendment to an agricultural bill authorizing the President to print up to three billion dollars in greenbacks. The House, by contrast, enforces strictly the "rule of germaneness."

Each and every Senator talks as long as he pleases on any bill unless, as rarely, a cloture rule is applied. Unlimited debate is the Senator's most jealously guarded prerogative; a Senator will fight tooth and nail for some bill, yet refuse to vote to limit opponents' debate on it. Once a Senator has the floor, he need not yield it, and may continue to talk until he drops from exhaustion. And if he can outtalk the

clock, in the closing days, a session may expire without taking action on the measure to which he is opposed. Huey Long staged the last notable one-man filibuster, but a group of Senators, yielding the floor only to one another, ran a disguised filibuster against repeal of the arms embargo.

Since the final vote on a measure is usually determined in advance, by party politics, by conference behind the scenes, and very largely by the confidence of Congress in the wisdom of its own committees, spectators in the galleries wonder what purpose is served by the long hours of debate on the floor. They see a Senator rolling out rhetoric to an almost empty and completely inattentive chamber and they know his speech will rarely change a single colleague's vote. But Congressional debate, besides helping the members impress their constituents, has a democratic value. It educates the voters on national issues and it often builds up a weight of public opinion which does in time alter votes on the floor.

In the House, with its 435 members, unlimited debate like the Senate's would be utterly impractical. Hence the limit of one hour for any one speaker on one subject.

Most mystifying of all Congressional devices is the House resolving itself into a "Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union," to consider a major bill. The Speaker's chair is taken by

some veteran member well versed in parliamentary procedure. A different set of rules now prevails. The "Committee" specifies a time limit for general debate and then a clerk reads the bill, paragraph by paragraph, for amendments. These may be offered *ad infinitum*, except that no member may offer two amendments to the same section. Members may not speak more than five minutes on each amendment. Voting on amendments is by "voice" as in the Senate, or, if 20 members demand it, the Chairman appoints two Congressmen to act as tellers. Members favoring the amendment then pass down the aisle and are counted. Next, members opposed parade and are counted. Thus names are not recorded. Sometimes this anonymity is pierced to the great embarrassment of certain members; reporters in the press gallery have pooled their efforts and made an almost perfect record of teller votes — a remarkable feat, to spot several hundred men by name in the time it takes them to walk down an aisle.

When all amendments have been considered, the "Committee" again becomes the House. Some opponent moves to "recommit" the bill — send it back to committee, in effect killing it for the session. The House passes on this motion. If the motion is rejected, roll call on passage of the bill follows.

A bill passed by one chamber is "messed" to the other. A Senate

clerk, for instance, comes to the House. Obtaining recognition from the Speaker, he announces that the Senate has passed a measure in which the concurrence of the House is requested. All this is most ceremonious, the clerk bowing stiffly before and after his announcement.

No measure can become law until both Senate and House have passed identical bills. When their versions vary, as often, each chamber appoints three or five conferees to try to adjust differences. They cannot introduce new matter, must try to compromise within the limits set by the difference between the two bills. When a compromise has been reached, the conferees send their report to their respective Houses. Conference reports cannot be amended and they cannot be debated; they must be passed or defeated as is.

The bill is now ready to be enrolled as an Act of Congress, i.e., printed on parchment. Signed by the Speaker and the Vice-Presi-

dent, it goes to the President, who has ten days, not counting Sundays, in which to act upon it. He may sign it, whereupon it is law; or he may veto it, sending it back with a message explaining his action. To override the President's veto, Congress must repass the bill by a two-thirds vote of both Houses. If the President fails to act within the ten-day limit, the bill automatically becomes law. If, however, Congress should end its session during this ten-day period, the measure automatically dies. This is the "pocket veto," a device adopted by all Presidents from Washington to Roosevelt. It enables a President to kill a distasteful bill without the work of writing veto messages in the busy closing days of a session.

Once the bill has become law, it must then stand its chance with the lawyers and the federal courts — and that is another story. Congress, at least, has done its hard, thankless and necessary job.



Illustrative Anecdotes — XXXIII —

A MOUNTAINEER visiting town saw, for the first time, a bunch of bananas. "Want to try one, Jeff?" asked a friend, after identifying the fruit for him.

"No, I reckon not," Jeff answered. "I've got so many tastes now I kain't satisfy, I ain't aimin' to take on any more."

— William J. Hutchins, retired president of Berea College

Viewpoints

IT SEEMS to me that a critic who is not keenly aware of the defects of a lovely thing is but a crude critic. My attitude is the same even in love. The women whom I have loved are women of whose defects I have been poignantly aware. The lover who is not thus aware seems to me scarcely a lover at all, merely the victim of a delusion. I feel contempt for the "love" that is blind; to me there is no love without clear vision, and perhaps, also, no vision in the absence of love.

—Havelock Ellis, *My Life* (Houghton Mifflin)

THOSE WHO attach a high importance to their own opinions should stay at home. When one is traveling, convictions are easily misled. I set out on my travels thinking that I knew how men should be governed and what they should believe. On my return, I find myself without any of these pleasing certainties, but with the completest human tolerance. Moral codes are almost endlessly varied, and each has a right to its separate existence. But a oneness underlies this diversity. All men, whatever their way of life, have a sense of values, and the values are in all kinds of society broadly the same. Goodness, beauty and wisdom have always and everywhere been honored.

—Aldous Huxley, *Jesting Pilate* (Harper)

IF ALL the interesting things which happen around us, the behavior of our neighbors is the most fascinating. Yet gossip, the result of this curiosity, is still listed as a vice.

Is it really a vice? I think not. Under the right rules, it's an act of friendliness and a release of feelings.

A friendly person is one who tries to talk about the things which interest his hearers. What interests them most is the behavior of other people. Cut out gossip and there'll be no conversation left except shoptalk, smoking-room stories and the most vapid kind of tea-talk.

Secondly, gossip is a safety valve for the emotions. Psychologists tell us that we all nourish secret grudges, jealousies, resentments against even our nearest and dearest, and that the cure lies in getting them off our chest. When we gossip, we do for nothing in the street or the parlor what we should have to pay for doing in the psychoanalyst's consulting room. How often I have worked off ill feeling against friends by telling some rather malicious stories about them, and as a result met them again with the feeling quite gone. Gossip is cheaper than going to a doctor, and much nicer than actually having a row with our friends.

—W. H. Auden in *The Listener*

"I HAVE LEARNT nothing from life," I wrote Omar Khayyam, "except my own amazement at it." It would be a sad thing if we, in our age of miracles, were to lose our sense of the miraculous.

My grandmother, who died at the age of 99, lived continually in a state of incandescent amazement. She would rap out at us if we showed any tendency to be less excited than she was by the Jules Verne world in which we lived. I am grateful for this lesson. To this day I refuse to allow the sense of wonder to shrivel in my soul. For in truth it is surprise, curiosity and love which rejuvenate the mind.

—Harold Nicolson in *The Spectator* (London)

☛ Once an army marched on its stomach.
Now, mechanized, it must also have oil.

Can Germany Oil Her War Machine?

Condensed from a chapter of
"This Fascinating Oil Business"

Max W. Ball

Former president, American Association of Petroleum Geologists;
former chairman of the Oil Board of the U. S. Geological Survey

GERMANY faces a huge shortage of the oil required to run her war machine. Aside from limited storage, she has less than one barrel of every three barrels she needs.

Unless Germany meets this shortage, her army, navy, air force and supporting industries will come to a standstill as surely as would your car if you failed to put gasoline in the tank and oil in the crankcase.

Modern wars are run — and won — with oil.

From the World War, which saw the first use of airplanes, tanks and automotive equipment, to the present war is only 25 years, but in that short span equipment consuming oil or its products has increased incredibly. A typical World War division had 4000 horsepower. The modern mechanized division, with its tanks, supply trucks, transport trucks, caterpillars, motor-mounted guns, etc., requires 187,000 horsepower, generated by diesel fuel or gasoline. The coal-burning battleship is as extinct as the blunderbuss. All fighting and convoy craft

require liquid fuel. Airplanes must have high-octane gasoline. Essential war industries consume fuel oil and use oil products as raw material, as treating agents in manufacture, and for lubrication. Everything — on land, sea and in the air — demands oil, in astronomical quantities.

The lowest authoritative estimate of Germany's 1940 wartime needs is 90,000,000 barrels of oil. If fighting becomes active, however, her requirements will rapidly approach the 142,000,000 barrels (or two and a half times her use in time of peace) which other experts estimate as a country's wartime consumption. Some place the ratio as high as 10 to 1.

Yet the 1938 production of Germany, including the territory she now occupies, was only 19,000,000 barrels, a production which her newer oil fields and her synthetic processes can scarcely step up beyond 25,000,000 barrels, barely one sixth to one fourth of what she needs.

In the last war Germany met her

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shortage by manufacturing synthetic fuels. But her maximum year's production in the World War would run her present military machine only a few days. Emphasis is placed on the fact that the Reich is building a synthetic gasoline plant at Stettin which will produce 2,500,000 barrels a year. But it will take two years to complete — and to be of real help 20 such plants are needed. Germany's 1938 synthetic gasoline output was only about 1,300,000 barrels.

How much oil has Germany in storage? Perhaps enough to defer a shortage for nearly a year; estimates vary from 10 to 40 million barrels. No part of this is high-grade aviation fuel, which evaporates and deteriorates so rapidly it cannot be stored long.

Plainly Germany must turn to the oil-producing nations, Rumania for one. Here is a country with an exportable surplus, not otherwise earmarked, of about 18,000,000 barrels a year — oil formerly sold to Great Britain, France and northern European countries which will probably find it easier to buy elsewhere during the war. Germany by remaining friendly with Rumania may be able to buy this oil. Certainly she would not get it by moving in and capturing the oil fields. She did precisely this in the World War — and found the Rumanians had wrecked their properties so thoroughly that they were worthless for the duration.

If Germany gets the Rumanian oil, she will still have an annual shortage of 47,000,000 barrels (reckoning on a 90,000,000 annual consumption and a 25,000,000 home production). Where will she turn?

Someone is sure to suggest Russia, the world's second largest oil producer. But Russia's exported surplus in 1938 was only 6,600,000 barrels, much of that probably exported for political reasons at the expense of the country's own needs. Undoubtedly Russia will have to increase production merely to supply her own present requirements. Assume, however, that Russia suddenly develops an exportable surplus equal to Germany's requirements and is willing to sell it to Germany. How about delivery?

Shipping 47,000,000 barrels in a year means the delivery of more than 1000 tank cars a day. Russian railways are notoriously inefficient, and Germany's railways are said to have depreciated. Russian railways are wider gauge than the German, hence every carload of oil would have to be transshipped at the border. It is a safe estimate that 20,000 tank cars would have to be constantly in movement carrying oil from Russia to Germany. To provide so many cars, in addition to those needed to transport the 18,000,000 barrels from Rumania to Germany, in addition to all the wartime traffic of Germany and Russia, would clearly be impracticable.

Could Russia deliver by a water route across the Black Sea and up the Danube? A tow of barges moves even more slowly than a Russian train, and to provide the necessary barges and tugs, with facilities for transshipment and storage, would be as impracticable as using the railways.

Thus two difficulties keep Russia from supplying Germany; Russia has not the oil to spare, and means of transport are lacking.

The Near East has rich fields; their 1938 production was 120,000,000 barrels. But Iraq is controlled by British, Dutch, Turkish and American interests. Iran is in British hands. The other sources in that region are in American or British-and-American hands. Conquest would result in cutting off the Allies' supply but not in gaining a supply for the conqueror, who probably would find the wells out of commission. The oil fields of the Far East, British and Dutch controlled, are secure from German or Russian attack.

The world's most important sources of supply are in the Americas, where 1,518,000,000 barrels — nearly three fourths of the world's output — were produced in 1938, most of it in the United States. This country is in better position than any other to supply belligerents with large quantities of refined products. And it is the only country that can supply large quantities of 100-octane aviation fuel, which

enables a plane to carry 20 to 30 percent more load, fly 20 to 30 percent faster, or climb 25 percent faster than when fueled with 85-octane gasoline.

Like their adversary, the Allies depend for oil on imports. In 1938 they consumed 136,000,000 barrels of oil products and related fuels. They produced only 1,500,000 barrels of oil, enough to provide four days' peace-time needs. If Germany could cut off their oil imports, she would probably have England and France at her mercy within six months.

In 1938 the Allies got 31 percent of their imports from the Far East, 25 percent from the United States and 37 percent from Latin America; a total of 62 percent of their needs thus came from the Western Hemisphere. These sources alone are adequate to fill Allied wartime requirements, should Russia as an ally of Germany seize the Iraq fields.

To starve the Allies for oil, Germany must prevent imports from reaching them both through the Mediterranean (from Iraq), from around the Cape of Good Hope (the long route from Iraq), and from across the Atlantic (the Americas).

The situation boils down to a single fact: There is not in Europe, or available to Europe by practicable means of land transportation, an adequate supply of oil for a modern war of extended duration;

with the possible exception of Russia, free access to ocean-borne supplies is essential to successful prosecution of a long war by Germany or any other belligerent.

For Germany to win, she must end the war in the near future, or strike in home territory a new oil

field much more productive than any she has yet found, or gain free access to ocean-borne oil supplies, or stop the ocean-borne supplies of France and Great Britain. Up to the moment Germany has shown no convincing evidence of ability to do any of these things.



Accent on Scent

AN ADVERTISING MAN has discovered that rubber and kerosene are among the most detested smells, and he suggests that they be given a new, attractive odor to increase sales.

But modern business, it seems to me, is already going in too heavily for sweet pungencies. All the modern woman's creams, ointments, powder and polishes are heavily freighted with synthetic attars. These stupefying aromas have made almost obsolete the good smell of cloth, remembered from our childhood when the passing of Mother in the room meant the passing of the frugal fragrance of gingham and the faint, unique odor of starch.

Also, as a result of advertising campaigns, the human family has become ashamed of the odor of clean bodies and covers its pleasantness with the smell of laboratory juices and strong soap. Yet the smell of a horse is a fine smell, and we do not spray its hide with eau de cologne.

Nor do I object to the whiff of kerosene, which has a clean, heady odor,

and brings with it a rush of memories of the lamp we once studied under. More than any other sense impression, odors have this power of recalling old experiences, old friends, old places. I, for one, enjoy the fragrance of a clean barnyard and the sharp unforgettable smell of a singed hoof from the blacksmith shop that now, alack, is almost obsolete. It is the same with the odor of a harness shop.

Other odors are memorable. The smell of printer's ink, which produces an excitation in one who has left the printshop for years and then somewhere picks that odor out of the breeze; the smell of a fresh magazine, just opened; the fragrance of a leather binding on an old book; the symphonic odor of spice cabinets, with cinnamon, sage, and curry playing pungent solos.

For page after page one could list the fragrance of our varied and fascinating world. Yet science is being invoked to condemn us to live perpetually in a lethal chamber of attar of roses.

— Ernest L. Meyer in *N. Y. Post*

This Business of Growing Old

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Stephen Leacock

Professor Emeritus, McGill University; author of "Behind the Beyond,"
"Too Much College," etc.

OLD AGE is the "Front Line" of life, moving into No Man's Land. No Man's Land is covered with mist. Beyond it is Eternity. As we have moved forward, the tumult behind us has died down. There is an increasing feeling of isolation. We seem so far apart. Here and there one falls, silently, and lies a little bundle on the ground that the rolling mist is burying. Can we not keep nearer? It's hard to see one another. Can you hear me? Call to me. I am alone. This must be near the end.

I HAVE been asked how old age feels, how it feels to be reaching 70, and I answer in metaphor, as above, "Not so good."

I was born in the Isle of Wight, on Dec. 30, 1869. That was Victorian England at its most Victorian, dated by the French Empire, still glittering, and Mr. Dickens writing his latest book, and in America, by people driving golden spikes on Pacific railroads.

It was a vast, illimitable world, far superior to this — whole continents unknown, Africa just an outline, oceans never sailed, ships lost over the horizon — as large and open as life itself.

Put beside such a world this present shrunken earth, its every corner known, its old-time mystery gone with the magic of the sea, to make place for this new demoniac confine, loud with voices out of emptiness and tense with the universal threat of death. This is not mystery but horror. The waves of the magic sea called out in the sunlight: "There must be God." The demoniac radio answers in the dark: "There can't be." Belief was so easy then; it has grown so hard now; and life, the individual life, that for an awakening child was so boundless, has it drawn in to this — this alleyway between tall cypresses that must join somewhere in the mist?

Moving pictures love to give us nowadays "cavalcades" of events, to mark the flight of time. Each of us carries his own. Mine shows, as its opening, the sea beaches of the Isle of Wight — Shift to an Atlantic sailing steamer with people emigrating to Canada — Then a Canadian farm up near Lake Simcoe for six years — Put in bears, though there weren't any — Boarding-school scenes at Upper Canada College — School teaching — ten years — (run it fast, I want to forget it) —

Then make the film Chicago Uni-

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(The N. Y. Times Magazine, December 31, '39)*

versity with its saloons of 40 years ago, a raw place — And then settle the film down to McGill University, and run it round and round slowly for 36 sessions — college calling in the autumn, students and co-eds — Hush! Don't wake them, it's a lecture in archaeology —

Then loud music and the great war with the college campus all at drill, the boys of yesterday turned to men — Then the war over, lecture trips to the U. S. — Then back to the McGill campus — Retirement — An honorary degree ("this venerable scholar") — And then, war again and the Black Watch back on the McGill campus.

Such is my picture, the cavalcade all the way down from the clouds of the morning to the mists of the evening.

As the cavalcade passes down the years it is odd how imperceptibly the change of outlook comes, from the eyes of wonder to those of disillusionment — or is it to those of truth? A child's world is full of celebrated people, wonderful people like the magicians of the picture books. Later in life the celebrated people are all gone.

I recall from over half a century ago a speaker at Upper Canada College telling us that he saw before him the future statesmen, the poets, the generals and the leaders of the nation. I thought the man a nut to say that. What he saw was just us. Yet he turned out to be correct; only in a sense he wasn't; it was still

only us after all. It is the atmosphere of illusion that cannot last.

For most of us illusions fade out and life itself as we begin to look back on it appears less and less. The child says "when I am a big boy." The boy says "when I grow up" — and then, grown up, "when I get married." The man says "when I can retire" — and then when retirement comes he looks back over the path traversed, a cold wind sweeps over the fading landscape and he feels somehow that he has missed it all. For the reality of life, we learn too late, is in the living tissue of it from day to day, not in the expectation of better, nor in the fear of worse. Those two things, to be always looking ahead and to worry over things that haven't yet happened and very likely won't happen — those take the very essence out of life. If only one could live each moment to the full, in a present intense with its own absorption!

But perhaps it is this worry, this restlessness, that keeps us on our necessary path of effort. Most of us who look back from old age have at least a comfortable feeling that we have "got away with it." At least we keep out of jail, out of the asylum and out of the poorhouse. But we don't want to start over; no, thank you, it's too hard. When I look back to long evenings of study in boardinghouse bedrooms, one's head sinking at times over the dictionary — I wonder how I did it.

So many things that one went through seem hopelessly difficult now. Yet other things, over which youth boggles and hesitates, seem so simple to old age. Take the case of women, I mean girls. Young men in love go snooping around, hoping, fearing, wondering, lifted up at a word, cast down by an eyebrow. But if he only knew enough, any young man — as old men see it — could have any girl he wanted. All he need do is to step up to her and say, "Miss Smith, I don't know you, but your overwhelming beauty forces me to speak; can you marry me at, say, 3:30 this afternoon?"

It's just as well, though, that they don't know it or away goes all the pretty world of feathers and flounces, of flowers and dances that love throws like a gossamer tissue across the path of life.

On such a world of youth, old age can only gaze with admiration. As people grow old all youth look beautiful to them. But age cannot share it. Age must sit alone. Yet there is something to be said for the mentality of age. Old people grow kinder in their judgment of others. They are able to comprehend, even if not to pardon, the sins and faults of others.

The path through life I have outlined from youth to age, you may trace for yourself by the varying way in which strangers address you. You begin as "little man" and then

"little boy," because a little man is littler than a little boy; then "sonny" and then "my boy" and after that "young man" and presently the interlocutor is younger than yourself and says, "say, mister." I can still recall the thrill of pride I felt when a Pullman porter first called me "doctor" and when another one raised me up to "judge," and the terrible shock it was when a taximan swung open his door and said, "Step right in, dad."

It was hard to bear when a newspaper reporter spoke of me as the "old gentleman." It was a worse shock when a newspaper last autumn called me a septuagenarian, a cowardly lie, as I was only 69 and seven-twelfths. Presently I shall be introduced as "this venerable old gentleman" and the axe will fall when they raise me to the degree of "grand old man." That's the last and worst they can do to you.

This is the summary of the matter that as for old age there's nothing to it, for the individual looked at by himself. It can only be reconciled with our view of life in so far as it has something to pass on, the new life of children and of grandchildren, or if not that, at least some recollection of good deeds, or of something done that may give one the hope to say, "*non omnis moriar*" (I shall not altogether die).

Give me my stick. I'm going out on to No Man's Land. I'll face it



¶ Farm women's choruses, "singing for the fun of it," are spreading east and west from Indiana

Song along the Wabash

Condensed from Recreation

Karl Detzer

MRS. HAWKINS has a good contralto voice. That's why she rises early two mornings a month — at five o'clock instead of six. She cooks breakfast for her husband, three children and the hired man, packs the children's lunch and starts them to school, finishes her housework, gathers the eggs and puts the milk through the separator, and by nine o'clock is burning up an Indiana road in her car.

At ten she is singing vigorously in a small auditorium at the county seat, with 39 other farm and village housewives, rehearsing for their next public concert. She sings for one hour, sits in at a round-table discussion for 30 minutes more, then rushes home to get noon dinner for husband and hired man.

Eighty-four of Indiana's 92 counties have singing groups like this one. These farm women sing because they like to sing. They pay their own way. They select their own songs. They hire their own directors, paying them from \$1 to \$3 for each rehearsal. The women sing well, with vigor and enthusiasm, and their repertoire ranges from

Bach and Brahms to Irish folk songs, hymns, and Negro spirituals. Once each year 2000 of them put on choir robes and gather in one place for a musical binge; groups of them have sung in New York, Washington and Baltimore.

If Mrs. Hawkins doesn't rise early and drive fast on rehearsal mornings, she has to pay a fine. The privilege of attending each rehearsal costs her five cents, and she must add one cent for every minute she is late. If she misses a meeting entirely she must fork over 25 cents, and for three absences she is dropped from membership.

Organizer of this chorus is 32-year-old Albert Stewart, an Indiana boy who sang his way through Purdue University, remained after graduation to direct singing in a school which never had a music department. Farm women in Tippecanoe County heard his Purdue choir on the radio five years ago, and asked him to form a chorus for them. He did. Other counties copied the idea. Now nearly 2400 Hoosier country women belong to these "Home Economics Choruses," 300 others are waiting to be ac-

cepted. The idea has spread beyond the state, and women in Kentucky, Ohio, Washington, Massachusetts, North Carolina and South Dakota have founded similar clubs.

The singing housewives supplement their trifling dues by selling cakes, jelly, candy, fancywork and quilts. In 16 weeks last summer, one group raised \$2000 by sales and concerts to pay their way to New York. They descended 40 strong on the World's Fair, sang for an hour in the Court of Peace, surprising the crowds that gathered to hear Hoosier backwoods tunes by singing Beethoven instead. Contrariwise, Mrs. Hawkins' group sang "Home on the Range" instead of Beethoven at the White House.

"We get together and sing for the fun of it, for the same reason some women play bridge," Mrs. Hawkins explains.

At a recent typical meeting, her club sang Denza's "Italian Street Song," followed the rehearsal with a discussion of Italy in 1880 and of Italian folk music. More than 20 of the 35 women present took part in the informal talk, all knew a great deal about Naples before they were through. They were not thinking of self-culture, they were just naturally interested in the people and the situation which produced the lilting air.

On the campus at Purdue, Indiana is building a state music hall even larger than the one in Rockefeller Center, New York, which will be the hub of activities of the singing Hoosier women. When finished, the choruses plan to meet in it several times a year for massed concerts. Meanwhile, in church and school and county meetings they are keeping song alive along the Wabash.



They Believe What They See in Venezuela

A FILM SALESMAN was trying to sell the latest Clark Gable picture to a cinema proprietor in the wilds of Venezuela. "Clark Gable is dead," he was told. "You recall the film *Parnell*?"

"Yes. A box-office winner."

"*Sí, señor*, but the Gable he died in that."

"Look here, I don't . . ."

"I tried to show another Gable film after that," went on the Venezuelan. "And what happen? Hell broke loose. *Señor*, my clients see the Gable die in one picture. Cannot one believe one's own eyes? So far as this village is concerned, Gable is dead."

— W. J. Makin, *Caribbean Nights* (Hale, London)

☛ Gamelin, brilliant tactician, religious mystic, inspires, without showmanship, unshakable confidence of victory in the French people

First Soldier of France

Condensed from Redbook Magazine

Pierre van Paassen

Noted European war correspondent

THE FRENCH PEOPLE'S unshakable confidence in victory has its inspiration largely from the personality of one man — General Marie Gustave Gamelin, commander-in-chief of the Allied armies. He is little known to the masses, his phenomenal achievements have never been publicized, and only a few of his colleagues know his ideas of strategy; yet everyone trusts him completely, from the President down to the peasants in the remotest hamlet.

Gamelin is bereft of every quality which popular conception associates with military leadership. There is nothing striking about his appearance. Placed side by side with the German ideal of the military hero, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, the French generalissimo would look almost ludicrous. Physically unimpressive, this commander of the most perfect army in the world never raises his voice above a tone of polite conversation. In him, the shrill, metallic parade-ground orders of Potsdam would produce physical discomfort.

In contrast with the ballyhoo

which has created legends around Hitler, Winston Churchill and Mussolini, Gamelin was virtually unknown at the beginning of this war. He rarely attended resplendent military demonstrations, and when compelled to be present he managed to efface himself. More than once, when cameramen moved up to take a shot of the official reviewing stand, he has eclipsed himself behind the broad back of some politician.

Yet between Gamelin and the French people there is a mystic tie, a tacit mutual understanding, which grows deeper in the measure that the diminutive commander tries to escape the limelight. The relationship between Gamelin and his men can be compared with the filial veneration in which Mahatma Gandhi is held by the millions of India. The people sense in his laconic communiqués that quiet confidence which springs from a complete mastery of the situation. "He will bring us victory and peace," they say in France, "but not by talking about it."

If Gamelin leads France to vic-

tory, he will have earned a double title to immortality. For it was Gamelin who in 1914, when a major attached to Joffre's staff as cartographer, worked out the strategic move which stopped the German advance on Paris and saved the Allied cause.

It was in September 1914, a month after the violation of Belgium. Under the sledge-hammer blows of the Kaiser's artillery, the forts of Liège had been smashed. Brussels had fallen. At Mons and Charleroi the British and French defenses had collapsed. No earthly power seemed capable of halting the gray juggernaut that was moving relentlessly on Paris. Von Kluck's cavalry scouts were already within sight of the Eiffel Tower.

Then the miracle occurred. On the morning of September 4, as Major Gamelin checked the latest reports from the front, he noticed that Von Kluck, instead of marching around Paris to close in on three sides, was heading for the French capital in a straight line. This meant that Von Kluck, persuaded that French resistance was broken, was exposing his right flank.

Gamelin quickly went to Joffre's Operations Section, where staff officers were discussing the disastrous situation. The consensus among the strategists was that there was no alternative but to keep retreating in the direction of Paris, and to prepare a line of de-

fense 150 miles south of the city to fall back upon when the capital fell.

"*Messieurs*," Major Gamelin said quietly, "the moment has come to attack." His words fell like a bomb-shell. All turned to him. Some snickered. But the young officer proceeded to unfold a plan of action, and Joffre, deeply impressed, spent the day at headquarters discussing Gamelin's startling proposal.

That evening General Gallieni, military governor of Paris, telephoned a similar plan to the commander-in-chief. "This is precisely the moment to attack," he said. "What can we lose now? History will not forgive us if we keep on retreating."

Joffre was persuaded, and he entrusted Gamelin with the drafting of the necessary military orders. The next day a withering attack was launched on the German right flank by reservist troops rushed up from Paris in taxicabs and buses. The first Battle of the Marne was on. Almost at once Von Kluck fell back. French confidence returned. The French army, a few days earlier in danger of annihilation, pressed forward; and as Ludendorff admits in his memoirs the war was lost for Germany right then and there.

Again in Syria in 1925 Gamelin saved the prestige of France in the same unostentatious manner. That year the murderous Druses rose in revolt, cutting communications between cities, massacring isolated

French garrisons. Rebel tribesmen, disguised as merchants, filtered into the cities, setting bazaars aboiling with the spirit of the Jihad — the Holy War against the infidels. Revolt broke out in Damascus. Unable to cope with the uprising for lack of troops, General Sarrail subjected the capital to a 24-hour bombardment which the Druses answered with a massacre of Frenchmen in other towns. French authority was tottering in the entire Near East, and Sarrail was recalled. Gamelin was installed in his place, with plenipotentiary power, and in less than a month's time restored order.

Gamelin's greatest achievements, however, are not in such sensational exploits, but in his work as planner and tactician. In the present struggle, the chief cause of the German delay in turning the flanks of the Maginot Line, either by invading the Low Countries or by launching a lightning drive through the Alpine foothills of Switzerland, lies in knowledge that Gamelin has devoted years of study to precisely those eventualities. He originated the defense system of Belgium, which some military critics believe is harder to crack than the "impregnable" Maginot Line. Taking advantage of Belgium's inland waterways, the line of forts extends north to the Dutch border, and there ends in a colossal complex of fortifications, with a myriad of disappearing guns, blockhouses and

machine-gun nests. From this fort complex, known as Eben-Emal, the Belgian army can take under terrific fire that narrow strip of territory in the Dutch province of Limburg through which the Germans might otherwise pass with impunity.

No detail of France's defenses escaped Gamelin in those years when, as inspector general, he quietly visited border towns, using a bicycle, or skiing his way in the Alpine provinces. On the Italian side his system of defense is so perfect that France has not had the slightest fear of an attack by Mussolini at her back door.

This enormous defense system around France, with five million trained men standing guard, was built up by Gamelin in the course of years when he seemed far more interested in philosophy, poetry and the arts. It is an open secret that veteran members of the high command looked with misgivings on the tactician Gamelin who frequently opened military conferences by speaking of the effect of the philosopher Henri Bergson's *élan vital* on military discipline. Often Gamelin's view of strategic vision as having a close relationship with divine intuition shocked the gold-braided iron-pants whose Bible is the infantry manual.

That penchant for religion, art, and mysticism Gamelin inherited from his mother, a cultured woman and a distinguished painter. His

early instructors predicted a brilliant literary career for him. But the military strain in Gamelin's family, dating back five generations, turned the boy toward the army. Coupled with that family tradition, his own technical brilliancy has firmly established him in military circles where otherwise he might have been regarded as a dilettante.

By his quiet obstinacy, Gamelin has revolutionized the psychology of the French army. His motto is: "One must not command, but persuade." Everyone in the army, from the lowest rank upward, has been made to feel that the uniform does not destroy individuality, and that each man is there of his own volition and is aware of his share in the collective responsibility.

In France, the high command of armed forces in time of conflict has always been looked upon as a potential danger to the republican form of government. But Gamelin

is the perfect, unselfish military leader who, once his task is completed, will return without regret to his modest home and his philosophical studies. The French Government knows this, and the French people feel it.

It is no doubt the mystical religious strain in Gamelin which makes him find joy in subordinating himself to the national cause of France, which in a larger sense he sees as the cause of humanity. I was told that at a staff conference Gamelin leaned back in his chair and dreamily said: "Important as all this is, victory can be achieved only if the leader has the conviction that his cause is just." A young captain interjected, with assumed naïveté: "Don't you think, *mon général*, that superiority in equipment and men also is important?" Gamelin, ignoring the sarcasm, softly replied: "Important? Yes, *mon jeune ami*. But I prefer justice on my side — it is invincible!"



ifference

union

A NEW YORKER on one of the Ford Motor Company's tours of inspection for visitors lagged behind the party at one point and found himself alone with Henry Ford. Ford nodded to him; then, pointing to a completed automobile, said, "There are exactly 4719 parts in that car."

Greatly struck with Ford's grasp of affairs — and with his own — the visitor, talking subsequently with one of the company's engineers, asked him lightly if it were true that such-and-such a model had exactly 4719 parts. "I'm sure I don't know," the engineer said. "I can't think of a more useless piece of information."

— *The New Yorker*

Tony Earns His Vote

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Karl Detzer

TONY ROCCO was having trouble with his homework. He scratched his gray head, once more slowly spelled out the words on the mimeographed sheets. This Senator-business gave Tony a headache. How come there were 96 Senators in Washington, 50 others at Indianapolis? Why not all in one place?

"Me, I go ask the judge," Tony decided. On the way downtown he passed the schoolhouse where two evenings a week he and several dozen other pupils studied American history, American government, the American way of life.

Father of these schools for future citizens at South Bend, Indiana, is Circuit Court Judge Dan Pyle, a gray, chunky man of 62, Hoosier through and through. Granting citizenship papers is part of his job.

At the courthouse, Tony found him working in shirtsleeves. Dan Pyle leaned back, hooked his thumbs under his suspenders. "Well, Tony, what can I do for you?"

"How come 50 Senators . . . 96 Senators . . . how come . . . ?" Tony began excitedly.

Patiently and slowly Pyle explained.

"Understand?" he asked at length.

"Sure thing, Judge."

"Then run home and study some more," Dan Pyle advised. "If you want to graduate, you'll have to work harder."

Tony did work harder. He passed his examination and on June 14 was graduated. For that event he put on the peasant costume he had brought from Italy so many years ago, stuck a flower in his buttonhole, and arrived early at the stadium with his admiring family at his heels. American Legionnaires, Veterans of Foreign Wars, a Masonic drill team, a priest from the University of Notre Dame, Boy Scouts and army reserve officers were there to help Dan Pyle make Tony a citizen. And 14,000 spectators had come to watch.

Judge Pyle made a homely speech, full of sympathy and sound advice, then presented diplomas to Tony and 232 other pupils from 18 nations. Tony and the others swore allegiance to the United States.

The graduates — most of them, like Tony, in native costume — then gathered at the rear of the field, grouped according to nationality, each under his old flag for the last time. As the band played the national anthem of their native lands, one group after another

marched forward to face the row of officers, holding 18 American flags.

Then to the notes of *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Tony and his classmates handed over their old flags, grasped the new, and faced the spectators. For a moment the silence was broken only by the ripple of silk banners in the breeze. Then cheers broke out. Men and women in the audience wiped their eyes. Thus was Tony inducted into citizenship. And a proud citizen he is.

Thirty-seven years ago when young Dan Pyle came to South Bend he learned the ways of political candidates with foreign-born voters, and was shocked.

Remembering, Dan Pyle bangs his desk angrily.

"Why, damn it all, mister, it was indecent, the advantage those fellows took! I decided right then to do what I could to stop it. In lots of courts a foreigner just has to answer a couple of questions about the Constitution, and tell who is President, and he's given the right to vote. Well, that doesn't happen in *my* court. Here they *earn* their citizenship. When they do get it, they know what they're voting about, and a candidate can't fool them by promising them something he can't deliver and never intended to."

For several years Judge Pyle conducted classes himself, and held graduation exercises in the courtroom. Candidates became so nu-

merous, however, that after three years he asked for help. The WPA furnished teachers; the city offered schoolrooms; patriotic organizations paid for books and for printing Pyle's outline of study. Now, four times a year, 200 or more aliens take two-month courses. Pyle supervises, helps out slow students, himself conducts the final examination.

Graduation exercises last fall were held in the Notre Dame football stadium, only place large enough to hold the crowd. At the commencement in October, 271 candidates from 27 countries, men and women ranging in age from 21 to 87, received diplomas. In eight years, 3021 aliens have taken the schooling and passed the stiff examination.

Pyle is proud of his new citizens. Last year a group of "super-patriots" visited his courtroom to hear a final examination. The judge shot his questions first at the visitors and took delight in letting the aliens correct their errors.

"These folks of mine knew more about America than that crowd that could trace itself back to the *Mayflower*," he chuckles.

"Listen, mister. They might even show *you* up. How many state senators are there in *your* state? What's the term of office of *your* supreme court justices? What salary do you pay *your* mayor? *You* don't know? Well, these Americans of mine know!"

I Married a Nazi

Condensed from Eve's Journal

"Margaret Schmidt"

I WAS a 21-year-old English girl who had traveled widely studying art; I thought I thought, and I knew I knew. When I visited the Black Forest, life there seemed a simple Nordic saga, lived in the sunshine and open air. There were yellow foxgloves and wild delphiniums. It was very quiet, and very, very fine.

There I met the man I married after a rapturous swimming, canoeing, hiking period of comradeship which lasted three months. I looked forward to a new, easy, emotionally rich and satisfying life all painted in simple primary colors. To be one man's woman and to bear his children while you were young; to be worshiped and adored for it, morning, afternoon, evening, night. Youth; Middle Age; Old Age — following each other in peace and rhythm.

Now I have been married nearly four and a half years. I have two children and another on the way. They belong to Germany and to my husband — the two are one and indistinguishable: I merely take care of them.

My husband is an eager boy soldier among other boy soldiers. The best kind of intelligent Boy Scout. He is splendidly educated, a gen-

erous and devoted father. There is no hatred of Jews, foreigners or internationalism in my comfortable, attractive home. The existence of everything non-German is blandly ignored. It's a cotton-wool world, frosted, pretty, beautifully built. There is music, friendship, kindness, comfort in it. It is as if the world outside is lost.

But you cannot talk to my husband as a human being at all. He and millions of his post-war generation are utterly segregated from the feminine, intellectually. The German man closes against you instantly if you make any personal intellectual demands for yourself or your children. Individualism terrifies him. And the core of his impregnability is — the *Führer*.

We are part of a race being reared in a splendidly equipped open-air nursery under the best possible conditions by a super-father — Hitler. A nation guarded by a personal god in brown uniform. Guarded by "do's" and "don't's" as clear as rules and regulations in a home for mental defectives. And there is a real, clean, shining, delicious sense of righteousness and well-being if they're kept. There is a kind of peace about it. Often I surrender; and sometimes with a

kind of rapture. I might as well enjoy passionately what I *have* got — the feeling that I belong to the mightiest nation in the world, the finest. The open-air cleanliness and simplicity of everyone. The feeling of terrific power.

Emotionally and physically the German man is almost frighteningly accessible. His emotions are trained to gush in certain directions: love of country; love of mate; love of children; love of music. Providing I open up any of those nationally permitted sluice-gates, I can have a more satisfying emotional bath than ever woman enjoyed before. But ask any of the impersonal, almost disinterested, comradeship that men in other countries give their women, and you meet with complete blankness: and if you go on demanding, ruthless repression of something they have been taught to fear and ignore — personality.

I sometimes feel I'm married, not to a man, but to Hitler's Order of Perfect German Wives and Mothers; and as long as I obey the

rules within my enclosed life, the rewards are rich and there is a fierce, tremendously enjoyable feeling of absolute virtue and strength. For there is a comradeship between the men and the men, and the women and the women in Germany. They feel they are encircled, a world within a world.

Coming from a democratic country where individuality and personality are tolerated in the female, where one's son is not born to a regime, a uniform, a god and a route, I sometimes feel I'll go crazy. Then I wish to God I hadn't married a German. But then I get scared and crouch down and draw the whole rich Naziism of my husband over my head, and feel as he does — safe, strong, impregnable; a chosen Hitler Woman among a people with a Terrific Destiny.

Germans feel immortal in a mortal world. That is what Hitler has bestowed upon them. Other nations are conscious that they are mortal in an immortal world. That is what Hitler has not been able to destroy.



Installment Plan for Baby

THROUGH the "Baby Budget Plan" of a Salt Lake City hospital, parents are not harassed with bills at the time of a child's arrival. Doctors furnish the names of prospective parents to the hospital, which sends them a letter describing a method of saving for the event. Those who take part receive a Baby Budget passbook in which is entered the date of each deposit and the total credit, so that the baby is paid for by regular advance installments over a period of time.

— *Modern Hospital*

☛ How volunteer workers in Kansas City have reduced the toll of household accidents

Safety Begins at Home

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Paul W. Kearney

BE IT ever so humble, there's no place like home for an accident.

Accidents in our homes killed 167,000 persons in five years, almost as many as were killed by automobiles. Injuries serious enough to call the doctor to the home are estimated to be three times as numerous as automobile injuries. The domestic casualty rate mounts steadily.

Except in Kansas City. There, one woman, Rosamond Losh, director of the local Children's Bureau, has cut in half the number of children accidentally killed in the home.

The Bureau's legal function is the health and hygiene of children of preschool age, but when Miss Losh discovered that accidents around the house kill as many children as any disease, she added safety to these other concerns.

Her series of broadcasts aroused social and civic organizations. From 300 such groups—the Junior League, Jewish Councils, Catholic Alumnae, Parent Teacher Associations, and so on—she recruited 3000 volunteer workers. They conduct

neighborhood home-safety classes, stage safety demonstrations in model homes, set up exhibits in stores.

They do two more things. They study accidents firsthand. At a discreet interval after every home tragedy, they visit the family and gather the facts for whatever light they may throw on causes and possible preventives.

Secondly, they undertake a city-wide, house-to-house canvass to distribute and explain an inspection blank by which the family itself can check its own home for safety. And to homes which meet standards, they award a window sticker. They visited 40,000 homes in the one year 1938; reinspected 16,000 of them; awarded stickers to 13,000.

As a result of all this work, some 200 children are alive today who otherwise would have been dead. Deaths from home accidents to preschool-age children alone used to run as high as 24 a year in Kansas City; for three years they have numbered only 6 to 8, despite an increasing population.

It's the neglected trifles around the house that often cause acci-

dents — sagging steps, a loose porch board, a frayed extension cord, a lamp on a rickety table with a fringed scarf hanging over the edge, marbles scattered on the floor. Noting in a home such details as these, the canvasser mentions none of them. She merely tells about the Home Safety campaign, says there is a safety exhibit at the nearby Health Center, and asks the housewife if she won't help by spending an hour or two as an attendant there. Leaving a pamphlet and an inspection blank, the canvasser departs. It works better than direct attack. Usually, the housewife thus approached will be asking for a window sticker within a few weeks.

The Bureau has paid particular attention to cheap means of bettering conditions. Straps or rope across an open window protect a child from falling out as safely as do iron bars. Screw eyes and a rope will serve on the cellar stairs instead of a more expensive handrail. That bottom step of the cellar stairs which, because not seen, causes many a fall, may be painted white. Mason jar rubbers will anchor

slipping rugs. Tiny bells may be put on poison pill boxes and adhesive tape around all medicine boxes which can't be locked away from children's reach. Rubber mats for bathtubs and a handrail alongside will avert many fractured ribs. Kitchen knives belong on a wall rack, not tumbled haphazard in drawers.

Above all, Kansas City workers stress order and neatness. Slips and falls are frequently caused by articles strewn where they are not supposed to be. The single heading of "Falls in the Home" takes 17,500 lives a year.

Sometimes it is a mere matter of forming good habits. Nothing could be simpler than turning the handles of cook pots on the stove away from the outside edges so that adults won't bump them or children reach them. Yet the well-nigh universal failure to do this helps explain the fact that one death in four among very young children accidentally killed is due to scalds or burns.

Such simple precautions make the difference between safe and dangerous homes.



❧ IF YOU WANT to make a dangerous man your friend, let him do you a favor. — Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing

❧ FOR a long life be moderate in all things, but don't miss anything. — Dr. Adolf Lorenz

❧ "For him, Christianity was a vision to be translated into actuality here and now"

The Good Shepherd

The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met

—VI—

By Pierre van Paassen

Well-known journalist; author of the best seller,
"Days of Our Years"

As I was struggling homeward toward Bourg-en-Forêt late one blustery autumn afternoon, I saw silhouetted on the top of the last hill a tall old man with a flapping black scarf and a billowing cassock. With one hand he was holding his shovel hat on his head; in the other hand he clutched an enormous old-fashioned green umbrella. A ray of the setting sun caught the buckles of his shoes which made it seem as if his feet bore lighted torches.

When at last he stood before me, I saw his magnificent Gallic head: deep-set black eyes, a firm aquiline nose, and a slightly protruding chin. His eyes made you forget his threadbare cassock; they were dominating, almost majestic, but softened by an inescapable sadness.

Thin strands of white hair played around his forehead as he removed his hat in salutation. He spoke of the wind. "First, I had to fight my way ahead," he said in his deep bass voice. "Now it seems to be driving me on." Then, as an afterthought: "Perhaps the wind knows

more than I do. Perhaps someone needs me at the presbytery and I should make haste."

That was my first meeting with the Abbé Arsène de la Roudaire, parish priest of the French village where I had recently come to live.

Of course I had heard about him. The pharmacist often detained me in his shop with long tales about village notables. Most of his stories were dull, but the one he told of the priest caused me to prick up my ears.

In September 1914, when the German army drove within sight of Paris, the village was for a time in No Man's Land. Half the population fled, the other half hid in cellars; but the Abbé continued his pastoral rounds as if nothing were amiss. One day, taking a short cut through the forest, he stumbled upon one of Von Kluck's Uhlans, shot through both lungs. The Abbé went back to the village for a handcart and brought the soldier to his own home. And there he nursed him back to health.

During all those months, he did

not inform the authorities. When people began to grumble, the priest protested. "His health is too frail. If he goes to a camp he will have a relapse. I will not have his death on my conscience."

The soldier remained in the Abbé's house for almost two years. Then, just as the military police were about to arrest him, he disappeared. Not till long afterward did the villagers learn that the Uhlan had been hidden for the rest of the war on the priest's country estate, inherited from his parents but used before the war as a vacation home for children.

"The proof of all this you will see with your own eyes," the pharmacist had told me. "Every year, that German trooper comes here with his family for a visit, and fine people they are! They have helped not a little in repairing our beautiful old church."

In the course of time, the Abbé and I became fast friends, despite profound doctrinal differences on which both of us were intransigent. When, after long absences on journalistic forays to report bloody events in the Riff or the gruesome inhumanity of the Ethiopian war, I returned home spiritually crushed and utterly disillusioned, it was the Abbé who restored my faith in mankind. His hope of a great universal fatherland to emerge ultimately from all the travail of the ages was unshakable.

"It may take some time yet," he

would say, "but the day of peace and justice will come. Don't let the poison of hatred touch you. There is only one people on this earth, to which all nations and races belong. Never forget this, my son."

There was nothing of world-shaking revelation in these words. It was the way he spoke them that moved me so deeply — his immense kindness, the genuineness of his all-embracing love for humanity.

The Abbé de la Roudaire's life was one never-interrupted effort to hasten the coming of those better days by preparing the hearts of men for them. For him, Christianity was a vision to be translated into actuality right here and now, among the humblest. Day or night this old man, far advanced into the seventies even then, was at the beck and call of anyone in distress. The villagers referred to him as Our Good Shepherd. One evening when we of the volunteer fire brigade arrived at a farmhouse struck by lightning we found the Abbé there, before us, quietly leading the fear-crazed cows out of the burning cattle shed while the farmer and his wife could do nothing but wring their hands. "Only the Abbé's voice can calm the beasts," the peasants whispered.

THE ABBÉ knew his flock. As he strolled at dusk through the streets he had no need to pry with questions. Madame Lagrin's swollen eyes meant that Papa had once

more boozed away his wages. The sad face of Yvonne told him that Marius had not yet made good his promise to speak to her father. Père Rognon's twitching hands meant that his son was in trouble again.

For each he had a word, and each face lit up as he passed. Things could not be quite so bad if Monsieur l'Abbé still radiated such serene reassurance. The old man's fortitude was contagious; it made one ashamed of one's weakness.

I, too, went to the Abbé for help.

Dirk van Duynen, my young cousin, handsome son of a well-to-do Amsterdam family, had been studying the cello in Paris. Suddenly he was taken ill. Worse, an impatient specialist brusquely told the boy he had at the most a year to live. Dirk came to us in Bourg. What should he do? Go back home and tell his parents — and wait? He tried to speak bravely, but there was fear in his eyes.

"Let me talk to him," said the Abbé. Dirk became the priest's companion on the twilight strolls through the village. From these rounds, Dirk would return to his room to play his cello. The fear was gone from his eyes, the cynical twist from his lips. Soon he went home to his parents.

This was a few months ago. I asked the Abbé, when last I saw him, what magic he had used.

He smiled. "No magic, my son. We merely walked through the

manless streets of sorrow where sweethearts and mothers go on with their daily tasks while their men face death in the trenches. Perhaps Dirk began to understand that there are souls more tortured than his."

Children were the Abbé's chief concern. He was seldom seen walking without one or two holding on to his hand. There must have been a score of poor children in Bourg dressed in clothes the Abbé had begged for them; it was obvious that many a little boy's jacket was made from an old cassock.

"They are the hope of Europe," he would say of these starvelings. "If we do not succeed in fostering ideas of generosity and love in these little ones, Europe will go down in an orgy of blood.

"If we could only learn to love humanity less and humans more," he would continue sadly. "It is so easy to profess one's love for humanity but to love the sordid, ill-smelling ones who constitute humanity, that is the great difficulty for most of us."

He did his best to create that better Europe of his dreams. It was his especial pride to have prepared for the parish school a history manual from which every reference to hatred among nations had been carefully eliminated.

"It would be the rankest poison," he told objectors, "to teach these little children that the Germans are the hereditary foes of

France. We all want peace, do we not? Well, peace cannot be if we teach hatred."

Among the children in the Abbé's charge were the inmates of the foundling asylum, an iron-barred barracks half a mile outside Bourg. "A pesthole hygienically and morally," the papers called it — overcrowded and unchanged since the Middle Ages.

The old priest went there to lie.

"Yes, I lie to them," he told me with a shrug. "I tell those children who dwell in that house of horrors that life is beautiful, that they will become fine and noble citizens. I tell some of them that I am pretty sure that I knew their fathers, and that they were good and honored citizens, strong and handsome. I know that the opposite is probably true, that they were drunkards and derelicts."

THE ABBÉ'S scorn could be a terrible thing, too, as Bourg-en-Forêt learned one horrid day.

Ugolin, the hunchback of the Rue du Vieil-Abreuvoir, was a creature so repulsive that instinctively one looked away from him. Villagers would go around a block to escape meeting him face to face.

If you caught the early train for Paris Ugolin was at the station. If you returned late at night you could recognize his misshapen head under the light of some gas lamp. For a few sous a week he was allowed to sleep in a garret. But he

had to be up and away before daylight, and he never went home before midnight, lest the sight of him disturb the neighbors.

If Ugolin strayed into the neighborhood of the Place Adolphe Thiers, where the young toughs hung around in the evening to ogle the passing girls, some yokel was sure to pounce on him and give him a drubbing on his crooked spine.

"Move on, whore's child!" the boys would call after him. And Ugolin would shuffle away.

One night, when he helped me home with my luggage, I gave him food and talked with him. Slowly the story of his life came out. His mother had died of drunkenness; he had never known a father. His sister, at 13, took service in a farmer's home. When she resisted the farmer's advances, he accused her of theft and she was sentenced to prison. With no one to feed him, Ugolin developed rickets and a spinal disease which resulted in his deformity. When the sister was released she could, because of her record, get no work, so, seeing his terrible need, she went to live in one of the houses in the Rue Danès. After that there was money for food.

Ugolin came often to my home, for I gave him little chores to do about the garden. But his health grew worse. One night when he complained of weariness I asked him to stay.

"*Non, merci, Monsieur,*" he said.

"It is good of you, but I have a home. I have my dignity."

I never saw him alive again. As he entered his street, he ran into a hilarious crowd of people. The men were drunk; that is the only way I can explain the thing that occurred.

Someone jostled Ugolin and he fell. The crowd formed a ring and danced around the man crawling there on his hands and knees. They stepped on his fingers and kicked him each time he tried to get up. Finally someone raised him, but he was staggering so strangely that the crowd probably thought him drunk, too. To keep him on his feet they tied him to a lantern post. And again they danced around, chanting: "The lovers of my sister pay a franc apiece!" They tore off his clothes until he stood there naked.

"It was the priest who delivered him at last," a bystander told me. "He cut Ugolin loose and carried him away."

"Carried him away? The Abbé, a man of 80?"

"Yes. Ugolin was unconscious. The priest carried him to his own house. This morning while the priest was at Mass the hunchback got up, walked to the river, and drowned himself. The body has just been found."

"Horrible," I said.

"Horrible indeed. But that is not yet the end. The girl, his sister, shot herself this afternoon. The

magistrates are at the brothel now, inquiring. Ah, the eternal barbarians that we are! We are all guilty. It's not a question of where the gendarmes were last night when that mob of rowdies made sport of poor Ugolin. All of us, collectively, are guilty and collectively we should be punished!"

I went to see the Abbé that evening. His face was drawn and pale.

"I came to offer a small donation," I said. "I owed Ugolin a week's wages."

"That will be for a Mass of requiem," said the Abbé.

"Are they to be buried from the church?"

"Yes, for those children are not suicides. They have been murdered by society, *Monsieur*, by a society without mercy."

I never saw such a crowd at the church as on the day of the funeral. Half the shops in town were closed. Near the altar rail stood the two coffins surrounded by tall silver candelabra. A heavy black cloth united them. The organ moaned the *Miserere*.

After the absolution the Abbé mounted the pulpit and stood for a moment, slowly turning his gaze from left to right as if he wanted to recognize every man and woman present.

Then he said: "Christians!" and the word stung like a whiplash. And again: "Christians! When the Lord of life and death shall ask me

on the Day of Judgment, 'Pasteur de la Roudaire, where are thy sheep?' I will not answer Him. And when the Lord shall ask the second time: 'Pasteur de la Roudaire, where are thy sheep?' I will yet not answer Him. But when the Lord shall ask the third time: 'Pasteur . . . de . . . la . . . Roudaire, . . . where . . . are . . . thy . . . sheep?' I shall hang my head in shame and I will answer: 'They were not sheep, Lord. They were a pack of wolves!'"

JUST BEFORE I left France last fall, I went to bid adieu to the Abbé. He had taken it upon himself to accompany to the station the peasants who had been called to the front, walking beside the women and children, trying to make the last moment of parting as cheerful as possible. But his smile had lost its radiance, the old verve and confidence were gone. To me the Abbé was a weary, disillusioned old man.

Falling in step with him as he returned from one of those journeys

to the station, I found that he could scarcely speak.

"I did not believe we would ever see this again," he said. "I no longer know what to tell my people."

"But they are crusaders for liberty, *Monsieur l'Abbé*," I ventured, after a long silence.

"Ah!" he sighed. "Crusaders?" And his sad tone underscored the emptiness of my remark.

After a while he continued: "I feel their unspoken questions: 'Why must we go? And these youngsters, for whose safety we fought the last war — why must they go?'"

"How can I answer them? Can I tell them that God will have mercy — mercy on the mothers? On all of them, whether their sons are called John or Jacques, Fritz or Ladislas? Will that also answer the unasked question of the mothers as their sons march into shellfire, to death, to spill blood?"

I shall never forget the Abbé of Bourg-en-Forêt, and I shall hear for a long time his tortured cry for the mothers — all the mothers.



Poor Richard!

AFTER 150 years the truth is out about Benjamin Franklin. "The name 'Poor Richard' might easily have derived from his bank account rather than from his almanac," said William Fulton Kurtz after reading early records of the Bank of North America, where Franklin and many of his illustrious compatriots kept their money. "He was overdrawn at least three days out of every week." —AP

☞ Madison's gardens for the unemployed yield health and self-respect, as well as food

A Crop That Cheers

Condensed from *The Commonweal*

Karl Detzer

ONE DAY last November, Charles J. Birt, secretary of the Madison (Wis.) Community Union, answered his telephone, heard an eager voice say: "Listen, Charley. This is Joe Small. Put me down for a garden right away."

"Plenty of time, Joe," Birt replied. "We don't even start plowing for five months."

"Sure," Joe said. "But remember, don't leave me out. I want to start early. By the way, I'm going in for crop rotation next year."

Joe is one of Madison's 405 citizens who in 1939 raised \$20,000 worth of vegetables in eight community garden tracts scattered across the town. His own plot of borrowed land measures exactly 50 by 100 feet, like all the other 404 gardens. From it last summer he supplied his family with fresh vegetables, and his wife canned enough to last all winter, too.

Like most of the gardeners, Joe has a large family and could not possibly feed it on his limited income from part-time work. Value of the gardens, however, cannot be measured in dollars alone. Public health is improved when low-income

families get fresh green food and keep out in the sun all summer. More important, their morale is bolstered by growing their own food instead of having to accept relief rations.

Cost of the 405 gardens last year was \$300, paid by the Community Union, and eight months' wages for one WPA employee.

When young Charley Birt, getting community chest secretary, fathered the gardens in 1932, some 600 other towns were trying the same experiment. Most failed and in many communities the WPA took them over and still operates them, paying workers by the hour to raise and can vegetables for relief distribution. The cost of food thus produced often equals retail prices of similar grades, but Madison last year grew nearly \$60 worth of vegetables for every dollar spent.

"Our people grow things because they like to," Birt explains. "It isn't just 'made work' to them. And the results belong to them personally, not to a hazy thing called 'the government.' They make a game of gardening, and there's a lot of rivalry about who will raise

the largest potatoes or the first batch of peas, or who has the prettiest border of flowers."

The eight tracts are all private property, held for investment, and range in size from a block of vacant lots cut into 20 gardens, to a 115-plot tract. All are in parts of town convenient to people who pay low rents.

Yet "no stigma of 'welfare' or 'relief' attaches to these gardens," Birt points out. "Anyone may have a plot, as we have plenty of land. So the unemployed, the small wage earner, and now and then a man with a good job, work side by side; all have equal amounts of soil, sun and rain. It's democracy in action."

People objected last spring when a university professor took a garden and worked in it daily from dawn till noon. They complained that a man with money enough to buy food should not cost the community money. (His share of the project, by the way, cost 70 cents.) Objectors did not know that the professor was giving his crops to a family which otherwise would have been on relief. The job did wonders to his waistline.

Last season the gardeners raised 3727 bushels of potatoes, 1140 pumpkins, 9800 heads of cabbage, 1385 bushels of beans. Germans and Negroes, Finns and Russians, Poles and Italians swap recipes and delicacies, praise their favorites (the Italians their squash, the Negroes their yams) and show each

other how to raise them. There's democracy in that, too.

The gardeners enforce their own rules and rarely have to call on either the police or their friend Charley Birt. They know they will lose their garden if they are caught selling vegetables, stealing their neighbors' produce, or letting weeds grow in their own plots. The latter is the crime of crimes, because weeds spread from poor gardens to good ones. Last year no one was charged with stealing or selling, and only half a dozen, after two warnings, were ejected for letting weeds grow.

Crop rotation, intensive cultivation, fertilizer from family garbage pails hoed into the soil, use of every square inch of land, coupled with the enthusiasm of the gardeners, result in immense yields, in spite of the fact that no water is piped to any garden.

"We take our chances of rain, like other farmers," one worker said. However, he was not doing it. Each morning for a cloudless midsummer week, he and others had been out at sunrise, hoeing the night's dew into the soil.

Small as the gardens are, Madison's workers find room for flowers. From spring till late fall, all eight tracts are checkerboards of bloom, with individual lots outlined in narrow flower beds.

Any summer morning the streets leading to them are thronged with families, from grandmothers to tod-

dlers, carrying tools to their work. They labor as family groups, each member doing his part, each enjoying life in the sun, each feeling a sense of independence and of personal accomplishment.

Thus Charley Birt's gardens not

only help solve Madison's economic problems and improve public health; they encourage diligence, foster self-respect, speed the democratic process through neighborliness, and help people knit closer their family ties.



Anti-Propaganda Propagandists

Excerpt from New York Herald Tribune

Dorothy Thompson

A REMARKABLE HOAX is being played upon the American people. Various organizations and publicists, even paid advertising campaigns, are deluging them with propaganda. And the joke of it is that it is all in the guise of an anti-propaganda campaign!

The argument is that there is a subtle conspiracy of the Allied Powers to draw us into war, that the war's issues are just trumped-up slogans to deceive the credulous; and that the trouble with us, as a people, is that we let our sympathies sway our judgment. Therefore, runs this argument, anyone who tries to tell you there *are* issues in this war is spreading British and French propaganda.

Seldom have we had the opportunity so clearly to observe the black-magical attributes that can be created, like a dark aura, around a word. "Propaganda" has become a bogey word. Nobody defines what he means by it. Nobody is warned to distinguish be-

tween propaganda in conformity with the facts and with logic, and propaganda which belies the facts. Our anti-propagandists use the high-pressure technique employed in advertising commercial products: the awakening of fear to sell some real or questionable antidote. These anti-propagandists concentrate on the Fear of War, or the Fear of one's own Emotions, to break down all critical judgment.

Might it not be safer for us to get over our fear of propaganda, to realize that every argument, every idea, is propaganda in the exact sense of the word, and that propaganda is evil only when it distorts the truth? Every one of the anti-propagandists' arguments is propaganda. A clear thread runs through them all: an appeal to inertia and to the suspension of all thinking, and of all candid discussion of world issues.

Their moral and intellectual dishonesty is in the claim that they, alone, are doing no special pleading.

Seven members of a fabulous family
express themselves at any cost

The Hepburns

Condensed from Life

Oliver O. Jensen

MRS. Thomas Norval Hepburn of Hartford, Conn., believes in control of children before birth and none afterwards. She graduated from fashionable Bryn Mawr, married a successful doctor, lives in what 99 percent of the country would describe as considerable luxury. For her own five children, she has created a home that combines the atmospheres of Thoreau's Walden Pond, Madame de Staël's salon and Margaret Sanger's rostrum.

Mrs. Hepburn's eldest child, Katharine, is living proof of the fact that it is not necessary to have been a Kansas City manicurist to crash Hollywood. She never won a beauty contest; never posed in a lingerie publicity still. Instead she graduated from Bryn Mawr, gleamed fitfully in the Philadelphia Social Register and in one leading role on Broadway, before she turned up packing movie theaters in *A Bill of Divorcement*.

Her brilliant success has been due, above all, to an amazing ability to project to audiences her curious but dynamic personality. To the degree to which her vehicles

were faithful or unfaithful to the Hepburn character, she has been either socko or stinko, in trade terms, on both stage and screen.

Miss Hepburn first came to notice in 1932 in a leading role in *The Warrior's Husband*, which required her to impersonate an Amazon and make 15-ft. leaps about the stage encased in tin armor. For Katharine this was a cinch. However, when she came back triumphantly from Hollywood to open in a dour play called *The Lake*, completely out of character, she dove in disastrously over her head. Acid Dorothy Parker celebrated the submersion with her immortal quip: "She runs the gamut of emotions from A to B." Now the right play — *The Philadelphia Story* — has lifted her to the pinnacle of her career.

The explanation for Katharine's now-famous personality is the Hepburns — one of the most interesting family groups in the country. They are of Scottish descent. Mary Stuart's lover, the tempestuous Earl of Bothwell, was a Hepburn. When the family is together, resemblances come out sharply. Fourteen nostrils quiver in unison and seven peculiar

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if brilliant minds continue their endless discussions on how best the world may be reformed. All are concerned with ideas, are slightly pink, love to talk with their constant stream of intellectual visitors.

The head of this New England family came from Virginia. Dr. Thomas Norval Hepburn, 60 and handsome in a hard chiseled way, is a prominent surgeon. He married one domineering character, sired six others (Son Tom died in his teens), but manages to remain the austere head of the family who barks over the stairwell at a daughter's late suitors.

Tall, slender Mrs. Hepburn was a Boston Houghton, cousin of the former Ambassador, Alanson Bigelow Houghton. The Hepburn peculiarities are tempered in her by a sense of humor and a strain of extreme kindness. Mrs. Hepburn lets her children do as they please. As a child, Kate wore her brother's knickerbockers and fought like a hellion with the neighborhood little boys. Once she shaved her head to look more like a boy. She put on a performance of *Beauty and the Beast*, charging neighbors 50 cents admission, a box-office high for child drama. Kate played the Beast, netting \$60, which she sent to the Navaho Indians, having heard from a missionary that they were in need. The Navahos bought a phonograph.

Mrs. Hepburn has a deep sense of social obligation, a Boston germ that led her to war on the white-

slave traffic and vice in Hartford. She has picketed the White House in the matter of votes for women, but it is upon the subject of birth control that her fame rests. When the Hepburns moved to Hartford, a delegation of shocked ladies came to inform Mrs. Hepburn that she simply must stop her birth-control propaganda. Her answer was to send the children out on the streets selling Mrs. Sanger's pamphlets.

The Hepburns live closely together in the big place at Hartford and in the magnificent whitewash brick summer place Katharine built for them at Fenwick, on Long Island Sound. With a sailboat, a tennis court, a golf course nearby, it fits the favorite family activities, for they are all good at sports. Katharine was once runner-up in the Connecticut women's golf championship, has a bronze medal for figure skating.

All five children went to college after studying with private tutors. Katharine went first, to Bryn Mawr, and will not be soon forgotten for her intense ideas, her bandannaed head, her occasional appearances in bare feet and her general look of grubbiness. She emerged as a "high-merit" student in history. Nobody thought she was beautiful. Nobody thought much of her in Bryn Mawr dramatics, either.

Robert Houghton Hepburn, the younger brother, is even-tempered and hard-working, like his sister Marion. These two alone bother to

present an orthodox polite front to the world. After Harvard and medical school Bob now assists his father as an interne in the Hartford Hospital.

Brother Dick has spent the time since he went through Harvard writing plays. Some of them were in the Greek classical tradition, not a very salable type. In 1936, his play *Behold Your God* opened at Jasper Deeter's experimental theater near Philadelphia. It was an economic satire in ten scenes, during which characters labeled, "Brainless, a banker"; "Rancid, an insurance president"; "Fatpurse, Jangle, Browbeat and Wiley, a firm of lawyers," wandered through an economic morass.

Katharine is crazy about her sister Marion, partly because Marion fulfills the ambitions that she had to surrender. Marion spent one college vacation working at Hull House, the Chicago social-service center. During two other vacations, she worked for John L. Lewis in Washington, once as a secretary for the United Federal Workers and again as a grim picket outside the Hotel Harrington. Katharine has left hotels that were picketed, too, and stagehands say, "She's a labor girl."

Marion's graduation from Bennington last June leaves Peggy, the youngest daughter, alone in the throes of formal education. Katharine boasts about Peggy's exploits and explains that her sisters are

much better informed than she is — the Hepburn criterion of worth. Peggy's experimental curiosity led her to spend last vacation studying algae on an island in the Panama Canal.

A visit to the Hepburns is an experience a stranger does not forget. In the first place he is liable not to be noticed at all. So many are invited that there is often confusion as to who brought whom, and the story is told of one man who came to dinner and was never identified at all. Nobody liked him and he was ignored.

The Hepburns are much too restless to sit still throughout a meal. Katharine likes to get up in the middle of a course, fetch a plate of peas from the kitchen and, ignoring the maids, serve them herself. Peggy, who is likely to be in shorts though snow is deep outside, will stroll over and stand before the fireplace, contemplatively rubbing her back.

Mrs. Hepburn's first question to any visitor, without bothering with formal introductions, is: "How do you stand politically?" Should the visitor admit conservative leanings her usual retort is, "How dull, how awfully dull."

In the Hepburns' particular form of intolerance there are three categories of untouchables who are immediately labeled, to their faces, "hopeless." They are *The Dumb*, *The Complacent* and *The Conservative*. The Hepburns are intensely excited about anybody doing some-

thing interesting, and they bring home droves of writers, artists, actors, and any other form of intellectual exhibit.

A discussion is always going on. Mrs. Hepburn loves to egg her husband on into arguments for the fun of it, until the room is reminiscent of a rough day in Congress, with all parliamentary rules suspended. Mrs. Hepburn, Katharine and Peggy, none of whom would dream of putting their preachings into practice, will urge their theories of free love on extremely moral Doctor Hepburn. The more they talk, the louder he will bellow his objections, while Bob and Marion demurely listen. Ludlow Smith, Katharine's ever-present former husband, another pillar of morality, will spring to the Doctor's defense, until the whole discussion breaks up in uproarious laughter that scares visitors.

Ex-Husband Smith, a Philadelphia broker whom Katharine left because her career kept her too busy, has been coming up frequently since the divorce. Mrs. Hepburn introduces him as "our dear, sweet ex." In the huge summer house at Fenwick — unfinished because they will never stop adding to it — there is a room for Smith. He is an example of how the men in Katharine's life end up in the galling capacity of "friends of the family," and illustrates the Hepburn habit of enveloping favorites into the fold.

The details of Hepburn daily life are completely disorganized. If it

were not for Dr. Hepburn, nobody would ever pay a bill or see that mechanical devices functioned. He is the only one to remember to put gas in the car. Marion and Peggy are apt to drive off to Bennington with no water in the radiator and with 50 cents borrowed from the maid. When a canopy was put over the lawn for Marion's wedding, everybody liked it so much that no one ever got around to having it taken down.

Everyone in the family had a hand in building the house at Fenwick, a three-storied affair of more than 20 rooms. Expensive furniture was ordered by Katharine, and installed, only to be sent back when somebody didn't like it. Three different Hepburns gave three different orders for building the dining-room fireplace.

The impact of the Hepburns on the outside world, as best illustrated by Katharine, is spectacular. She clashed with stage traditions; she offended at least half the people she met in Hollywood. She made enemies of virtually all reporters by answering stupid questions with, "Children? Yes, I have five, all colored," or, "My husband? What husband? I don't remember getting married." She avoided interviews by dodging through washroom windows and down fire escapes.

On the other hand, she is worshiped by a small clique of friends of all classes and returns the wor-

ship with equal fanaticism. Her charities are many and anonymous. Proud members of the stage crew display gold wrist watches from Cartier's that she gave them. She has no sense about money; her father had to take her in hand financially. In a hushed voice the hard-boiled Theatre Guild press agent says, "She tips doormen \$20 for one-night stands. *Nobody* tips doormen \$20!"

She rubs elbows with all sorts of people. She stopped her car at the curb one night and hunched down with her chauffeur and two cops who wanted to hear a prizefight on her radio. At 3:30 a.m. one cold rainy night in Omaha, Hepburn rode to the station after the show with the carpenter, who was driving the prop-laden, horse-drawn wagon.

The Philadelphia Story, written expressly for her by Philip Barry, led all Broadway straight plays through last summer and fall by a wide margin, and will soon go on the

road. It is jointly owned by Mr. Barry, Miss Hepburn and the Theatre Guild, all of whom know a jackpot when they see one. Hollywood is bidding for it. But if Miss Hepburn returns to Hollywood, it will not likely be to stay.

Hollywood is no place for a real or imaginary Woman of Destiny who wants to play Joan of Arc and then do "something important." She thinks Hollywood is inadequate; the industry is afraid of the public, afraid of the censors, afraid for its jobs.

"Motion pictures could become one of our greatest mediums of education," she told the *New York Herald Tribune* Forum. "However, let a movie try to wake people up to a moral, economic or political problem of today honestly and suggest a way out, and they are advised to hear nothing, say nothing, do nothing."

This is Miss Katharine Hepburn of Hartford moving considerably past B in the intellectual gamut.



And So They Married — IX —

ONE DAY Nicholas Schenck, movie millionaire, about to board Tom Meighan's yacht, saw a slip of a girl standing on the edge of the wharf.

"For some inexplicable reason," Mr. Schenck recalls, "I had an uncontrollable impulse to push her into the water. To my horror — I did. I had no idea if she could swim. I expected an infuriated young woman. Instead, she came to the surface, blinked the water out of her eyes — and smiled a brilliant smile.

"'By Gad!' I said to myself, 'that's the girl I'm going to marry!'" And he did.

— Peggy McEvoy

☛ Radio facsimile transmits maps, pictures and words through the air at high speed and in absolute secrecy

New Eyes for Mars

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Carroll Munro

WHEN President Roosevelt was on his latest cruise with the Navy, he received each morning an illustrated facsimile newspaper radioed from New York. That was a Navy stunt to familiarize the Commander-in-Chief with a new communications medium that in Europe has already done efficient war service.

Radio facsimile will send a map, or a picture, or signed orders over any wave length by radio or telephone circuit. Distance is no limitation, for wherever ordinary radio signals will go, so can facsimile. Facsimile's real advantage, however, is absolute secrecy of transmission without resort to clumsy and complicated codes.

The inspiration to make facsimile, in addition to its peacetime uses, a practical wartime instrument derived directly from a study of the Battle of Jutland by Lt. W. G. H. Finch, a young English-born communications engineer in our Navy. He found in every phase of that terrifying fleet action appalling evidence of the inadequacy of ordinary radio communication. Had Admiral Jellicoe, on the night following that

1916 engagement, known and been able to record on his chart all the facts gathered by his destroyer leaders concerning the course of the German ships, he could have utterly destroyed the Kaiser's High Seas Fleet. Lieutenant Finch determined that, if Uncle Sam ever closed battle forces with an enemy in the future, there would be a moving, up-to-the-minute chart on every ship to keep pace with battle changes, so that in the heat of combat every maneuver could be plotted with accuracy.

With this in mind, Lieutenant Finch turned to radio facsimile in 1921, when that art was still in the laboratory stage. After years of persistent work — hampered by thievery and espionage — he finally turned out a practical instrument, the latest developments of which have been financed by the United States government.

Facsimile units now undergoing field tests for military usage are approximately typewriter size and weigh less than 25 pounds. Each unit is both receiver and transmitter. Out from the receiver roll pictures 8½ by 7 inches. When used

with certain forms of short-wave equipment, simultaneous voice transmission is possible. Neither electrical storm nor "radio barrage" will wash out reception.

The Finch machine operates from small portable batteries or any other power source. Material received is immediately visible without processing through the use of a paper coated with an electrically sensitive substance. The received electric current flowing through the sheet shades it variably in accordance with the amount of electric current passing through it, thus resulting in the recorded facsimile.

Secrecy in transmission is obtained by a device which delicately synchronizes sending and receiving sets. Imagine two small drums, miles apart, revolving at the same speed without a thousandth of a second variation. Every time the transmitting drum makes one exact revolution it sends out by radio a distinctive synchronizing tone, and that tone traveling by radio controls each revolution of the receiving drum. No receiving machine can pick up more than indecipherable lines, unless it is set upon that

particular frequency or pitch. And if all friendly machines change tone and wave length, say, every 15 minutes by prearrangement, an enemy wouldn't have a chance of hitting on the proper frequency.

Of special interest to the General Staffs is facsimile air reconnaissance. Heretofore the great problem has been not to get information but to bring it back intact. Now, during hazardous reconnaissance raids, observers may send back a steady stream of notated maps or photographs developed in the plane right up to the second they're shot down behind the enemy's line.

Facsimile is already playing an important role in war. The British and Canadians have equipment basically the same, though not so fast, nor so accurate, as that available to both U. S. services. The German equipment is still almost too big for anything but very large reconnaissance planes and is even bulky for scout cars. Despite this, the German Panzer divisions, facsimile-equipped motorcades of fast tanks and scout cars, have been working miracles of reconnaissance in liaison with observation planes.



NEAR the end of the Civil War, when the Confederate forces were falling back on Richmond, an old darky, asked by his mistress for encouraging news, replied:

"Well, missy, due to de lie of de land where dey's fightin', dem Yankees is retreatin' forward, while we is advancin' backwards."

— *Southern Lumberman*

¶ The primitive Passion Play enacted each Holy Week
by the *Penitentes* in isolated regions of the Southwest

Calvary in New Mexico

Condensed from "Brothers of Light"

Alice Corbin Henderson

Author and poet, resident of the Southwest for 20 years

IF YOU HAPPEN to be in northern New Mexico during Holy Week, you may, far from the railroads and highways, stumble upon a crucifixion, part of a primitive Passion Play that is something not of the United States or this century, but the heart of the Middle Ages.

For the Penitent Brotherhood, a deeply religious and charitable organization, performs each Easter-time a ritual nearly identical with those of the Old World 400 years ago. These ceremonies are not performed for an audience, but for the participants, to whom the spirit of the penance and the parable of the Crucifixion are personal and profound. But if you are courteously inclined, you may be permitted to witness this moving Calvary. Much of it indeed takes place in the open countryside.

We saw our first *Penitente* ritual at Abiqui, a bare, austere village of brown earth houses, with tiny whitewashed courtyards, facing the distant Sangre de Cristo range. It was on Wednesday of Holy Week. Dusk was falling as we left our car and climbed toward the *Morada*, the adobe chapel of the *Penitente* Broth-

erhood. Above the quiet of the hills came the sound of chanting voices, the monotonous rise and fall of a sad *Miserere*, and the plaintive note of a wooden *pito*, or flute.

Suddenly we saw them, a staggering line of black-cowled, half-nude figures, their naked backs stained a deep crimson from the blows of their yucca whips. The procession was led by a black-robed *Hermano Mayor*, Chief Brother, murmuring over his crucifix; the *Rezador*, carrying an aged handwritten copybook; and the *Pitero* with his flute. After them came five cross-bearers, the timber of heavy crosses dragging crunchingly over the ground.

A crude death cart — *Carreta del Muerto* — followed, drawn by a penitent, the rope cutting into his naked bleeding shoulders and armpits. On the wooden vehicle, much like a peasant oxcart with solid wheels, sat Death, a carved figure clothed in black, whose obsidian eyes glared uncannily from its chalk-white face in the half light of a rising moon. The image was gruesomely lifelike, perhaps because, as I learned later, underneath those black robes were meticulously carved shoulders and

hips beautifully molded like living flesh. In its hands, Death held high a drawn bow, with arrow stretched for flight. Once, tradition says, the figure let fly the arrow from his bow to kill a mocking bystander.

The flagellants came next. The rhythmic strokes of their yucca lashes fell with a wet swish and thud on their dripping backs. The heavy lash was lifted with both hands and swung first over one shoulder and then the other. One penitent, a man of extraordinarily powerful build, had his entire torso tightly bound with branching cactus, his ankles shackled with heavy dragging iron chains. Nearly overcome by emotion quite apart from the physical strain of the ordeal, he was sobbing in the folds of his black silk hood — sobbing the hymn all were chanting:

Penitence, penitence,
Sin no more, unfortunate man. . . .

Far into the night, by lantern light, and during the next day the endless processions and other rituals continued. On Good Friday, though flagellant processions were still going on, a special holiday spirit, subdued by solemnity, pervaded the village. All day people gathered, spread gay Chimayo blankets and waited for the event.

"Is there really going to be a crucifixion?" we asked a small boy as the day wore on into late afternoon.

"*Por qué no?* There always is."

The *Morada* gave no sign of life, save for a thin line of smoke from

the chimney. Suddenly a man came out and proceeded to dig a deep hole. The entire hillside became hushed. For some time nothing more happened. Then a group of men carried out a small wooden platform on which stood the almost life-sized figure of Christ in a red dress. Others carried the cross. On it was bound a living man — the supreme penitent. His black-cowled body wore only white cotton drawers rolled up as a loincloth and his wrists and arms were bound by a horsehair rope to the crossbeams. Around his chest a band of linen eased the strain somewhat. Slowly and carefully the cross was raised into place. At his feet, the *Hermano Mayor* and other leaders of the Brotherhood prayed.

For ten, fifteen, seventeen minutes — and they seemed ages long — the figure hung there. Then the head suddenly fell forward, the body slumped, and the men slowly lowered the cross and carried it into the *Morada*. The sun sank at our backs, touching the cliffs and the valleys with a terrible sense of beauty — and of eternity. . . .

Surely the crucifixion would be the end of the ritual. But no. That night came the *Tinieblas*, the earthquake, the shadow — when the heavens were darkened and the earth gaped, and graves were burst asunder.

A young Mexican girl, Francisca, led us to the *Morada*, where the *Tinieblas* was to take place. We

sat with her and the other blackshawled women and children on the floor on one side, the men on the other. The chapel was freshly whitewashed and spotlessly neat. Bright blankets and lace curtains draped the altar. In the flickering light of 13 candles in a single candelabrum, we could see the many images, one a pallid *Cristo* with drooping thorn-crowned head.

They were singing the last verses of a long narrative hymn of the Crucifixion as we went in. At its close, the *Hermano Mayor* announced that those who wished to leave before the *Tinicblas* could do so now, but not later. No one left. Then the penitents, looking like the martyrs painted by El Greco, their faces gaunt and hollow-eyed from long vigils and lack of sleep, entered, whips in hand. Two by two, the candles were pinched out — in silent, terrifying suspense. Darkness. Instant pandemonium. Shrieks, sobs, howls, chains clanking, the flute wailing; and through it all the swish, slap, swish, slap of the flagellants' whips. This was Purgatory. These were the cries of souls in torment, for whom prayers must be said.

Francisca kept tight hold of my hand — and I hers. The darkness, the deafening noise, broken only when the *Hermano Mayor* called for a prayer and an *Ave Maria*, and the tightly closed room, as stifling as a sweat bath, were almost more than one could bear.

I lost track of the number of prayers given. The racket after each intermission was more deafening than before. It seemed ages before the final *Ave Maria* was said — but at last the spurt of a match in the hands of the *Hermano Mayor* ended the ritual. The candles were lit, the doors were opened with a welcome rush of fresh air. But before we could rise from our cramped positions, the *Hermano Mayor* delivered a short address — in Spanish, but intended for the *Americanos* present. We were not to think, he said, with a simple dignity that commanded respect, that the *Penitentes* worshiped the idols themselves. They were images of the Saints in Heaven; and the ceremonies which we had seen were deeply religious mysteries, handed down to them by their forefathers from France and Spain.

Ever since the first Spanish conquerors and Franciscan priests came to this country these ceremonies have taken place in the Southwest during Lent. Members of the Penitent Brotherhood, an outgrowth of the Third Order of St. Francis, are still Catholic, although the organization is no longer recognized by the Church, and no Mass is ever said in a *Penitente Morada*. After the Franciscans were driven out in 1828, the people in isolated regions relied on their long-existing Brotherhoods for the performance of certain religious rites and *Penitentes* have continued

strong among the people ever since.

In spite of its morbid absorption in death and violent penance, the Brotherhood, sometimes known as Brothers of Light, is essentially a charitable organization, and is active all through the year. It is the special duty of one officer to visit the sick and poor, and give comfort and help to the family. The organization has funds, and sometimes maintains its own flock of sheep or goats. Also, when a member dies, the *Hermanos* take charge of the three-day wake. Flagellation is often a feature of this service and others on certain Saints' Days.

Although there are lurid reports of cruelties, the leading *Penitentes* actually take great care to see that the self-imposed penances do not exceed the bounds of human endurance. For instance, preceding flagellation, incisions are made down the penitent's back with a sharp piece of flint or obsidian. Cruel as this may seem, it is for the purpose of allowing the blood

to flow freely — less painful than if welts were raised.

Deaths from the present form of crucifixion are said to have occurred, but might equally have resulted from the exhausting strain and exposure of preceding overzealous penance. The strain of the crucifixion we witnessed was chiefly that of constriction from the ropes, causing the penitent to faint, at which time the cross was immediately taken down.

Regrettably, it has become quite the fashion for visiting *Americanos* to go "sleuthing *Penitentes*" around Eastertime, the favorite method being to drive up rudely in a large high-powered car with headlights turned full upon any chance procession or on the very door of the *Morada*. Naturally, opposition is aroused; tales of threats and even violence are told, and it is true that each *Hermano Mayor*, under his black coat, always wears a shoulder holster to remind you not to probe too deeply into something that is not of this 20th century.



"The Glass of Fashion and the Mold of Form"

BEFORE the birth of the son of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, the fashion of pregnancy spread through the court. The Queen's ladies-in-waiting wore skirts stuffed with cushions to make themselves appear *enceinte*; "skirts of the season" were created, with titles such as "fourth month skirt," etc., their voluminousness adjusted to the progress of the Queen.

— Ráth-Végh István, *The History of Human Stupidity*

Charles Courtney has unlocked treasures
around the world — and under the sea

Key Man of Key Men

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Thomas M. Johnson

THERE IS a man in New York who can unlock any lock on earth. Charles Courtney has opened 100,000 of them, loosing \$50,000,000 in variegated wealth: jewels from a Romanoff casket, bonds from a safe crushed by earthquake in Tokyo, pounds sterling from a treasure ship on the bottom of the North Sea. And in Brooklyn, amid showering sparks from a harbor fire, he unfastened the locked door of a shed filled with dynamite.

President of the International Locksmiths' Association, at 49 Courtney is the key man of all key men. His hands are insured for \$100,000. His eyes are so keen that he can look into a keyhole and gauge the teeth of the lock to the fraction of an inch needed to make a key. Recently when a company advertised a lock as "pick-proof," the Federal Trade Commission summoned Courtney to Washington. He picked it in eight minutes and 41 seconds.

Courtney's conscience is as sensitive as his fingers. He has traveled the country over to build up the ethics of his craft, organizing a national body of 3000 locksmiths with

membership tests and standards, a jury to study locks and make recommendations to manufacturers.

Charles Courtney grew up on a farm near Marion, Virginia. Here he got his start as a locksmith when he made a key by filing down a piece of soupbone and opened the lock on his mother's jam closet. Later, in town, he unlocked all the stores while merchants were at a ball game. It was all in fun; locks fascinated him.

After working in a railroad machine shop, Courtney spent three years in Germany as a locksmith's apprentice. By 1909, when he enlisted in the Marines, he was an expert. Confined in the brig on bread and water for too much shore liberty, he would pick the lock at night and raid the galley for sausage.

In the Marine Corps, Courtney learned deep-sea diving. In 1919 he opened a modest lock shop in Harlem. His reputation grew because he could work miracles with locks under water. To the bottom of New York harbor he went, seeking the Revolutionary treasure ship *Hussar*; to the liner *Egypt*, sunk off France, to salvage safes containing

\$3,500,000; to the *Lusitania*, intact the first time he went down, later only scattered wreckage.

In 1932 Sir Basil Zaharoff, mystery man of Europe, chose Courtney to try for the \$10,000,000 in gold which rumor said reposed in the cruiser *Hampshire*, sunk by the Germans in 1916. On the ocean bottom he and three divers picked their way in the cruiser, past skeletons still at the guns and into a sealed compartment. As the door opened, two British officers arose from a table and floated past them; they had been dead 16 years. In darkness illuminated only by the divers' lights they found 11 strong-boxes, smothered in slime. To one Courtney crept; the lock was rusted and he had to force it.

From that one chest the four men brought up \$50,000. Down again they went. Under tremendous pressure Courtney worked at the locks on the second strongbox. Just as they seemed to give, the steel door of the compartment slammed, closing on their telephone and light wires as the cruiser was rolled by a powerful underseas current. Courtney was hurled against the wall, felt blood warming his side. He lay almost an hour in pain, steadily weakening although his oxygen supply and that of the three others was not cut off.

Then suddenly the line jerked and, through the door, now ajar again, Courtney made out a diver signaling to him. Painfully the

locksmith found that he was able to crawl. Helping one another through the mud, the four men pushed through the door and were drawn up.

After agonized months two of the divers died; the third had the bends. Courtney had four ruptures and his hair had turned from black to white. But he had fame. The public hailed him as "Davy Jones' Unlocker," and he was invited to speak at banquets, clubs, over the radio.

The underworld heard of him too. Courtney did a comprehensive two-volume book on locks. But when the police pointed out how crooks were using the book, Courtney burned all but a dozen copies.

One New Year's eve two men in evening clothes came into his shop. As Courtney, in waiting on them, turned his back, he felt a revolver pressed against him. "We want you to open a safe," one of the men whispered. "There's five grand in it for you." When Courtney refused they beat and kicked him almost insensible.

Another time he was called on a Saturday morning to open an office safe. He found typewriters clicking and a force seemingly hard at work. Courtney took one look at the odd-looking crew and said he'd forgotten important tools. Downstairs he called the police, but when they got there the gang was gone.

Courtney gets \$25 a call, though his assistants do neighborhood jobs

for smaller fees. He won't go abroad for less than \$3000. One afternoon Lloyd's of London phoned him to take a boat leaving New York in an hour. In London he was whisked to the airport at Croydon, flown to Moscow. A syndicate that had bought the Russian crown jewels from the Bolsheviks had found no European locksmith able to open the 20 caskets containing them.

The time lock baffles even Courtney. Set like an alarm clock, it drops a tripper that will remove itself only at the exact time for which the lock has been set. Then, and not otherwise, the lock can be worked by combination. When a furrier called Courtney one Saturday afternoon, telling him of an employe locked in the cold-storage vault, the job seemed hopeless. The lock was set to open Monday. They had heard the man yelling, but now all was quiet. Over the phone, Courtney ordered them to break the ammonia pipe leading into the vault, to stop further freezing, and then drove to the store like mad.

At the scene, he shouted through the broken pipe, telling the man to pull the tripper from the inside so that he could try the combination. There was no answer. To drill the lock would take too long, so Courtney worked — without hope — on the combination. His fingertips felt the tumblers turn — and he opened the door. Forward pressed police, firemen, ambulance crew. Dis-mayed, they saw only a pile of furs.

But beneath the pile lay the man — half frozen, nearly asphyxiated. Too weak to acknowledge instructions, he had, nevertheless, pulled the tripper and then crawled under the furs.

In spite of Courtney's feats, his consuming interest is not in opening locks but in making them safer. "It makes me sad to see homes no more secure than my mother's jam closet," he says. "Thousands of homes, offices, and stores are locked with a bit-key lock. A bit key has an arm or bit projecting near the end; there's not a safe one made. And when I see a good lock on the front door, but a flimsy one on the back, I groan."

"Yet people *can* be safe from burglars, if they'll just get good locks and have them properly installed. Combination locks have been tried on house doors but they are too hard to work at night. There is a lock, though, that in a sense is a combination lock. Most familiar type is the Yale lock (adapted from ancient Egypt by a Yankee named Linus Yale), consisting of two sets of steel pins of varying lengths pressed together by springs, like clenched teeth. When the proper key is thrust between the two sets, they are pried apart, enabling the inner core or plug of the lock to be turned. By changing the length of the five or six pins within the lock, and the corresponding notches along the edge of the key and the grooves along its

sides, there are possible 100,000 really secure combinations."

Courtney is one of the few experts who can pick such locks. "Burglars would like to know how I do it," he said, "for all they can do with this type of lock is to force it and that's hard if it's an honest lock. However, there are poor ones made of lead plated with brass which are easily forced. And not even a good lock can hold on to a flimsy doorjamb."

Eyes glowing, Courtney will show you in his shop quaint Moorish locks, bought with the handsome fee he got for opening the trunks of King Alfonso who fled Spain so fast that he forgot his keys; massive wooden locks from Jerusalem; locks from Rome and Pompeii; Ivan the Terrible's padlock; a Mesopotamian key of 400 B.C. It is the oldest key Courtney knows, the gem of his unique collection of 10,000 keys and 2000 locks.



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

How Else Would You Say It?

THANK YOU for your words and your flowers: I can hardly tell them apart . . . There's so much to say, but your eyes keep interrupting me (Christopher Morley)

SHE HAD a lot of fat that did not fit (H. G. Wells) . . . In her diamonds she glistened like a chopped-up rainbow (Alvin Cook) . . . He would make a violet seem ostentatious (Mark Twain) . . . She was the center of distraction . . . He's not worth my wiles (John Galsworthy) . . . She knew him only slightly (E. Noah Gould)

AS UNCOMFORTABLE as an afterthought (Alfred H. Carothers) . . . As inconsiderate as the weather (Rachel Field) . . . As inseparable as the ticks of a clock (Walter Spalding) . . . The over-ripe

sincerity of a radio announcer's voice
(Jerome Barry)

GARDENING from day-break to back-break (Frederick W. G. Peck) . . . The streets were so quiet and deserted we heard our footsteps following us home
(Robert Nathan)

WASHINGTON: the only place where sound travels faster than light (C. V. R. Thompson)

EACH DAY was a blossom on the tree of time (Joan Grant)

THE FOG closes in with the soft chill of infinity (Rachel Field)

THE tidy breezes with their brooms Sweep vale, and hill, and tree
(Emily Dickinson)

"Homicide—Vehicle—Truck"

By

Henry H. Curran

Chief Magistrate, City of New York

WHEN the case was called I saw on the papers, for the fifth time that day, the familiar legend, "Homicide — Vehicle — Truck." Just another accident. Just another life crushed out by the Frankenstein motor monster that turns our streets into slaughter pens.

The usual sorrowful little group shuffled up to the bar: policemen, lawyers, witnesses, the "family of the deceased," the driver. A head taller than the tallest cop, the driver was big of chest, big of cheekbone, big of fists — a picture-book portrait of a driving brute. But his face was so white that I thought of asking if he would rather sit down.

The clerk read the complaint. It was the story of the big truck in the little street carrying its killing weight over the body of the boy, "one Antonio Blank, three years old, thereby causing the death of the said Antonio. . . ." Then came the usual charge of "culpable negligence" against the driver, and the clerk asked the old question:

"How do you plead to this charge, guilty or not guilty?"

The driver was even whiter now. His lips quivered, his huge body trembled.

"Not guilty," he answered in a whisper so low I could hardly hear it.

As the trial went on I found time to study the "family of the deceased." There was the mother in black, quietly weeping as the witnesses told the story. There were three men who looked like brothers. All were Italian. Two of the men shifted from time to time as the testimony told of the identifying white clothes of the little boy, of blood marks on the wheel and in the street, of the dent in the fender. The third man stared into space, expressionless, impassive. I wondered if he were the father.

It was a short story that the district attorney drew from the witnesses. The truck had been feeling its way through the parked cars on either side of the narrow street. The boy had run from the sidewalk, from behind a parked car, into the path of the truck. Knocked down by the bumper, run over by the front wheel, crushed, killed, in the twinkling of an eye.

There was no "culpable negligence," so far. Unless the boy's father, who had seen more than anybody else, could tell a different story, the big white-faced driver, who had not moved a muscle, should be acquitted.

When the last words of brakes tested and found adequate, of signal and steering devices in good condition, and all the other precise police testimony had "gone into the record," the father was called.

"Is this the last witness?" I asked.

"Yes, Your Honor," replied the district attorney.

The man who had shown no emotion at all stepped forward. Now I knew who the father was.

"Can you speak a little louder?"

I asked gently, as he began his story.

"I'll do the best I can, Judge," he said evenly, and his face kept its color, kept its coolness. Only his black eyes seemed to grow bigger.

"Just tell the judge what you saw, in your own way," the district attorney said.

"Yes, sir. I was standing on the sidewalk, Judge, in front of my home, talking to my brother before I went off with my wife and the two little boys for a picnic at Coney Island. It was a sunny morning, a fine day for a picnic. We had saved up for it, and my wife went to the corner for a bottle of milk. I watched the two little boys on the sidewalk while I talked to my brother. They were both dressed in white and I could see them in the corner of my eye as they skipped up and down. Then somehow I missed one, and —"

I saw his lips tremble as he paused.

"Take it easy," I said, "we have plenty of time."

"Yes, Judge."

"And then?" I prompted. "Just tell us."

"Then I heard the older boy cry, 'Tony, Tony, the truck!' I looked quick, and the little boy was not there. I saw the truck coming. I saw my little boy running at it, and then — then — I saw my baby killed."

He said it firmly, then suddenly dropped his face in his hands and began crying quietly as he sat there in the witness chair. There was no other sound in the courtroom. In a moment he lifted his head, dried his tears and faced me calmly again.

There was no more to be told, no "culpable negligence."

I was about to acquit, when there came a rustle, a thump, a crash that shook the little courtroom from end to end. For a second there was silence, then gasps and cries, a woman's muffled scream, a hurrying of feet.

I saw the big truck driver on the floor, a twisted contortion of clothes and limbs. One white hand was stretched out. One corner of his cheek showed white against his rumpled dark clothes.

When the fallen giant had been brought out of his faint, placed limp on a chair, then led faltering from the room, acquitted and free, the cop who helped him came up to me. "Tough fall, Judge," he said. "Lucky he ain't no worse. Told me his own baby was killed — by a truck that way — a year ago."

Spyglass on Man's Interior

Condensed from *Hygeia*

John Kobler

MAN'S tireless curiosity has enabled him to take pictures through fog, to descry distant stars and minute bacteria. But few of his successful attempts to see around corners or through walls are as ingenious as the device with which he can look inside his own stomach. This remarkable medical instrument, called the gastroscope, can lead to diagnoses, and therefore to cures, impossible by any other method.

Here is a woman complaining of severe abdominal pains. Even the keen detective work of X ray yields no explanation of her illness. A few years ago, the only course for her physicians would have been to open her abdominal cavity, an operation to be avoided whenever possible. But now the knife does not hang over her, thanks to the flexible gastroscope.

Let's look on while this gastroscope's inventor, Dr. Rudolf Schindler, plumbs the secrets of nature. First, the patient is given an injection to lessen gagging and salivation. With a perforated tube, a device suggested by his 11-year-old son, Dr. Schindler sprays her throat

with a local anesthetic. Then he siphons out the contents of her stomach, inserts the gastroscope into the right corner of her mouth, and tells her to swallow hard.

With help, the tube, which is two and a half feet long and a little thicker than a pencil, eases down. The end which is now in the patient's stomach is tipped with a flexible rubber finger, which helps to guide it. A recent development, this rubber tip has widened the gastroscope's range, and enormously increased its safety. Above the tip is a metal container enclosing a tiny bulb. A glass eyelet receives images reflected from the stomach walls, and transmits them, through 48 lenses set in a flexible rubber tube, to an eyepiece.

Dr. Schindler peers into the eyepiece, meanwhile pumping air through the tube into the stomach. If the stomach were not thus inflated, its baggy, folded sides would touch the scope, and nothing would be visible. And at first Dr. Schindler sees nothing. But suddenly, as more air is pumped in, the walls of the stomach leap into sharp focus.

Smooth, glistening, with shad-

ows and high lights, it looks like a subterranean cavern all aglow. But Dr. Schindler is not admiring the view. He is looking for signs of abnormality and disease. Little streaks of brighter red may be the sign of hemorrhage. A cobblestone pattern, or a spot of mother-of-pearl, is a serious warning. Benign tumors show up like caterpillars on the orange background; cancer, when well advanced, is revealed by ugly, ragged white or greenish growths.

The gastroscope's greatest service is early detection of these cancerous growths, which can often be removed by operation if detected in time. Perhaps 40 percent of all cancer is cancer of the stomach, which kills some 30,000 Americans every year.

The first man to look inside the living stomach was an American army surgeon, Dr. William Beaumont, who in 1838 treated a fur trapper for abdominal gunshot wounds. The wounds healed in a curious way, leaving a permanent fistula or peephole. Beaumont hired the trapper as a walking laboratory, and observed the actual workings of his gastric processes over a period of many years. The stomach's privacy was not invaded by medical men again until 1868, when a German interne, Adolf Kussmaul, inspired by the sight of a sword swallower at a carnival, made a crude rigid tube and persuaded the sword swallower to gulp it down. Hopefully he held a lamp to his

human guinea pig's throat, but the light did not penetrate deep enough, and nothing could be seen.

For a long time poor light and imperfect lenses balked attempts to develop Kussmaul's brilliant idea. But after Edison's invention of the electric light bulb, some of the stomach's dark continent was mapped by means of rigid gastroscopes — at some peril to the patients, for with a rigid tube there was always the risk of injury. At least one famous researcher, Mikulicz, was forced by fatal accidents to give up his experiments. With the discovery of the X ray, which worked such wonders and was so much safer and easier, interest in gastroscopy languished.

The strain and malnutrition of the World War, however, brought into hospitals people for whose stomach symptoms the X ray revealed no cause. In 1920 Schindler, then a young physician in a Munich hospital, noticed that half the patients complained of stomach trouble. Yet, using standard techniques, he could find nothing anatomically wrong. Was it only hysteria, or would a closer look show real disease?

Dr. Schindler salvaged an old rigid gastroscope. After 400 examinations, an accident caused the death of a patient. Badly shaken, Dr. Schindler discarded the clumsy instrument, but not its principle. A German optician, Georg Wolf, finally solved the problem and helped

Schindler devise a flexible tube provided with many lenses at short intervals. Dr. Schindler was offered a professorship at the University of Chicago, and introduced gastroscopy in this country. Today some 300 of his pupils are practicing the technique in leading hospitals and clinics.

X ray of the stomach is still enormously important, and the flexible gastroscope has by no means supplanted it. But even the most refined X ray overlooks certain lesions. The gastroscope can detect tumors early and — most important of all — sometimes determine whether they are benign or malignant, operable or too extensive for surgery. And only the flexible tube can make a positive diagnosis of that commonest of stomach diseases, gastritis.

X-ray plates of an elderly man showed a large ulcer. Surgery seemed the only hope, but the patient was a poor risk. The gastroscope, however, showed the ulcer to be smooth and sharp-edged — in other words, benign. With diet and rest, it healed.

A woman in her forties was convalescing after an operation for the removal of ulcers. Presently the symptoms recurred. Had the ulcers grown in again? Must she undergo a second and perhaps fatal operation? Gastroscopy dispelled this threat by showing that her stomach was only inflamed — a condition not uncommon after an operation.

An American banker had been diagnosed as a nervous casualty of "Black Friday." In spite of his continued complaints of digestive trouble, doctors found nothing organically wrong. Even Dr. Schindler felt sure he was merely a hypochondriac whose financial troubles had gone to his stomach. But the banker insisted on gastroscopy, which surprisingly revealed an advanced atrophy of the stomach lining.

Stimulated by such results, specialists are constantly trying to increase their knowledge of the human stomach. One of their most ingenious attempts, a German invention, is a small cylindrical camera, fastened to the end of a flexible tube, by means of which 16 separate pictures can be snapped at once. It is still in the experimental stage, however, because the pictures cannot as yet be made sufficiently clear for diagnostic purposes.

Eventually — stranger things have happened — audiences may see on the screen colored motion pictures of the stomach's wonderful interior decoration. They will see something rather like glimpses of a faintly pulsing, orange-red Carlsbad Cavern. That is what physicians can see in your own stomach now, with the promise of great benefit to your health, and without danger of accident. No death resulting from examination with the new flexible gastroscope has ever been reported.

“Righteous indignation poured on thick”
has made this town a civic model

Santa Barbara's Pearl

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Frank J. Taylor

THREE DECADES ago, when Pearl Chase graduated from college and returned to her home town, Santa Barbara was just another small city drowsing in the California sunshine. Today it is rated by city planners as the most civic-minded community in the West. It has suppressed billboards, promoted civic beauty, and achieved an admirably unified scheme of architecture. With fewer than 40,000 inhabitants, it supports community enterprises that would do credit to a city ten times as large.

Many of these blessings can be traced to the tireless activity of Pearl Chase, who has never received a cent for her public service. Pearl Chase's formula is simple: publicity, or, as one Santa Barbaran put it, "righteous indignation poured on thick." She has kept a score of citizens' committees in a constant state of semimobilization. Politicians who couldn't figure out at first "who paid her" now have learned to consult her about civic affairs before she has them on the carpet in front of some inquiring committee.

Fortunately for Santa Barbara,

Pearl Chase was independently well-to-do when she graduated from the University of California. After several years in social work, she decided to tackle the civic jobs that everybody said ought to be done but which nobody did. Her first job was to get rid of the old slaughterhouse, an unsanitary eyesore. After a committee of irate women she had organized raised such a hullabaloo that the health officers condemned the slaughterhouse, she directed the committee's wrath at unclean dairies, until they became model creameries.

Today Pearl Chase's pet implement is the Plans-and-Planting Committee. Twenty years ago Bernhard Hoffmann, a noted Boston architect wintering in Santa Barbara, was dismayed that the fine old adobe structures were being torn down to make way for commonplace modern buildings. To prove to Santa Barbarans that they should cherish their Spanish heritage, Hoffmann bought property near the business district, restored the old structures and added others of California architecture. The buildings were rented immediately.

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Out of that demonstration came the Community Arts Association, supported by popular subscription, which underwrote the work of four major committees. One undertook to bring more music to Santa Barbara, another worked on drama, a third on an art school and gallery. The fourth, Plans-and-Planting, was the biggest job of all, striving for a unified architecture and for city beautification in general.

The big chance to lift the face of Santa Barbara came in 1925 when an earthquake wrecked the business section. Surprisingly enough, the old adobes restored by Bernhard Hoffmann stood up. Plans-and-Planting persuaded the powers-that-be in the business district to erect new buildings of similar design.

There were other knotty problems. The old Southern Pacific roundhouse, for instance, was an eyesore standing close to the beautifully landscaped beach parkway. Plans-and-Planting called on an official of the railroad. "How would you beautify a roundhouse," he asked, "and in the Spanish style?" The committee produced a postcard showing the bull-fight arena in Seville, Spain. "O.K.," replied the official. "You win." And now the Santa Barbara roundhouse is faced with stucco, with arches for windows, and gay pennants flying from a dozen flagpoles on its parapet.

To the eternal vigilance of Plans-

and-Planting may be credited also the absence of poles and wires on the main business streets, the fact that the new armory looks like a mission school instead of a fortress, that state officials entirely revamped Santa Barbara State College's half-million-dollar building plans to fit in with the city's idea of architectural unity.

Santa Barbara, too, is one of the few cities through which motorists can glide without bucking business district traffic, fighting stop signals or staring at billboards. They are on a parkway all the way from the old Samarkand Hotel, which the owner recently gave to the Warm Springs Foundation as a western infantile paralysis spa, to the southern tip of town, where a wild-life refuge has been developed out of an unsightly slough with funds donated by a generous citizen.

When the billboard interests defied Pearl Chase's efforts to keep unsightly signs off new highways, she had thousands of gummed stamps printed, bearing the legend, "I Favor Products Not Advertised on the Landscape of California." Garden Club members induced housewives to attach these stamps when they paid their monthly bills. Before long, the obnoxious billboards came down.

Billboard interests now give Santa Barbara a fairly wide berth, but the battle still rages against "snipe" signs which mushroom along highways. Miss Chase has a subcom-

mittee of school children working on this problem. Last spring she learned just how effectively this subcommittee functions: One of her other committees, promoting the annual pilgrimage to the old mission and ranches in Santa Ynez Valley, put up temporary markers to guide the pilgrims. Before morning, the youngsters had disposed of every single marker.

There's a committee to keep an eye on the city council, another to see that the city's three-mile stretch of waterfront isn't turned into a Coney Island by private exploiters. Garden clubs foster projects among Mexicans and Negroes to cover their shacks at the lower end of town with vines and flowers. Meanwhile, Plans-and-Planting is working on housing, hoping to improve living conditions in that section. As a result of its educational campaigns, Santa Barbara, in competition with 2000 other communities, has won the Better Homes in America award in 13 out of 15 years.

A festival to celebrate the opening of the Lobero Theater in 1924 proved so popular that it has become an annual affair, held every August. For three days the town adopts Old Spanish costumes and manners, even abandoning automobiles for horses and carriages.

The secret of building a better community through citizens' committees is to get the right citizens on the right committees. Pearl Chase knows the hobby of every-

body in town. A committee member who collected birds' eggs built his hobby into the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. A couple with a penchant for wild flowers and a resident with money established the Botanical Garden, which specializes in native California shrubs and has proved a god-send to gardeners and roadside beautifiers seeking shrubbery that thrives with little water. A yachtsman gave the city a breakwater to create a yacht harbor. A retired engineer built a mile of scenic roadway in the mountains behind the city to prove to the supervisors that they ought to build the rest of the proposed Skyline Highway — which they did.

When certain wealthy residents hesitated to turn over their benefactions to the city for administration, fearing their projects might become political footballs, the Santa Barbara Foundation was established. The Foundation will accept and administer any gift from \$100 to \$1,000,000, and its trustees will save a tree, build a library or direct a study of low-cost housing.

Outwardly, Santa Barbara impresses visitors as a delightfully serene, almost sleepy city. Actually, it is a beehive of civic activity, averaging about four hard-hitting committee drives a year. And most of them start in the Garden Studio on Cañon Perdido Street, where Pearl Chase, her secretary and their mimeograph machine live.

BOOK SECTION

Flowering Earth

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE



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at \$2.50 by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City*

"I have spent 20 years getting ready to write this book," says Mr. Peattie, "and more than two writing it, and all the things that would make it thorough and dull I have tried to leave out."

This is the story of green life — the plant kingdom — upon the earth, and in telling it Mr. Peattie adds whole new dimensions to our appreciation of the life that lies about us.

Chlorophyll: The Sun Trap

PLANT LIFE sustains the living world; more precisely, the green leaf pigment called chlorophyll does so. Chlorophyll is the one link between the sun and life, the conduit of perpetual energy to our own frail organisms.

For chlorophyll, using the energy of sunlight, can synthesize — assemble into life — water and carbon dioxide, the same that we breathe out as a waste. Every day, every hour of all the ages, chlorophyll ceaselessly creates — not figuratively, but literally, in the grand First Chapter Genesis style. One instant there are a gas and water, as lifeless as the core of earth or the chill of space; and the next they are become living tissue.

Blood, bone and sinew, all flesh is grass. Grass to mutton, mutton to wool, wool to the coat on my back — it runs like one of those cumulative nursery rhymes, the wealth and diversity of our material life accumulating from the

primal fact of chlorophyll's activity. And the whole of modern civilization is based upon a whirlwind spending of the plant wealth long ago and very slowly accumulated. For coal and oil, gasoline and illuminating gas had green origins too. We, the animals, consume those stores. Animal life lives always in the red; the favorable balance is written on the other side of life's page, and it is written in chlorophyll.

And what then is this substance which is not itself alive but is made by life and makes life, and is never found apart from life?

I remember the first time I ever held it, in the historic dimness of Harvard's old Agassiz laboratories, in my hands. We boiled green leaves, soaked them in alcohol, diluted the product with water and added benzol. Then we could simply decant off the green chlorophyll extract, opaque, trembling, heavy, and smelling rankly like a lawn

mower's blades after a battle with rainy grass.

Examining our extract with a spectroscope, we found that chlorophyll absorbs and uses the sun's violet, blue, orange and red rays, but not the green. So we call plants green because they use that color least. It is what they reject as fast as it smites the upper cells; it is what they turn back, reflect into our grateful retinas.

More exciting was the fact that chemical analysis showed a close similarity between chlorophyll and hemoglobin, the essence of human blood. So you may lay your hand upon the flank of a beech and say, "We be of one blood, brother, thou and I." The one significant difference in the two structural formulas is that the hub of every hemoglobin molecule is one atom of iron, while in chlorophyll it is one atom of magnesium.

Chlorophyll transmutes the dross of earth into living tissue more swiftly than the chemist can analyze the process. One sunlight particle strikes it, and instantly the tenacious water molecule, which we break down into oxygen and hydrogen only with difficulty and expense, is torn apart; so too is the carbon dioxide molecule. Building blocks of the three elements, carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, are then whipped at lightning speed into carbonic acid — formic acid — formaldehyde — grape sugar — starch.

When I began to write these pages, the little fig tree outside my window was rejoicing in the early morning light. The sun was full upon its mitten-shaped leaves — and it is a wondrous thing how they are disposed so that they do not shade each other. By the blazing California noon, labor in the leaves must have faltered from very excess of light; all the still golden afternoon the work went on; now as the sun sets behind a sea fog the little fig slackens peacefully at its task.

Yet in the course of a day it has made sugars for immediate burning and energy release, put by a store of starch for future use; with the addition of nitrogen and other salts brought up in water from the roots it has built proteins too — the durable stuff of permanent tissue. The annual growth-ring in the wood of stem and twigs has widened an infinitesimal but a real degree. The fig is one day nearer its coming of age, its flowering and fruiting. Then, still leafing out each spring, still toiling in the sunlight that I shall not be here to see, it may go on a century and more, growing eccentric, solidifying whimsies, becoming a friend to generations. And at last it may give up the very exertion of bearing. It will lean tough elbows in the garden walks, and gardeners yet unborn will scold it and put up with it. But still it will leaf out till it dies.

Dusk is here now. I switch on the

lamp. The powerhouse burns its hoarded tons of coal, and gives us this instant and marvelous current. But that light is not new. It was hurled out of the sun 200,000,000 years ago, and was captured by the leaves of the Carboniferous tree-fern forests, fell with the falling plant, was buried, fossilized, dug up and resurrected. And, in my little fig tree as in the ancient ferns, it is the same unchanging green stuff from age to age, passed from evolving plant to plant. What it is and does, so complex upon examination, lies about us tranquil and simple, with the simplicity of a miracle.

What a Plant Is

NO ONE can tell you what a plant is. And this for two reasons: first, because it seems impossible to separate primitive plants from primitive animals, and again because of the oneness of life. The more anyone knows about the two kingdoms, animate and vegetating, the less he perceives any boundary between them, until finally he comes to deny the existence of a boundary.

In the stagnant water of the bird refuge near my house, I can anywhere dredge up a bucketful of smelly water swarming with dino-flagellates. These beings are just too small for naked-eye visibility, but they leap, large and even boisterous, under my microscope. There

goes a streamlined, torpedo-shaped thing, swimming swiftly out of the magic circle of the lens by a lashing of its long tail. Another kind propels itself with two lateral hairs like a pair of oars. Pulsating, liquidly winking, the central cell-space fills and empties, as in any primitive animal, and a light-sensitive red "eye spot" seems to glare at life with animate bale.

The dinoflagellate would appear, on the basis of these characteristics, as much an animal as my dog or his fleas. But a botanist thinks differently. For him it is a one-celled organism with a double cell wall of cellulose (just like other plants) and containing chlorophyll. As for its propulsion, many green pond-scums thus drive through the water. And some of the "dinos" do not nourish themselves as animals do; they do not open their mouths, having none to open, nor can they reach out the false "arms" of the ameba, and so engulf some tidbit. Like higher plants they obtain their nourishment from inorganic raw materials — water-soluble minerals and gases of the atmosphere — which no clear-cut animals can use. Still, in some flagellates can be discerned first indications of a digestive and a nervous system.

Plant or animal? Whichever it is, the flagellate partakes of the common genius of both kingdoms: it is alive. Flagellates inhabit borderlands without borders; they are subjects with dual allegiances. It is

because of such as these that the kingdoms can never be defined.

Many a plant reacts to stimuli as if it were motivated by will or consciousness. When an insect alights on the sticky creased blade of a Venus flytrap, the blade folds along the crease. By the time that Iron Maiden of a leaf again expands, only a smear of the victim is left. The sunflower turns to the sun; the "praying palm" bows down. If you touch a terminal leaflet of a mimosa, every leaflet will slowly droop on its stalk.

Perception and reaction, in so elaborate and fidgety a mechanism as our exalted selves, seem to depend upon brain, nerves and muscles. No one but a fancymonger imagines that plants have brains or nerves or muscles, yet they perceive and react. So it appears that one of life's primal characteristics, which animals and plants share together, but share not at all with the drifting dust or the flashing stars, is quite independent of consciousness or feeling. A frog with its brain excised will flick his tongue at a fly on his nose. And the lowliest animals are no more conscious than a bed of nasturtiums.

To invite attention to that which all living beings have in common is to discover what is vitally important. For that which is true of all is no half truth; it is a universal. Of these universals, which together make the circle of being, take first, then, the fact of a cell.

Almost invariably cellular are all living things. Bracken fern and browsing deer, seaweed and fish are upbuilt, layer upon layer, of cells.

Growth is unique to life. The cell builds from the inside out, transmuting raw elements into stuff like itself.

The first snowflakes spinning down from a gray winter sky may be followed by others, but one snowflake is not born of another. There is nothing, in all the ponderous and vast world of rock and star, comparable with the living rhythm of growth and reproduction.

And only in life is there breathing. Every tree leaf respire oxygen, day and night, like the panting beasts. Very low drops the breathing of the frog, frozen at the bottom of the pond, and low the breathing of the butternut, in all its crusty coats. But never while life is in them will it stop.

All life is then as one great living, having common origins and every fundamental quality in common. The differences we perceive in living things lie only in their differing form.

The Seeds of Life

THIS EARTH was lifeless once. The rocks tell that much. There is one place in the world where the complete record is written on a single stone tablet—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.

There the strata are defined as sharply as chapters, and the lowest are without a fossil, without a trace of the shells and shards left by primitive organisms.

The oldest fossils in the oldest of all fossil-bearing rocks, the Archaeozoic, tell five unmistakable things:

The first organisms were cellular, just like all modern organisms.

They were aquatic.

They were plants, unmistakably.

They were microscopic.

And they were bacteria.

Of course these bacteria were not in the least like the germs that cause diseases of man. The latter are parasites, unable to live without higher organisms to feed on. The kind of bacteria that left their marks upon the record are self-sustaining. They really ought to have a name of their own; but botanists call everything "bacteria" which is so small that very little structure can be discerned.

One at least of these ancient bacteria that lived in the dark, hot, fresh-water ocean was the selfsame plant that is found today in mineral springs heavily charged with iron, in old wells driven through hardpan, in those rusty brooks that seep from stagnant bogs where bog iron ore is gathering. Its name is *Leptothrix*.

The Archaeozoic rocks are about one billion years old. In all that time the *Leptothrix* has not changed one atom. As it reproduces simply by the splitting of one cell into two

it has never died. It is, in body, immortal, and may outlive all other races.

Leptothrix lives in long unpartitioned filaments or tubes which, under the microscope, look a bit like root hairs. The walls of the filaments are of iron, deposited around the living bacterial cells by accretion. The cells themselves are elliptical bodies, remarkable for having "tails." So, placed end to end, they look like pollywogs packed into a boy's pea shooter. When overcrowded, some of them escape and swim free until a fresh deposit of iron settles around them.

The sheaths, being iron, have long-lasting powers. Thus in the iron-charged waters that overlay some of the most ancient of rocks, *Leptothrix* flourished for countless dark ages, slowly dropping its outworn shards, building up an ooze that, under the terrific pressure of the water above, became iron ore.

Leptothrix lived then, as it does today, by oxidizing iron. Man and his beasts are fueled by the plants; the plants consume the earth stuff they built up by their green sun-power; but *Leptothrix*, aboriginal, microscopic *Leptothrix*, taps atomic energy. It literally eats iron.

How effective this process was for how long can be judged by the work of *Leptothrix* in the waters that once rolled above the Mesabi Range, north of Lake Superior. This iron seam, largely the work of iron bacteria depositing a subter-

anean reef, is called by engineers simply "The Range," for beside it there is no other comparable. So much ore is yearly moved out of it that the Sault canal transmits more tonnage than any other canal in the world.

Others of these element-consuming bacteria oxidize carbon or hydrogen or nitrogen or marsh gas. When they combust this last, the will-o'-the-wisp dances over the bogs. Some have holdfasts, like a rooted waterweed, so that instead of floating at random, they can grow forest-wise in the waters they inhabit. These enter waterpipes and vegetate there, till the pipes are wholly stopped.

It is difficult to picture any earlier form of life than the iron bacteria. Were they the first living things on earth? Where did they come from? For the origin of life here was a definite historical event. There was a time when there was no life, and then suddenly there must have been life.

A thing is either quick or it is dead. Nobody has ever seen any organism that was half-alive. No one has ever seen the vital spring from the inanimate. All the experiments and proofs of the last century of biology have dealt the theory of spontaneous generation staggering blows; today it is an axiom that life comes only from life. To fancy that the spark was kindled once and forever out of the rock, as by a magician's staff, quits

the evidence of science. If you are letting free your imagination, let it fly farther. Let it conceive of a landing, an arrival.

Men with great names in the discipline of science have boldly believed this. First to dare such a theory were Preyer and Richter in Germany, substantiated by Helmholtz. Charles Lipman in America recently searched for tangible witness. With elaborate precautions against earthly contamination, he opened new-fallen meteorites and found at the heart bacteria similar to some of those known in the soil of our own planet. Many scientists accept his evidence of life out in space similar to life on earth.

Harsh and terrible are the conditions of outer space. A breathless darkness stabbed with killing rays of ultraviolet light, islands of flame in a sea of icy emptiness, distances so awful they make us laugh a little with fear — all these would lie in wait for life once it quit a sheltered corner of the universe.

The organism that would bridge such a shuddering abyss must be so small as to escape by its lightness the gravitational pull of the body that harbors it. It must be so infinitesimal that the bullets of light will propel it through space. It must be able to function in darkness and endure inconceivable cold. It must be able to find atomic sources of energy and batten upon raw elements.

Those old iron bacteria, consuming their formidable sustenance back in a darkling beginning, are nearer to this concept than anything else with a fossil record. But it follows the nature of things to presume for them ancestors smaller and even simpler, able perhaps to subsist upon the interstellar dusts.

If life is indeed pan-cosmic, we shall have to admit that in the fullness of time it would be likely to invade all realms and flourish in every place suited to its requirements. More, we shall have to admit that it is in some measure ultimately unknowable. With this I am content. This I do not dispute.

Life Increases

LIFE was tediously slow in gathering momentum. The little earth flew around the sun in its annual course millions and millions of times while the bacteria were leisurely taking the calcium carbonate out of the sea water and depositing it in the oceanic oozes, as the minute and brief lives perpetually and vastly died. And, as they laid down the great limestone beds, so on land they were delving into the rocks. Bacteria have been brought up from borings 500 and even 1500 feet below the surface. So they have ridged and mollified the rocks and prepared the loams.

But as surely as they were altering their environment, the bacteria were themselves changing. Not that

they were, as a race, departing, for their seed is still upon earth. But they were giving rise to the blue-green pond silks you see today still in stagnant waters. These Blue-Green algae, just visible to the naked eye as shaky strands in a ditch, or the merest cast of jade across a lily pond, are the second chapter in plant history. If you look at them under the microscope, you see no bacteria, no unearthly and devious modes of living, but chlorophyll and clear cellular form.

The Blue-Greens, however, resemble the bacteria in their tubular or spherical shape. And, like the bacteria, they are devoid of any sexual type of reproduction. It is like crossing the frontier into a friendly country, to leave the Blue-Greens for the true Green algae. These last are indirectly useful to us; they are the pasturage — biologists call it the plankton — for the little fishes that feed the big ones. And the Greens are honest plants such as we can better understand. They store starch and fats as higher plants do, and are built up of cellulose like the most aristocratic trees. And the Greens have sex. They may be said, indeed, to have originated it.

That plants share sex with the animal kingdom is one more proof of the oneness of life. And its purpose appears (since there are many effective and nonsexual ways in which plants can reproduce themselves) to be the renewed vigor and

possibilities for new development that come with the commingling of separate hereditary strains. Non-sexual reproduction endlessly multiplies the old individual, with all its virtues and weaknesses. But in a world of beings sexually divided, sexually united, enrichment is infinite, change endless. So evolution, slow to gather momentum, discovering the device of sex in the Green algae swept forward upon its indomitable and unpredictable flood tide.

Starting with the slimy Blue-Greens and the mere hairlike Greens the algae progressed through branching, through a welding of filament to filament into a ribbon tissue, through the layer of one tissue on another so that real body and substance were established, till they had reached a complex structure differentiated into definite organs like roots and leaves. They were now seaweeds.

The fossils of the Age of Seaweeds proclaim a tremendous story of conquest, the domination of an element by life. The sea teemed then. Every order of spineless animal we know today, and many that are extinct, flourished in those submarine gardens. Jellyfish and sea anemones, octopi and squids, sea slugs and sea snails populated the algal jungles. The lampreys, writhing and sucker-ing, evolved, and finally even fishes. Yet in all that time, more than half a billion years, there was no flower and no voice upon the land. For

the face of the rock was bare; and without land plants to give them browse, animals too were imprisoned in the sea.

The Fern Forests

THREE hundred and fifty million years ago is as far away as a star. No sensible everyday botanist would look about him for evidence of what then was green, not in the growing world that is his field. But there is another kind of botanist, extremely rare, extremely learned, who has added to a mastery of common plant knowledge years of very special training. He is the paleobotanist, and his task is to unriddle the rocks.

Among these detectives of the vanished, a great name is that of Sir John William Dawson. Eighty years ago Sir John was cracking rocks and pawing over the fragments on the Gaspé peninsula of Canada, when he came on a fossil fragment in a stratum of early Devonian Age that gave him a start. For he had found a land plant square in the middle of the Age of Seaweeds.

With this stony fragment in his hand, Sir John dared to look back 350,000,000 years and see what must have been growing then. He was so sure of what he saw that he could take up a pencil and draw it. I have that picture before me. It is a picture of the earliest known plant upon the earth. Sir John

called it *Psilophyton*, which means "naked plant." Very naked it looks, very new for all it is so old — a skinny, wiry, straggling thing, no more than the dim beginning of an idea for a plant. The shoot seems to have been scarcely a foot in height; it had a bit of underground stem without roots; it had branches, but without leaves. Since then, *Psilophyton* has turned up in fossil at points so far scattered as Connecticut, Germany and Australia.

Spores like a fern's gave hint, in this bleak tentative little ancestor, of great things to come. They came with the centuries, the hundreds of centuries. Gradually little trees replaced rootless, stunted *Psilophyton*. And larger trees. Woody tissue increases, strengthens, solves the momentous task of all land plants, of lifting water dead against gravity. A seaweed lolls in the water, buoyed by it and even saturate with it; a tree must hold aloft its top-heavy branches and supply its ultimate bud and leaf with water.

After 75,000,000 years, green life is no longer uncertain of itself on land, in the new trying element of air. Already it has diverged along widely different lines — true fern, club-moss, conifer and seed-fern. Each in turn is destined to its day. One, the last, will emerge triumphant as the ancestor of our living flora.

The first golden age of the plants rose with the ferns and the club-mosses — rose into the stately

swampy forests of the great Carboniferous Age, the period from which our own industrial modernity actually stems. Coal is composed of the forests of that era, crushed by the terrible pressure of the centuries piled upon them.

Why did they fall, those forests? Why did a dynasty mighty enough, to conquer earth vanish utterly from it? Perhaps those crowding mighty club-mosses and colossal tree-ferns made demands upon the carbon dioxide of the atmosphere that the planet's thin envelope of gases could not support. And perhaps the loss of this insulating blanket of carbon dioxide let the heat of earth radiate away. Certain it is that ice collected around the South Pole; winter began to come; we know it by the annual growth-rings that tell in petrifact how this first great glacial period commenced.

From the South Pole the glaciers moved inexorably forward; they drove much farther toward the equator than the northern hemisphere glacier that came in the time of man. Before their icy breath the sultry jungles of the Carboniferous withered, gripped by the bitter death of freezing and the slow death of drought. For the waters of which they had so prodigal a need were locked in the ever-increasing ice fields.

But life is never really routed. After the glaciers had withdrawn, a new flora spread everywhere,

wrought out of the passing ferns. It was hardy and aggressive, a low and weedy growth fit to face the bluster of that bleak day; there is evidence of it even on fossils from Antarctica, found in the collection of Captain Scott's tragic expedition.

Nor was this coarse and sturdy rabble all that grew. The race of conifers was pushing up; a new line, more gloriously destined than any other.

The Conifers

THE AGE of the conifers, the Mesozoic, began 200,000,000 years ago and ended about 55,000,000 years ago. It is the age of the dinosaurs, when birds and mammals were just beginning. And from my dusty golden California coastal hills one can get back into its shadow in a day.

Of all that has survived from the Mesozoic, Sequoia is the king, still without a rival. Of Sequoia there are two species left, the coastal redwood of California, which is the tallest tree in the world, and the Big Tree of the Sierra Nevada, the mightiest in bulk. As a genus, Sequoia has its roots in a day fabulously old. The forebears of our Sequoia saw the pterodactyls flying on great batty wings; witnessed the coming of the first birds, crawling up out of lizard shapes, and the evolution of the first mammals when these still laid eggs.

From my home, the way back to

this relic of the Mesozoic is over the coastal ranges and across the Great Central Valley. And that, in early summer, is a blue-and-gold wide basin of drowsy heat. By noon — if the start was early — one is deep in its fertile bosom. Green alfalfa or golden wheat, vineyards and orchards go by with the shining hours. Then at last the first groundswell of the coming mountain breakers lifts under the car.

It is a long climb still through the foothills. But now I sit up, with a lifted face. For now appears that eternally moving miracle — snow in the summer sky. Sierra Nevada.

Trees are thickening. Maul oak and black oak fall away behind. Greater things are coming; they send their breath ahead, a scent of rocks and resin, of damp and fern.

The forests march upon the car; the ruddy soaring trunks of the sugar pines close around in escort. One hundred and two hundred feet overhead, their foliage is not even visible, screened by the lower canopy spread by western yellow pines which are giants in themselves. Groves of white fir, smelling like Christmas morning, troop between the yellow pines. It grows darker with every mile, darker and deeper in moss and lichen, dim with the dimness of a vanished era.

Now, as the land of sunny levels has fallen remotely out of sight, there is a prescience, in the cold air, of grandeur. The boles of the sugar pines, which are kings, give place

before the coming of an emperor. The sea sound of the forest deepens a tone in pitch. The road is twisting to find some way between columns so vast they block the view. These columns are not in the scale of living things, but geologic in structure, fluted and buttressed like colossal stone work, weathered to the color of old sandstone. They are not the pillars that hold up the mountain. They are Sequoia. The car has stopped, and I am standing in the presence.

Centuries of fallen needles make silence of my step, and the command upon the air, very soft, eternal, is to be still. I am at the knees of gods. I believe because I see, and to believe in these unimaginable titans strengthens the heart. Five thousand years of living; 12,000,000 pounds of growth out of a tiny seed. Three hundred vertical feet of growth, up which the water travels every day, dead against gravity, from deep in the root system.

Ancestral Sequoias grew here before the Sierra was uplifted. Today they look down upon the plains of men. No one has ever known a Sequoia to die a natural death. Neither insects nor fungi can corrupt them. They simply have no old age, and the only down trees are felled trees.

Sequoias, like the pines and spruces and all that we call conifers, are Gymnosperms — literally, "naked-seeded" plants. Their seed is not completely enclosed in any fruit or

husk, as it is in the higher modern plants that truly fruit and flower. But though the seeds are naked, they are seeds, and the seed is mightier than the spore. The spores of the fern do not give rise to more ferns, but to flat lichen-like bodies which bear the male and female sex organs; from these springs the fern form again. The seed, on the other hand, contains an embryo. Within even the tiniest lies the germ of a fetal plantlet, its first baby leaves still crumpled in darkness, its primary rootlet ready to thrust and suckle at the breast of earth. The conifers inherited this vital secret from the seed-ferns; the true flowering plants were to carry it on and spread it in blossoming glory.

During the Tertiary, the last age of antiquity, the eon before modernity dawned, began the first great flowering of the world. But it was a young world still, and the glaciers came and went perhaps four times, killing all that was fair and genial, or driving it to refuges like far China. Then, adjusting to drought and cold, to sopping bog and bleak desert, green life caught hold again, seized its chances, and evolved triumphantly into our modern flora.

Like much else in modern life, our flora is strong, aggressive, not built to last but to catch as catch can. It is for a short life and a flowery one; it runs to annuals and low soft perennials, to high fertility and modest living standards. At its best it is beautiful, with the brave

beauty of Canterbury bells, lupines, foxgloves. It can be ugly, with the pushing coarseness of pigweed and tumbleweed and burdock.

There are some 200,000 species of flowering plants on earth today. Add to these the mosses and ferns, the Gymnosperms and fungi, and you have some 300,000 races of plant life populating the Green kingdom. All this, out of the first bacteria that colonized the planet. All this brilliant land flora, after naked Psilophyton tentatively trying the new environment of the old Devonian continent.

A Garden Alliance

EVERY DAY Yoneda, my Japanese gardener, brings me flowers he hopes will be absolutely new to me. Of each one he asks, "What the name? What the name?" If I know I tell him; but often the flower is too strange for me to name. Then I dissect and analyze it.

First I tick off the sepals, the green petals, as they seem to be, that are the outermost envelope, the calyx, of the flower.

Then I lay open the petals, and come to the stamens. Stamens and pistils, of course, represent the two sexes. The stamens lie just inside the petals, and outside the pistils, the female organs, which occupy the central position within the walls of the flower. The pistil is in general shaped like a carafe or Chianti bottle, with a swollen base containing

the unfertilized egg cells. The neck of the bottle is the style; its tip is the stigma, which catches on its sticky or feathery surface the errant pollen.

But the flower I found on my desk this morning made no call upon my dissecting microscope. Not that I had ever seen one like it before. It was strange as the first tropical landscape on which one has ever gazed; it was gorgeous with a breath-taking flamboyance. Out of the earthen pot it rose in tilted grace arrogant as an orchid's, and glowed red as a ruby. Its upper three petals flung joyously up and out, the lower flaring downward. And down out of the tube projected six stamens on exaggerated red stalks, topped by delicate teetering anthers dusted with yellow fertility. Beneath them swung the long style, cocked up at the end to bear the faintly gleaming stigmatic fluid. Deep in the flower's heart, among the stamens, was the lure, crystal-clear syrup in abundance. What a honey such nectar would make!

My books identified the stranger as a Jacobean lily, native to Mexico. But they were silent on how it was pollinated, so I set my potted beauty on a bench just outside my window where I could watch it. No bee, I considered, could ever force its way up that narrow tube and push between stamens so stout. And to such a brilliant carmine, bees⁴ are generally blind; that flashing signal was not for them.

A moth then? But the moth flowers are white or pale, so they shall shine through the dusk which is the moth's hour. This ruby color would go out at night like a light. By day it would please a butterfly. But no, the whole shape was wrong for a butterfly, which likes to hover over upheld erect blossoms.

The creature it must seduce, the answering ally to its elaborately specialized mechanism, would be one just as intricately perfected in an age-long parallel of development. The flower was scentless; its guest must be indifferent to odor; he must have an eye for red, a mouth long and strong enough to find that deeply buried nectar, a body big enough to brush the tips of the stamens, wings to hold him aloft while he thrust up and under —

And their faint thunder broke upon the morning stillness. Flashing metallic green from back and head, metallic violet from his throat, this tiny fury that was a bird dashed upon the Jacobean lily and stabbed a long bill thirstily up among the honey-dewed filaments. One moment more he hung there, treading the balm of air, and I made sure this iridescent blur was a black-chinned hummingbird. I saw — with a sense of witnessing the culmination of an exquisitely complex plot — how, well out of the wings' way, the stigma caught the bird upon the gray underparts, while some of

the stamens were dashed upon the white breast — I saw the puff of their precious gold dust.

Flowering

THE METHODS by which the flowering plants achieve their own perpetuation are delicately devised and infinitely various. And among life's inextricable relationships, none is so unexpected as the symbiosis, or mutually advantageous connection, between insects and flowers.

The more primitive insects — dance flies, midges and mosquitoes — have business chiefly with primitive flowers. As one traces the evolution of the flowers and of the insects, there appears to be an almost cadenced step between them in the march, till the perfect unison seems established between the social insects, the bees, and the most highly developed "composite" flowers — the daisy, aster, and so on. With their intricate brushes for sweeping up the pollen, the bumblebees would seem to be as preadapted to flowers, as ever flowers to them.

But it has been carried further. There are many wild solitary bees that will take only the nectar of certain short-lived and local wildflowers. Thus there is a spring-beauty bee, who is seen abroad only while the spring beauty blooms for a few weeks at the waking of the year; there is a water-lily bee, a pickerel-weed bee, a score of others. And often the flower must wait for this

one right consummation, out of a world of flitting insect wings.

Yet of the thousands of insects with sucking mouth parts, only a very small fraction have any appetite for either nectar or pollen. Nature uses all plans, dares all, and counts no cost too great. Nothing is so wasteful as wind pollination, but some of the very highest types of plants — the grasses, the oaks and beeches, elms, chestnuts, walnuts and hickories — choose the old reckless way of sowing the breezes.

We dare not say that the moment of flowering is the apogee for the plant. A flower, after all, is simply an organ, like a root or leaf. It has none of the industry of leaves, none of the thrift of roots. Biologically, it is but a foreshortened shoot or branch, and its members are transformed leaves. Petals are simply evanescent and colored leaves, without chlorophyll; stamens are, in essence, spore-bearing leaves; the pistil is a leaf that has curled up and wrapped around its spores. The whole is that organ that lives to give life away; that is born to die in the bearing of seed. It is the blind beauty, the lonely fragrance, the twisted art, the seduction without shame that we adore, and call a flower.

Sleep of the Seed

AT LAST, BY CROOK, hook and bur, by wind or bird, the seed, after the death of the flower, is parted

from the plant, and sets forth to seek its own fortune. Many and crafty are the devices by which these adventurers make their way in the world. Once Darwin grew a whole weed garden from seeds taken from the feet of migratory birds. Some fruits eject their seeds, as the pods dry and crack, to the distance of a foot, a yard, three yards. Even the modest violet pops its pods, and the touch-me-not is ever ready to do so. The seeds and fruits with a fitness to travel by wind are beyond all numbering. They range from the minute orchid seeds, fine as pollen, to the shining argosies of milkweed down blowing through our idle summer hours.

In the seed, the plant is reduced to first essentials. Cramped into a tiny space where it cannot grow, it shrinks and is desiccated to a desert dryness. The coats harden sometimes to a stoniness, immuring the spark of life within. The very breath drops lower, till at last, sometimes, no finest chemical test can prove that the seed does indeed still breathe.

Sleeping seeds are amazingly tough. You can boil some seeds for 48 hours without killing them. Alfalfa, mustard and wheat seeds have been experimentally perforated to make them vulnerable, and then desiccated for six months, placed in a vacuum for a year, frozen for three weeks. And still they germinated. Weed seeds were buried in glass bottles for 40 years, and dug

up and planted, and of them almost half were still alive.

If there is any living thing which might explain to us the mystery beyond this life, it should be seeds. We pour them curiously into the palm, dark as mystery, brown or gray as earth, bright sometimes with the scarlet of those beads worked into Buddhist rosaries. We shake them there, gazing, but there is no answer. They will not tell where their life has gone, or if it is there still.

Growth

SPRING is the only season that is never left out. If you live where there is no winter, as I do, then spring comes on the heels of autumn. If you live in the Arctic where there is no summer, then spring lasts the little span from winter to winter. If you live where you cannot feel the spring, as in the tropics, it is there nevertheless, because it is the end of the rainy season.

For before the seed can germinate, there must be water. Into the prison of the seed comes the liberator. Without water there can be no growth, no expansion, no mixture of chemicals, and no digestion. The seed coat drinks it up, and the seed begins to swell. There is a thrusting of the hungry primary root; there is an unfurling of the shoot; there is growth, the chief business of life.

Beyond growth, there is differentiation and formation of organs. An oat embryo, even before the seed went dormant, knew root from shoot. Now the oatlet initiates new organs, a sheath with a leaf inside it, like a scabbard holding a blade, and upon the thirsting rootlet a halo of silvery hairs which are its sucking mouths.

What ordered that complex perfection, a wild-oat stalk idly blowing? The mystery goes back to the very formation of organs — what the botanist calls organ initials. By this he means something very like the hot soft bulge on a young buck's forehead where the season's antlers have their beginning. What command originated that, making the splendid branched spread sure to follow?

Hormones, the animal physiologist would say, sex hormones. In casual language, hormones are referred to as the products of the glands. Thus we know that when we are angry or frightened, the adrenal gland rushes adrenalin into the blood stream, galvanizing us into action, stimulating the muscles.

Now plants have no glands, no blood stream, no consciousness with which to express their response. Yet they, no less than animals, are activated, predestined, by hormones, plant hormones, that differ in no essential from animal hormones, either in chemistry or effect.

Hormone research is the growing

tip of botanical science. What knowledge we have of hormones has mostly been gathered in the last decade. But already the time appears close at hand when the formation of a deep and certain rooting system for vital crops like wheat shall no more be left to chance; treatment of seeds before sowing will insure that rooting. Spraying of flowers with the hormonal chemicals that cause the setting of fruit should result in orchards which bear to the limit of fertility.

Hormones are not life, but the chemicals that serve life. So masterly is this service that it seems even to create. Hormones close the wounds of tree and soldier; they repair tissue everywhere, and this power of regeneration is one of life's most trusty and precious characteristics.

The chemist can take apart some of these master chemicals, and then compound them for you out of the phials upon his racks. He will find you hormones which seem the very essence of a flowering plant present as mere waste products of fungi and even bacteria. Other plant hormones have recently been discovered in saliva, in urine and pepsin. A source for one of the most powerful of plant growth hormones is lanoline paste, made of wool grease. Thus the two kingdoms can be made to interchange their essential chemicals.

Out of admiration for all this

springs the impulse to supplant an older awe with the assertion that the fiat of life is simply chemical. Yet that is not the truth. One touch of the right hormones to a plant, and it gushes roots; it lifts the startling finger of the shoot. But paint a rock all over with these lifeless chemicals, and it is barren still.

Life, which is not to be viewed mystically, is none the less mysterious — only the wisest know how much so. Hormones, we perceive, are keys to the door of life. But behind that door still lies the daemon power, the prisoned will, the ancient and fetal thing, its fists curled in the seed before they grasp, its leaves folded in embryo before they see the light and seize it with their unrivaled genius. It will depart, this power we call life, before our saddening eyes have ever perceived it. And it will return again, in its eternal rhythm, to the seed and to the child, the great arising out of the small, the immortal from the passing.

The Web of Life

SO PERPETUAL, so terrible is the fecundity of earth that but for natural enemies any species would swiftly rise to domination, crowd itself to the point of starvation and past the point, exhaust the very chemical elements on which it lives, and die ignominiously upon the pile of its triumphs.

Therefore do the fungi weave in

and out, through the web of life, colorless threads that help to check overproduction and hold the whole fabric together. Adept at disguise, evasive, the fungi, some of them, smuggle themselves about by means of birds, snails, aphids. Some lie low in flowers, and when the unsuspecting bee comes for nectar they infect her, and she spreads the infection.

And there are other fungi that take apart the already fallen house of life. These are the saprophytes, that feed upon dead matter. Breaking up the debris of what was living, releasing the precious materials in it, these fungi, and certain bacteria, retrieve the vital elements from what would otherwise be a permanent and cumulative and ultimately disastrous loss. They are responsible for keeping the phosphorous and sulphur cycles evolving, and still more important the nitrogen and carbon cycles. They are part of what we call decay, but they are as much a part of life.

Carbon is the keystone atom in every molecule of living tissue. Written simply as "C" in chemical equations, it is traditionally the initial letter of the formula of every cell in the body of man or the bole of a beech. The animals can obtain it only from plants. The plants take it from the atmosphere, where it exists as carbon dioxide. The drain upon it is constant, and it is the fungi and bacteria which are its principal source. For they break carbon out of its fast-bound combi-

nation in dead matter, and set it free into the air.

The fabric is whole and strong; the web is intricate to unravel. We are ourselves a part of it, as all organisms are.

Outside my study window, the long window running to the floor which shows me what the very ants are at in the garden, I can see the hanging nest that a bush-tit left. She wove it of many lichens, that she knew well how to find. The inside is soft-lined with down from the button balls of the canyon sycamores; she flew far for those. I see the ants carrying their aphid cattle home from sucking on the pasture weeds. I see the honeybee clinging under the small white bells of a bush that has just come to flower. I do not yet know its name, but the insect distinguishes it clearly; all day she has been busied at these shrubs only. My little fig this year is of bearing age; it has male galls upon it, and the fig flies will soon be laying there.

This is the intricate and mutual dependence between differing forms of life; this is the pattern, too great ever to see whole; this is the little world, green-blooded, red-blooded, sent traveling through the stars.

The fates of living things are bound together, and a wise man can grow wiser, learning it. For what we the living require is most of all each other. Progeny we must have, provender, friends, and even enemies.

It is not explained why there is for us all but one life, but it is plain enough that all life is one. It breathes the same air, grows by the same fiat. We die together too, in each other's arms, and of each

other, for life is its own best enemy and to die is functional in living. And we mate together, weld a life to a life, and so give, as we were given, a time to walk upon this flowering earth.



*An added feature in
The Reader's Digest next month:*
The absorbing historical novel, "Children of God"

By
Vardis Fisher

THIS EPIC romance of the Mormons, which won the Harper prize for 1939-40, will be published, condensed, in two installments in the April and May issues.

Children of God tells one of the most extraordinary dramas in American history — the story of the Prophets Joseph Smith and Brigham Young and of the rise of the Mormon Empire in a western desert. *Children of God* re-creates the atmosphere of pioneer America; it describes the mysterious origin and flaming spread of a new religious sect; dramatizes the startling consequences of the Mormons' plural marriages, and portrays vividly the almost incredible heroism of the migration to Utah.

"The best story I have ever read of one of the most exciting episodes in American history," Carl Van Doren calls *Children of God*.

To provide space for this special feature, the April and May issues will each contain 192 pages — 48 pages more than have been published in previous issues of The Reader's Digest.



"*Children of God: An American Epic*," by Vardis Fisher.
A richly detailed novel of 769 pages, published at \$3
by Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33 St., N. Y. C.

Among Those Present

Carl Crow (p. 31), born in Missouri, has spent a quarter of a century in China and Japan as editor, writer and advertising agent. He is author of *Master Kung*, a biography of the great Chinese sage, Confucius, as well as of books on contemporary China.

When **Stephen Leacock** (p. 78), Canadian humorist and beloved professor of economics and political science at McGill University, retired in 1936 at the age of 66, his students were forlorn at losing the thick-set, shaggy-haired, shabbily-dressed professor and his sparkling wit. But the release has given Mr. Leacock greater opportunity to write, and to lecture throughout Canada and the United States. His latest book is *Too Much College*.

Pierre van Paassen (pages 83 & 93) was born and raised in the rigorous Calvinism of a Dutch village. His family migrated to Canada, where Pierre was groomed for a ministerial career. The war plunged him into overseas service, after which he became an American journalist on roving assign-

ments for *The New York World*. His autobiography, *Days of Our Years*, was one of the best sellers of 1939. Mr. van Paassen is now in New York, at work on a sequel.

Earl Reeves (p. 60) was a World War correspondent, and for five years chief of a foreign press service in London. A specialist in military subjects, he wrote, with Lt.-Gen. Robert Lee Bullard, *American Soldiers Also Fought*.

Ruth Woodbury Sedgwick (p. 26), New York dramatic critic, was for six years an editor of *Stage*, and has written many articles on personalities of the theater. She recently collaborated with Katharine Cornell on Miss Cornell's autobiography, *I Wanted to Be an Actress*.

Leland Stowe (p. 64), young but white-haired Connecticut Yankee, is a member of the foreign staff of the *Chicago Daily News*. In 1930, when he was European correspondent for the *New York Herald Tribune*, he won the Pulitzer Prize for the "best example of foreign correspondence." Mr. Stowe is the author of *Nazi Means War*.

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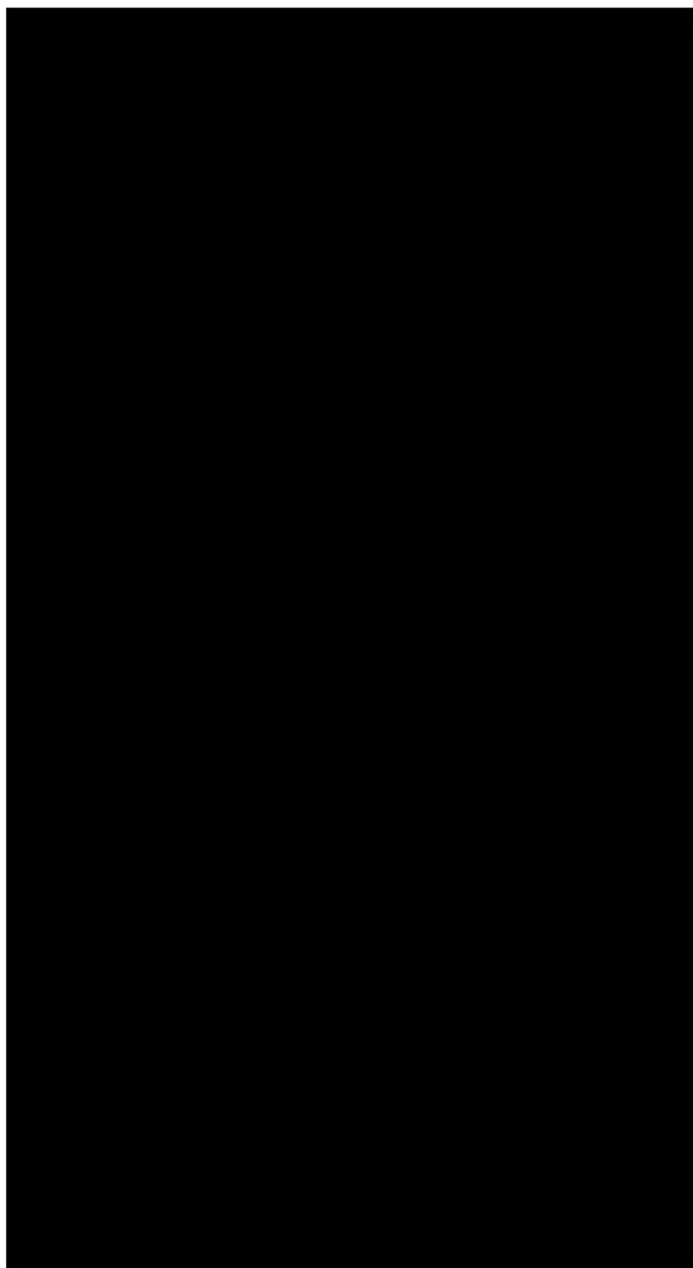
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NINETEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 36, NO. 216

☛ This enigmatic, paradoxical "greatest nation on earth"—what is the secret of its wealth?

The U. S. A.

Condensed from Fortune

LESS BY DEFINITION than by achievement, the United States is the greatest nation on earth. Everybody says it, everybody believes it — without quite knowing why. It isn't the greatest in size. Its continental area is less than half the size of the Soviet Union, and smaller than Canada or Brazil. Its population of 130,085,000 is small compared to 450,000,000 Chinese, 170,000,000 Russians. Per square mile it has only 43 inhabitants; in contrast the 742 persons per square mile in England seems almost fantastic.

Commonly presumed to be wealthier in natural resources than any other nation, the U. S. in some respects is probably equaled and in others exceeded by the British Empire and the Soviet Union. Furthermore, the U. S. has certain vital deficiencies. It consumes more than half the world rubber crop, grows none. It drinks half the world's cof-

fee, and again grows none. It uses three fourths of the world's raw silk without cultivating any silkworms to speak of. It has virtually no tin or platinum; precious little manganese, quicksilver, tungsten and nickel. It is far from independent of the outside world.

But in spite of all lacks and unfavorable comparisons the U. S. is the greatest nation on earth. And its actual greatness rests not on any single asset, but on a combination: a vast land area; a great, resourceful population of diverse origins and talents; an agriculture of such richness that it embarrasses; a universal industry of cosmic dimensions; an enormous treasury of resources — all integrated under a form of government that has stimulated their optimum development.

Just as the greatness of the U. S. is a source of wonder to the rest of the world, so the character of the

U. S. people has always been a tantalizing enigma. The U. S. has been called "Uncle Shylock," but let a famine develop in Asia or an earthquake level a city in South America and Americans rush to the rescue. The U. S. is a law-abiding nation, which had 1,400,000 major crimes in 1937, and has a hard time finding jail space to house the criminals. It has 30,000,000 students enrolled in schools and colleges, but over four percent of the population is illiterate, a rate comparing unfavorably with the averages of most European countries. It has a divine faith in the power of legislation. It spends more money on making laws and governing itself than any other country, outside of the U.S.S.R., and it takes a peculiar satisfaction in circumventing or ignoring its laws.

BUT IF Americans are too paradoxical for compact description, they can be measured in terms of their major achievement. That achievement has been the integration within the boundaries of a single, unified nation of an infinite variety of racial, cultural, economic and geographic components.

Consider the derivation of the people. At first there are the Latins, here for plunder for the galleons of Spain, or land and furs for Paris. Then there are the English, coming for freedom, finding it, losing it, and fighting to have it again.

Stern, hard-muscled, tough-minded English yeomen in the North, and English Cavaliers of a quite different breed in the South. The Englishmen pushing westward out of curiosity, or because they hated the sight of the neighbors' chimneys, or because they wanted less government. By 1810 they had traversed most of the West, and by 1850 had settled most of it — in spots. All this is very new. As late as 1890 Pershing was fighting the Sioux in Dakota. Meanwhile for decade after decade more people and still more flowed in from Europe with their diverse cultures and customs. All this has been integrated, and that integration is the foundation of the nation's greatness.

Externally the nation looks like a compact, single economic unit, but it is scarcely that. Indeed, it is a union composed of countless units, each with its own economy based upon its own sources of wealth, dominated by self-interest, and competing with the others.

FORE NEARLY European than any other U. S. region is the Northeast [east of Ohio, north of Virginia]. It has 34 cities of more than 100,000; its population of 40,000,000 occupies but seven percent of the nation's area. Yet there is nothing more rural than the New England villages where milch cows are prodded down Main Street by towheaded youngsters, and sheep

crop the green plots around the monuments to those who died at Cold Harbor and Bull Run. It is a highly civilized, highly educated region, yet witchcraft flourishes in parts of Pennsylvania, where barns and houses wear cabalistic symbols designed to ward away the dreaded hex.

Economically it stands in relation to the U. S. about the way England stands in relation to the British Empire. The region is dependent on the rest of the country for its wheat and flour, and for a large part of its fresh meats, fruits, vegetables and canned goods.

To the U. S. the Northeast sells machinery, coal, steel, glass, clothing, shoes and paper. Again like England, the Northeast is the great concentration point of finance, ownership and control. Of the national income the region garners nearly 40 percent. Thus the Northeast draws financial tribute from every part of the U. S., and intellectual tribute as well. A common complaint throughout the country is, "All our smartest young people go east."

THE SOUTHEAST [west to the Texas line] is the precise opposite of the Northeast. It has more than twice as much land but only two thirds as many people. Of these 70 percent are rural, and their per capita income is less than half that of the Northeast. However, precisely because it has been retarded, the industrial South ap-

pears to have the greatest growth potential of any region in the U. S.

The Southeast is naturally rich. It has 40 percent of the U. S. forest land; it has bauxite, oil, natural gas, sulphur, phosphates. Around Birmingham coal crops up close to important iron deposits, and years ago Henry C. Frick predicted that by 1940 Birmingham would be a bigger steel city than Pittsburgh. It isn't — by far. But it could be.

The trouble with Birmingham — and with most southern industry — economically, is that it is owned by the North. It is a tributary region. Northern hands take the dollars out of its pockets almost as rapidly as it puts them in. Its chronic depression will not be solved by further industrialization controlled by northern capital. And while dreamily contemplating the ivy twining higher around the crumbling white columns of a gracious southern past, the rest of the U. S. would do well to remember that if the per capita income of each Southerner were raised from its present \$285 to the national average of \$485, the nation would have captured a new market half again as big as the entire export trade, and would be richer by billions.

IF HITLER annexed the Russian Ukraine to the industrial Reich, the combination would produce an economy and a territory similar in many respects to the Middle States. Of all the regions, this one is most

nearly independent of the others, could most easily drop out of the Union and survive as an independent nation. One of the world's greatest agricultural sections, it ranks second only to the Northeast as an industrial region. It has few imports, many exports, and its economy has been developed to a point where it processes its own raw materials and sells both commodities and finished goods.

The region is also second to the Northeast in the extent of urbanization, its cities being strung like beads around the shores of the Lakes, from Cleveland to Milwaukee — close to the docks of the freighters that carry through Sault Sainte Marie locks more tonnage than clears the Suez or the Panama. Behind this arc of cities lies a farming checkerboard, waving with yellow corn, black with plowed earth, and dotted with fat red silos, magnificent barns. Here — in addition to some 60 percent of the nation's corn — are half the hogs and the greatest number of purebred, registered cattle in the U. S., half of all the creamery butter, 70 percent of the factory cheese, more than 40 percent of the milk. Here are more than a third of the chickens laying nearly 40 percent of the eggs.

Your typical farmer of the region is a staunch individualist, yet nowhere will you find a man more eager to be taught or more willing to make sacrifices for coöperative ventures. He knows soil chemistry,

avidly follows the experimentation going on at his state agricultural college. He has successfully used his political power time and again. He is probably the most completely democratic individual in the entire U. S., and he knows how to make democracy work for him.

WEST OF THE STATES bordering the Mississippi the last few vertebrae are ironed out of the land and the roads shoot westward like black arrows. Wheat stretches to the right of the road and to the left, and behind and ahead, and a few miles across the lonely flatness you see the combines spouting chaff. That treetop standing like a semaphore ten miles beyond your radiator cap means a farmhouse, and that gray smudge ten miles beyond the tree, a town. And when the wind blows hard, as it so often does, the tan dust eddies up above the tossing wheat and an iridescent curtain dims the sun.

The eight Plains states cover almost a quarter of the nation — but support only a twentieth of the U. S. people. The reason is simply that this land is not productive enough to provide a living for its inhabitants. It is certainly the least independent U. S. region.

The area's most important resource is the land itself, a resource of diminishing value. Mined for wheat during the years of the war wheat boom, the Plains states contain 165,000,000 acres of the most

seriously eroded land in the U. S. By 1930 the region was growing half the U. S. wheat, and had become the largest sheep raiser, and ranked second in horses and cattle. But its cows give less milk than other cows, and its horses and chickens are valued lower at the market. Always arid, the Plains have been experiencing a chronic drought for nearly ten years, and farmers can sit on their front porches and watch their livelihoods blowing away into the sky. As land reverts to the government by default of taxes, much of it is returned to its original grass. Timothy and alfalfa replace wheat on thousands of acres, and the agronomists work ceaselessly to discover new crops suitable for the parched soil, new ways of utilizing the last drops of the scanty rain that falls.

POLITICALLY the youngest of the regions, the Southwest is a colonial economy exporting vast quantities of raw materials, importing most fabricated goods. Texas, bigger than any European nation except the U.S.S.R. and Germany, grows more than a fourth of U. S. cotton and claims that it could supply the entire world. It furnishes close to 40 percent of U. S. crude oil. It supports 7,000,000 head of cattle. Thanks to a \$100,000,000 investment in irrigation ditches, the lower Rio Grande valley has already become a worry to California citrus growers.

Nearly all of this fabulous wealth is in East and Central Texas. West Texas blends into the New Mexico-Arizona Southwest, with "centers" (*not* cities) separated by scores of miles of empty desert, incredible conformations of the land, always the hot sun, the high, dry air, the giant, theatrical, green cacti standing like sentries against the sky. Phoenix, where fences separate cactus desert from irrigated fields of lettuce, orange groves, and every fruit and vegetable, is a spectacular working model of what other parts of the region may someday hope to be. In addition to the \$77,500,000 annual copper output, tourists constitute a main source of income in Arizona and New Mexico, approximately \$48,000,000 being spent by visitors.

IN THE Far West, Nevada and California combine to form an almost indescribable region, with the infinite variety of California on one side of the mountains and the wild Nevada desert on the other. California has the fourth highest total income in the U. S., whereas Nevada keeps herself going mainly by virtue of spinning roulette wheels, blinking red lights, and the complacent magistrates handing down three thousand six-week divorces per year in Reno, "The Biggest Little City in the World."

Since Sutter's Mill in '48, California has produced something like \$2,000,000,000 in gold, and its gold

production is still worth more than \$40,000,000 a year — including the dribblets panned by thousands of prospectors working the streams and earning from a quarter to \$5 a day. But more important than the gold is agriculture. Virtually no crop refuses to grow in California, and practically no crops are overlooked, although citrus is the leading one. The state's economy is in transition between the raw-material exporting economy of the Southwest and the agricultural-industrial economy of the Middle West.

ALTHOUGH the Pacific Northwest was explored by Lewis and Clark around 1805, its intensive settlement did not begin until the Northern Pacific linked Chicago with Seattle in 1883. Today the region grows over a fifth of the nation's apples, a quarter of the cherries, nearly a third of the pears, a tenth or more of the potatoes, onions, strawberries, green peas, and dry beans. However, its greatest source of wealth is its forests, representing about half the standing saw timber in the U. S. Over 50 percent of all wage earners in Pacific Northwest manufacturing are employed in lumber industries. Currently the annual cut runs ahead of the new growth by about two to one, and the region is becoming pocked with stranded communities decaying in the devastated cutover areas. Safe from destruction are 70,000-odd square miles of forest

in U. S. government land — land that amounts to 48 percent of the region's total.

The region is in competition with practically every part of the country. Its lumber competes with south-eastern lumber; its wheat with the Middle West and Plains states; its orchards with the Northeast; its sheep and wool with the Southwest; and so on.

Meanwhile, the Pacific Northwest must import nearly all finished goods, as well as oil, sugar and other commodities. The region's markets are thousands of miles away and freight eats up from a quarter to a half of the farmer's wholesale price in the East.

Conversely, the region is squeezed when it buys eastern manufactured goods. However, these are familiar troubles in a pioneer economy, and the region will unquestionably outgrow them. Its potentialities are great: it has, for example, about 40 percent of all U. S. potential water power, and vast mineral deposits of zinc, lead and silver.

SUCH is the sweep and magnitude of the U. S. A. On the map this gigantic slab of earth confronts us with here a thumb thrust toward the warm Caribbean, and there a fist reaching for icebergs in the North Atlantic. Here is the cool loveliness of velvet lawns in New England, and here a black-shadowed date grove in Phoenix under

a sun that burns like mustard plaster. Here are palms tossing on the Louisiana shore, and here the high Sierras with their snowy crests floating like swans in the tall blue sky. Here is New York at night, hell-red with Neon, and here is a lone rider herding sheep on an empty Wyoming plateau. Here is the whole lavish land, so vast its horizons exhaust the eye, so turbulent with beauty, ugliness, terror, and hope that it wears a thousand faces and speaks with 10,000 tongues.

IF THE political boundaries of our states coincided with the economic boundaries, then the area now known as the U. S. would be far less potent, far less rich than it is. Then New England would be struggling for food, and in the Northwest an automobile would be as rare as in other agricultural countries that have difficulty accumulating foreign exchange. It is when the Aluminum Co. of America contracts for water power in Oregon that the U. S. is created. It is when the rich coupon clippers on Manhattan are taxed to help build highways in empty Nevada that the U. S. lives. Every time a freight train crosses a state line, every time a purchasing department makes up its mind to buy an out-of-state commodity, the U. S. grows greater. For in these events, as in thousands of others,

one is working for all, and all for one.

This action is like that within a huge retort in which dissimilar substances mix and compound, to create a new substance greater than the sum of its component parts. That new substance is what we know as the U. S. A. This is why the U. S. has become great.

And in this compounding the U. S. citizen has come to be a veritable superman — having the largest per capita share of the world's coal and corn and iron ore and wheat and electricity and automobiles and bathtubs and radios and telephones and machines in general.

And it is significant that all the serious problems that now confront the U. S. are problems of abundance, not poverty. They are problems of maintaining a high standard of living; of an overwhelming desire to keep democracy and make it work, even at the price of suffering. The advance of technology has been too rapid, throwing millions out of work. The productive power of labor is too great, and there is too much capital accumulation in the form of savings. The fact is that the U. S. is faced with problems different from those in almost any other country in the world, and these problems have their origins in the colossal achievements of the U. S.



We Adopt a Child

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Anonymous

FOR FIVE YEARS my husband and I had talked about adopting a baby, ever since the doctors had made it clear that I must have no more. Sometimes I said that the reason I wanted to adopt was because we were spoiling our son. But at moments when I was honest with myself I knew I just naturally wanted another baby.

As another autumn closed in, the idea literally possessed me. I was not surprised when our son Andy put "Baby" at the head of his Christmas list. With an only child's sensitivity he had read my heart. On Christmas morning he dumped his stocking on the floor, gave one look around, and said, blinking through tears, "Santa Claus didn't bring her."

That night I faced my husband in front of our fire to talk the thing through. He announced, "I don't think I could take in somebody else's kid and love it right off the bat."

I was prepared for that. "There is a probation period of from six months to a year. If we don't get on with her we can take her back."

His next objection was not so easy to meet. "My father and mother would put up an awful row," he said.

I knew they would, for we had already broached the question to them. "Don't do it," my mother-in-law had said. "Think of the things that can happen —" The arguments grew more illogical as our emotions became more involved and ended when my mother-in-law said tartly, "Don't expect me to grow fond of some servant girl's misstep."

She had so squashed our first enthusiasm that we had let two years go by. After all, our arms were not empty. But I knew, and my husband knew, that the truest happiness, the bond that kept our friends together in a world where divorce grew daily more common, was children. Being an only child myself, I also knew the agonies an only child could suffer. Andy needed another young thing in the house.

We decided now that this was really our own affair, and that we would not discuss the matter with my husband's parents again. After going into all the pros and cons, our decision was made.

The next week we began to investigate adoption agencies. We learned that there were far fewer good children to be had than there were good potential parents. We learned also that one cardinal rule

in successful adoption was to acquire as young a baby as possible.

We didn't want a doorstep baby of unknown parentage; we were not in this because of any altruistic aim. We intended to be proud of our child from the start. And after all she had to compete with Andy.

At last a reliable place in a distant city sent us forms to fill out asking our preferences and indicating that we were to be subjected to a rigid inspection: What exactly was our religion? Income? Education? The persons we named as references received examination papers asking searching questions about us: Was our marital relationship what it should be? Would we make good parents?

By that time I was talking as openly about our daughter-to-be as though she were really my own child. Andy talked about her too. He had lined a grape basket with his wrapper and alluded to it as "my sister's cradle."

After a long wait the agency telegraphed that a baby who answered most of our requirements had arrived. On our way to the agency, my husband cautioned me. "They're selling us this commodity. Keep your eyes open."

"I'll be cold-blooded," I promised. "We won't commit ourselves on one visit. We'll look over what they've got. Then we'll go and make up our minds."

To my husband's blunt question "Exactly where do these babies

come from?" Miss X, directress at the agency, replied: "Most of them are first babies born out of wedlock. But babies come to us from two other sources. With hard times many married couples, too proud to beg, prefer to give up their baby rather than not be able to care for it properly. Third, there is the abandoned baby. Every child-placing organization has a small quota of those. Of course all our babies undergo the same rigid examination. If any physical or mental weakness exists, the ill-favored ones go to a permanent institution. When you consider the miserable specimens born into many good families," she concluded placidly, "the advantage of careful adoption is obvious."

Then my husband said, but not so firmly, "I want to know about the little girl's background."

"The less you know," smiled Miss X, "the more you will feel she belongs to you. And for the child's sake it is safer for you not to know too much. You see, though I urge all parents to use the term 'adopted' as one of endearment, the time comes when you must explain to her what adoption is. Then she will try to worm out of you all you know about her parents. And if you and she know too much it will tempt her to delve into her past, with sad psychological results.

"This child comes from good stock. Her father is a college graduate and her mother is unusually

intelligent. Now, let's go and have a look at your baby."

My husband stuck out his jaw and squared his chest defensively. Not daring to meet each other's eyes, we followed Miss X down a hall and into a pink-hung sun porch, with a bassinet in the center of it. A rocker lay in wait. For the unwary, I thought. I would avoid that rocker.

The nurse by the bassinet stood aside. Within, on a scrap of pillow, lay an exquisite baby. Her laughing eyes held mine. Her feet, in pink knitted booties, did upside-down bicycling.

"Oh, my baby! Oh, your poor other mother!" I burred. Why had we waited so long? I leaned down to take her. My knees went weak and the rocker caught us both.

She liked being in my arms. Her mouth widened in the most valiant of grins. "I'll just wrap her in this blanket and be going," I said like a mad woman.

Then out of the mist that separated my baby and me from the rest of the world my husband's face took shape, wearing, it seemed to me, the same look it had worn when he first saw Andy. "Come now," he was saying, "I'm this kid's father. It's my turn to hold her."

After three endless days' delay while the legal red tape of adoption was being unraveled, we started home with little Millicent. On the train my husband grudgingly let me

hold her first. But when she wouldn't finish her bottle he said, "See here, I know what's wrong — the kid's gassy." He whacked Milly on the back, and over his shoulder she gave an obedient belch. How triumphant he looked!

"What do you think your family will say?" I asked him.

"Who cares?" he answered.

When we reached home my mother-in-law was awaiting us. She looked stiff and old and a little frightened at sight of her son with a strange baby in his arms. She did not come forward. But Andy ran in front of her and embraced his father's knees.

"Let me see! Let me see!" he cried.

After one glance he rushed for his grape-basket cradle. It was, of course, too small. I was loaded down with quilts and bottles. There was a moment's uncertainty while my husband looked around for some place to put the baby.

"Here, Mother. You be the nurse-maid a minute," he said, and thrust Millicent into those wooden arms.

When I came back from the kitchen with a warm bottle and bent to take the baby, my mother-in-law said, "I suppose you think I don't know how to feed her. Give me that bottle."

Over her head my husband gave a fierce nod and I relinquished it.

From that time on, she backed our baby with a true conservative's ardor for *le fait accompli*.

During that first year I caught myself considering Milly with an objectivity quite different from my attitude toward my son at that age. She never cried to be picked up, as Andy had done. He had hated to be alone. Milly was equally happy when we were around and when, out in her pen, she snatched at sunbeams, waved at the milkman, and called to every dog within her horizon.

I was jealous because her interest in the world as a whole was as great as her interest in her parents. But, after all, I had never nursed her. She had never been ill. She liked everybody, but she did not need one person above another. Andy paid no attention to her for days at a time, although her eyes followed him as long as he was in sight. Sometimes he handed on mangled possessions for which he had no further use, but he did not take her seriously.

Then Millicent started to walk. Her independence led her into everything. Andy's cast-off possessions no longer satisfied her. What she wanted was whatever he wanted. For the first time he recognized her as a rival, and he fought her desperately, like a ruler seeing himself in danger of being dispossessed. When he found her in his room he struck her and struck hard. I had to be always on guard to separate them. That was the beginning of a new relationship between Milly and me. Now she really needed me,

and out of my response to that need rose a sense of personal guardianship, which I think will never die.

At the same time that Andy was flying into jealous rages, his sister generated some tantrums that eclipsed his. One day we found Milly shoveling her oatmeal onto the dining-room rug.

"Nice little girls don't do things like that," I said, as mildly as possible, at which she took a bite out of her cereal dish.

I turned her upside down and shook her, partly to get the broken crockery out of her mouth before she swallowed it, partly because my temper was out of hand. When I turned her right side up again she flung her arms around me. Could it be that she preferred punishment to what she considered less than her share of attention?

Milly's grandmother confirmed this idea. "You should notice her more," she declared. "When Andy flies into a rage you make him the center of the stage. Unless she's been naughty, I think when you spank Andy you ought to take some pleasant notice of her."

Because of our son's jealousy we acted on this suggestion as unobtrusively as possible. It must have been the right thing to do, for Milly's tantrums ceased.

At last, with the shifting and unfolding which are a continuous process in small children, Andy and his sister reached an understanding. By the time he was ten he re-

acted favorably to remarks like "Andy, it's up to you to show Milly how to behave."

That put him on his mettle. He began to realize that this small strutting thing whom he had considered a nuisance looked to him for direction.

They are friends and allies now. Milly has taught her brother what no adult could have taught him so well: to share and to consider others. Because of Milly our boy has acquired a new light-heartedness.

In the old days of large families adoption was much less common. Foster children were expected to feel a debt toward those who "took them in." But today if there is a debt owed it is to, not by, the child. When the difficult moment arrives

when we must make it clear to Milly that she is not flesh of our flesh, we shall say, "In other homes they have to take what comes. We chose you especially."

And now for the question which the world is prone to ask, the question which disturbed us when we were considering adoption: Do we love her as much as we love Andy? There is no answer. After all, do any parents feel the same quality of love toward all their children? Another question is often asked by thoughtless people. They look from one child to the other and say over their heads, "Which is the adopted one?" The last time that happened my husband turned on the interrogator savagely with "Really, I don't remember."

Things We Didn't Have Only Ten Years Ago

IN TEN YEARS of depression we've come to think of business as idling, private enterprise stymied, progress retarded. Yet here are some of the things we take for granted today that we didn't have, or hadn't begun to use, as short a time ago as 1929:

Streamline trains. Television. Transoceanic passenger air service. Synthetic rubber. Fluorescent lighting. Colored home movies. New plywoods, stronger than steel. Half a dozen new plastics and resins. Polarized glass. Glass building blocks. Fiber glass for insulation and textiles. Synthetic hosiery replacing silk. Synthetic vitamins and hormones. Sulfanilamide and sulfapyridine, drugs that kill the deadly streptococcus germs.

Don't ever believe the country's future lies behind it. Inventive genius and business enterprise never stand still.

— *Wall Street Journal*

❏ In what fields are there most employment opportunities today?
Tomorrow? Science Research Associates know the answers

Floodlighting the Job Market

Condensed from Survey Graphic

William F. McDermott and J. C. Furnas

AMONG THE 22,000 ways of making a living in the United States, some, as for example, in the chemical industries, are relatively new and promise more and more jobs; some, though new, like diesel engineering, offer few openings for beginners. On the other hand, some older occupations often overlooked by young job-hunters — statistical work, for instance — are growing faster than aviation; others, perennial lures to the imagination of youth — newspaper writing, for one — show steadily shrinking opportunities.

We have more than 4,000,000 young people out of school and out of work. They constitute over a third of our unemployed. It takes them on the average a year and a half to find a permanent job, any job. And most of them try to find work where the chances are poorest, neglecting the spots where the chances are best — sheerly because the facts have not been available.

It remained for two young men, themselves just out of college, to pitch into the task of finding out about jobs in America — jobs present and jobs future, kinds, num-

bers, pay, requirements. And the facts they are digging up, supplied to 400 colleges, 4500 high schools, 750 CCC camps and hundreds of Y.M.C.A.'s and other institutions, are the most hard-headed and practical that young people have been able to get. A sample:

A hundred thousand young men were lured into courses in diesel engine maintenance last year — next to aviation, the favorite bait of schools which advertise — but most of the 4000 new men who were hired in the industry were trained gasoline-engine mechanics who already knew about all there was to learn.

Similarly there has been a rush of young men into vocational courses in air-conditioning, again lured by advertising. Truth is the jobs go to plumbers and steamfitters who already know most of the answers to air-conditioning problems.

A more cheerful fact: The ceramics industry is one of the fastest growing; cement, tile, glass are branching out into wider uses. Yet there are only 1500 engineers specializing in the field.

The two young men who are fo-

cusing microscopes on American employment are Lyle M. Spencer and Robert K. Burns, heads of Science Research Associates, which they have built up from a two-man outfit to an organization with over 50 trained research workers and statisticians. Schools and other institutions paid \$100,000 last year for their information service.

Spencer and Burns were bright young University of Washington boys with an egregious gift of gab. Spencer took up debating to cure himself of stammering; Burns did likewise because his college fraternity told him to join some campus activity. They became very good debaters, indeed, and upon graduation persuaded the Chamber of Commerce and the Rotary Club of Seattle to stake them to a debating junket around the world.

In 20 foreign countries they heard youth echo the cry of American youth, "Where can we get jobs?" When they returned home they discovered that of the several million young people looking for work, not one in six was getting adequate vocational advice. So, feeling their way, the two young men did a year's graduate work in economics and sociology at their alma mater, another year at the University of Chicago. They supported themselves by lecturing — to anyone, on any topic.

It developed that by all odds their most popular lecture was "New Careers for Youth." High school

principals asked them to expand this material and put it into print for vocational guidance. From this, the step toward founding their research institution in the summer of 1938 was natural. They threw their own skimpy savings into the project, soon got financial backing from businessmen and scholarly sponsorship from their Chicago professors.

What have they found out? Thousands of facts which fill a monthly magazine, *Vocational Trends*; also a monthly monograph which is a thorough study of some one field of employment — the printing industry, say, this month, transportation next month, and so on. *Vocational Guide*, an exhaustive check list of current books and magazine articles on jobs, is also issued each month. And there is a special research service, free to subscribers, which digs up specialized information on any kind of job.

A "job calendar" has recently appeared in *Vocational Trends*, portraying in three color-illustrated columns — "Going Up!" "Not Much Change," "Going Down!" — that in February Johnny Jones might well look for a job with trucking firms or textile plants, but that he would be wasting time looking for a retail job. With spring coming on, he should start lining up jobs in construction, wearing apparel, seasonal work at plowing and seeding on farms. The calendar tells him the proper time and way

to tackle retail stores and post offices for a job in the Christmas rush, and other seasonal data.

Burns and Spencer's *Occupational Monograph No. 10* is a 48-page analysis of what the effect of war will be on employment. Johnny Jones is told that, although any job may be better than none, to snatch at war-boom employment in motors or munitions will mean that he will be first fired when war contracts cease. The impression that world war means silk shirts for everybody is carefully dispelled; the cost of living is certain to outstrip pay rises.

Some war-boom industries, however, are promising. For instance, mass wartime orders may well enable the airplane industry to switch over to peacetime construction of relatively foolproof light planes at popular prices. So the handy youngster who gets in on the ground floor with a job at plane-making stands a good chance of seeing his job mushroom even after war is over.

Not plane-flying, though. True, the government is training thousands of civilian pilots, but that is solely a defense program. Fast as commercial aviation is growing, there are only 1200 commercial airline flying jobs in the United States right now.

War's stimulation of the chemical industry, say Burns and Spencer, may carry over into peacetime as it did after the last war. Modern industrial chemistry means all the

new synthetic products that are replacing wood, paper and metal.

To young women, the Associates report that routine stenography is pathetically overcrowded. The stenographer fares best who acquires a specialized vocabulary in chemistry, medicine or law. Girls who can operate business machines are in a less crowded field.

School-teaching looks less attractive every day as the population trend reduces the number of children. But there may well be an expanding field for teachers of music, as the radio demonstrably makes Americans more music-conscious.

A frank appraisal of the young lawyer's prospects is far from encouraging. A check-up in typical areas shows that every second lawyer is making less than \$2500 a year, one in six less than \$1000, and one in 10 less than \$500. But a new type of lawyer, groomed to appear before labor relations boards, and government alphabet agencies, to adjust the conflicts of business and government, will have little trouble finding practice.

About 5000 graduates of journalism schools and 2500 more from liberal arts colleges will be looking for newspaper jobs this year, and most of them have set their hopes on big-city jobs. Science Research Associates report, however, that all the metropolitan dailies added together draw on city news bureaus and smaller dailies for reinforce-

ment at the rate of less than 100 each year. Jobs are few and far between in small towns as well.

Statisticians have increased 50 percent in three years. In one branch, market research, 15,000 are now employed, compared to a few hundred when the depression started. For each trained statistician there are jobs for five assistants with a high school education. Cost and time involved in special training are low compared to the preparation for a number of business fields already overcrowded.

The continuing improvement of our motor roads means a steady increase in highway jobs, all the way from engineer through the handlers of grading machinery down to the pick-slinger. Transportation — trucking and railroad — offers a promising field to those who study its expanding phases and specialize in one of them.

Spencer and Burns do not say flatly that there are plenty of jobs for those who are ready for them and know where to look. They do not believe in that kind of popping off. But they do feel that it is senseless for youngsters to try one blind alley after another, when previous information would help them find where they are most likely to be wanted.

"The time to start looking for a job," they say, "is five years be-

fore you need it. That gives the chance to choose rather than just find work, to become informed of trends and outlooks." And time for training in the interval.

Burns and Spencer pass out none of this nonsense about plenty-of-room-at-the-top. There isn't; the accumulating mountain of job-facts shows pretty clearly that the modern business leader is not usually a self-made go-getter up from the plow handles or the machine shop, but the son of a reasonably prosperous businessman.

But, to balance this, ambitious youth is told that the growth of small service businesses in radio repair, photographic studios, bakeries, laundries, beauty parlors is one of the marvels of recent years and offers the best chance to be one's own boss. When such businesses fail, the reason frequently is incompetent bookkeeping. So it is best to learn a little accounting before launching a shop.

Spencer and Burns have a dozen other broad aspects of their field which they want to study. They are definitely enjoying themselves. Otherwise these two young men, who probably know more than anyone else in the United States about how to get and keep a first-class job, would hardly still be working away at the salary with which they started — \$30 a week, apiece.



[Is it only a struggle of rival imperialisms over the balance of power—and of no concern to us?

Debating This "Pot-and-Kettle" War

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Elmer Davis

Well-known author and radio commentator

THERE IS a vast difference between keeping out of war, and pretending that this war is none of our business.
—President Roosevelt to Congress, January 3

WITH THE foregoing statement a considerable section of American opinion disagrees. Repeatedly some of our most respected citizens—Colonel Lindbergh, Phil La Follette, General Johnson, the late Senator Borah, for example—have insisted that nothing about his war concerns us; that it is only 'another war over the balance of power in Europe,' only a struggle between rival imperialisms equally alien and obnoxious.

These men are not pro-Nazi. But they are all convinced that it is imperatively necessary for us to keep out of the war; and since there is no danger of our going in on Hitler's side, they concentrate on the faults of the other side, concluding that this is only a war between the pot and the kettle.

Well, it *is* a war between rival imperialisms. But it has other aspects too. Lindbergh has said that this is not a war for democracy, but German and Russian propaganda makes it clear that it is a war *against*

democracy. Consider what happened to the Czechoslovak democracy, which decided in the interest of the peace of Europe not to fight back; consider also what happened to the peace of Europe despite this sacrifice.

"Modern war," said Lindbergh, "is too devastating to be approached from any but a purely American standpoint." I agree. My remarks will have no taint of altruism. It seems to me that the interest of the American people requires us to keep out of the war for two sound reasons: We have unfinished business of our own to solve; and furthermore, past experience makes it doubtful if we could do Europe much good.

But from a purely American standpoint we are fools if we refuse to recognize the nature of the world we live in, if we try to base our national policy on illusions.

As to the pot and kettle. There are plenty of black spots on the record of England, and France, and the United States; Nazi propagandists gleefully emphasize them and many of our isolationists give all their time to reiterating the sins of the Allies (and our own). But you

would have to go very far back indeed in British or French history to find anything comparable to the horrors of the German concentration camps.

The least creditable page in American history is our dealings with the Indian tribes. Most of the Indian cultures were rubbed out in the course of the white occupation, and for some decades the Indian Bureau made a deliberate effort to turn the Indians into white men. In some ways this looks like what the Germans are trying to do to the Czechs and the Poles; but the Indian Bureau did not enforce its policies by torture and execution. Otto Tolischus, of *The New York Times*, wrote from Berlin that Germans returning from Poland agreed that "what is going on is little better than a policy of racial extermination." The Nazis indeed are systematically trying to stamp out the Czech and Polish cultures — closing universities, jailing professors, imprisoning or killing leaders, destroying as far as they can every focus of national life. They have no respect for any culture but their own, and not, indeed, for much of that; a good deal of the best of German culture is now proscribed in Germany.

What is happening in Poland and the Czech protectorate is clearly a calculated liquidation of all leaders who would not grovel before the new masters; after which the stunned and leaderless mass would submit to enslavement, like the "lower

human beings" whose slave labor, as Hitler argued in a famous passage of *Mein Kampf*, was essential to the prosperity of the early Aryans. And don't forget that the liquidation of political leaders, editors, professors does not by any means always imply quick and merciful execution; often it entails medieval tortures.

(Yes, yes — American troops in the Philippines occasionally used the "water cure." But American sentiment was outraged and there was a great uproar. Where is the uproar in Germany over the tortures of the concentration camps?)

England has done bad things — in Ireland, in India. But the Amritsar massacre of 1919 brought an outcry of protest in England. Where are the German protests against the continual killings in Bohemia and Poland? The Black-and-Tans did some rough work 20 years ago, fighting an Irish rebellion which England had the man power to stamp out if it had wanted to; the issue was settled by a treaty instead, and Ireland today is free enough to declare itself neutral in this war.

Recent British policy in India has been stupid — declaring India in on a war for democracy by executive order, while refusing full self-government to the Indians themselves. Yet India has gained a considerable measure of self-government in recent years. England had the power to hold India down by force; but that power was not exercised, be-

cause British opinion would no longer support such a policy.

Mr. Gandhi last fall was asked by the London *News-Chronicle* to state his views, which proved to be sharply critical of British policy. If expressed in Germany about German administration, Gandhi's opinions would have sent him to a concentration camp to be educated by daily beatings. On the very day when Gandhi's statement was published, the Germans announced that 53 Jews had been shot in Warsaw because of their "reprehensible attitude" during the investigation of the killing of a policeman.

And now all Polish Jews between 14 and 60 are to be compelled to spend two years at hard labor — "or more," says the German announcement, "if the educational purpose intended is not attained in that time." This would look like what used to be called slavery, but for the educational purpose. If an Englishman used such language, it would be called hypocrisy. The practice has since been extended to Polish Gentiles. The Germans themselves admitted in midwinter that they had taken 200,000 Polish civilians, besides military prisoners of war, to work for the masters. Nor have they ever claimed that this was a voluntary servitude.

This evidence suggests some difference between present British and German imperialist practice; and there seems some difference in principle as well. British statesmen have

often professed high principles and failed to live up to them; the Germans are usually more candid. Dr. Hans Frank, Governor-General of Poland, is also head of the Academy for German Law. He told his fellow jurists recently that "right is whatever profits a nation, wrong is whatever harms it. Pale phantoms of objective justice do not exist for us any more." Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front, put it even more frankly in a speech to the conquered Poles: "We have the divine right to rule and we shall assure ourselves of that right. We are going to be hard and relentless."

Let me cite this British opinion from an editorial in *Time and Tide*:

Nobody pretends that our record is blameless. We have done things that we ought not to have done, but compared with the hands of the Nazis our hands are so clean that they positively blaze. Are we to allow men who know neither mercy nor decency to stop us from halting their disintegration of every standard we have slowly built up, just by pointing out that we ourselves have sometimes fallen short of these standards?

That is true, even though a resident of London wrote it.

These rival imperialisms are of course hard on the smaller maritime powers. The latter have been put to great inconvenience by the British blockade. However, a neutral ship which is detained is almost always released. The officers and the crew go on living. When a neutral ship is torpedoed by a German submarine, or sunk by a mine strewn at random

by the Germans in the shipping lanes, all the cargo is lost and the ship too; often the men as well. There is some difference.

The smaller European neutrals have protested more vigorously against the British detention of ships than against German sinking of ships and killing of men. Why? Because they know it is safe. They know the British will not reply to a protest with a *Blitzkrieg*. But the Germans might, if you annoy them (or even if you don't); and the small neutrals know that too.

So much for the world we live in. How about the world we shall be living in ten years from now? Would there be no difference between the sort of peace that would follow a German victory and the sort that would follow an Allied victory? Hitler's speeches are the principal evidence as to his peace terms. From them we gather that "there will be war so long as the riches of the world are not fully divided." And that the Nazi economic system must become general; international trade must be "organized" on the German system of exchanges between states, in which the weaker must take whatever the stronger wants to get rid of. (Don't forget that Germany before 1914 was a prosperous country, though its colonies were few and costly; it prospered by exactly that kind of international trade that Nazi doctrine rejects.)

Nor can we afford to forget that

one passage in *Mein Kampf* (p. 438) paints a picture of "peace established by the victorious sword of a master nation, that takes the world into the service of a higher Kultur."

We are told that the Allies are fighting not for democracy but for themselves. And so they are. But it happens that, if they win, their victory will incidentally be likely to preserve democracy in Europe. Does anybody doubt what will happen to democracy in Scandinavia, in Switzerland, in the Low Countries, if Hitler wins? We know, in America, that if the Allies win there is some hope of a decent peace and that if the Germans win there is none.

It may be argued that we have no interest in the future of Europe. Aren't we safe no matter what happens? For the present we probably are: the North Atlantic is still pretty broad. But the South Atlantic is not so broad, and there are Allied possessions in western Africa from which, if they fell into the hands of a more aggressive power, it would be easy to organize an attack on South America.

Most isolationists believe in hemisphere defense; men who insist that the fate of Europe is no concern of ours stand firm as a rock for the Monroe Doctrine. But the reason that doctrine became effective in the first place was that it had the backing of the British navy. The unexpressed major premise of Amer-

ican foreign policy for 120 years has been the confidence that, in case of a threat to Latin America by any other European power, the British navy would be at least benevolently neutral.

Last January Admiral Stark told Congress that the navy had to consider all possibilities — including destruction of the British fleet. So the people who say we have no interest in this war are mistaken. Whether future Europe is civilized or barbarous, democratic or totalitarian, may be no concern of ours (though I doubt it); but, if the British navy were destroyed or fell into other hands, we might have to spend billions of dollars on warships to do for us what it has done by its mere existence.

The British, French and Dutch empires are static. But Nazi "dynamism" which knows no stopping place — or at least has found none yet — means a world in perpetual uproar. Already we know that the Germans have ambitions in South America. From the purely selfish standpoint, would we prefer a Europe which seems likely to let America alone, or a Europe whose resources are all under the control of a "dynamic" group of world revolutionaries?

"The future world," said President Roosevelt in his message to Congress on January 3, "will be a shabby and dangerous place to live in — yes, even for Americans to live in — if it is ruled by force in the hands of a few." You know what he

meant as well as I do; and if you say he is wrong, you must shut your eyes to most of the evidence, must say that black is white, because to recognize it as black would mean giving up some soft and comfortable illusions.

This is not an argument for American participation in the war, now or later; it is merely a suggestion that we ought to deduce our national policies from the available evidence.

But suppose the Germans win the war, or begin to win it. In that case, our policy would have to recognize that the world situation had completely changed, that some of the comfortable buttresses of our security had been pulled out from under us. If the British navy is defeated or seriously threatened with defeat, we had better think hard about what that will mean to purely American interests, and take whatever action might seem advisable to defend those interests. That certainly would not require complete participation in the war. We could look out for ourselves by action limited in scope — provided we had to do anything at all. We fought a limited undeclared war with France in 1798 to protect our own interests, as a sideshow to a world war in which we had no part; we could do that again if we had to. That any American interest would be served by again sending an army to Europe seems to me inconceivable; the Europeans do not seem to

know what to do with the armies they have in the field now. But thanks to the accidents of economics and sea power, we are already giving considerable material help to the Allies; and there is no evidence that the majority of Americans object.

To say that it makes a considerable difference to selfish American interests which side comes out on top — and still to argue that we ought to keep out if we can — may be poor logic but it is sound politics. Nobody else goes crusading for another nation, and we need not expect that our national interests will be defended (except accidentally) by anybody but ourselves. To sit tight; to keep out of this war so long as it keeps out of us; to do any fighting that we may be forced to do, but only for the protection of American interests — that seems to me a sane national policy.

Meanwhile, as Freda Kirchwey wrote in *The Nation* on January 13,

"American involvement is less likely if continued large-scale material help is sent to the Allied countries. The best chance for preserving American neutrality lies in a quick victory for the Western powers. A long war will increase the demand for a vindictive peace. Only the early collapse of Hitler's power offers promise of the kind of settlement the world needs."

I believe every word of that. To those who say we ought to be in there now helping to bring about that collapse I can only reply that the material supplies which we are now sending to the Allies are what they need now; that anything else, at present, would accomplish no good at all commensurate with its cost. To those who say that we must shun involvement no matter what happens I reply that whenever direct American interests are threatened we are damned fools if we leave defense of those interests to Providence.



A Problem in Addition

(Don't look at bottom of page 40 until you've solved it)

THREE MEN, asking to share a hotel room, are told by the bellboy that the rate is \$30, payable in advance since they are without luggage. Each gives him a \$10 bill. When the boy goes to the desk he is told the room costs only \$25, and the cashier gives him five one-dollar bills in change. The bellhop, knowing the guests were willing to pay \$30, keeps \$2 for himself and refunds \$1 to each man. Each of the three has paid out \$9, which amounts to \$27; and the boy has retained \$2: total \$29.

What has become of the other dollar?

At last, a white flour with all the health-giving vitamins of whole wheat

New Strength for the Staff of Life

Condensed from Your Life

Weldon Melick

OUT IN Morris, Illinois, a little flour mill is today producing the kind of flour that milling engineers despaired of achieving after spending millions on research over half a century—a creamy white flour with the nutritive values of whole wheat. Although it contains the life-giving embryo of the plant—the vitamin-packed wheat germ excluded from ordinary white flour because it causes rancidity—Morris Mills flour not only keeps sweet but is weevil-resistant and retains its baking strength through years of storage.

So important is this superior flour to armies and rationed civilians that Hitler and Stalin have sent agents to confer with 42-year-old Daniel Hedges Brown, former Chicago newspaper executive, who holds all rights on the process. Representatives from Italy, England, Sweden, Switzerland, South Africa, and South America are also considering contracts.

In this country, the small Illinois mill is supplying a dozen large bakeries and chains. Two wholesale bakeries' white bread sales in test cities jumped 50 percent in

three weeks after they switched to the new flour. In New York one restaurant chain has changed its policy of sponsoring no white bread in its bakeshops, and is revising other recipes to use germ flour. Large milling interests are eyeing the excitement, wondering whether to ignore the development or to start paying royalties to Brown, who acquired the Morris Mill after the accidental discovery that it *was* milling wheat-germ flour without meaning to do so.

The birthplace of this new white flour was an abandoned brewery, converted into a flour mill when Prohibition came. Its powerful aeration system was out of all proportion to the requirements of a small mill. This mistake was discovered before the system was hooked up, and no attempt was made to use its full potentialities. During a reconditioning in 1930, Mill Superintendent Edward J. Miller and his son Edgar decided to use the latent equipment to clean the flour more thoroughly—by forcing continuous breezes through the grist.

When this new system was put

into operation the superintendent couldn't find the wheat germ when he examined the grist streams. Being oily, the germ ordinarily would be flattened out in one piece as it passed through the rollers and be screened out with the bran and shorts. But it wasn't in these by-product stock feeds where it belonged. Microscopic inspection of the flour made his heart sink. The cold-air treatment had kept the rollers and the grist so cool that the germ remained brittle, pulverizing and sifting into the starchy white flour. This meant ruin. The new equipment had failed. Everyone knew you must keep wheat germ out or your flour would spoil. The plant was closed down.

Later, though, Miller discovered that the freak flour had inexplicably not turned rancid. Col. Harry L. Goodwin, Sr., president of the mill at that juncture, was the first to realize that Miller had stumbled on something momentous. More flour was milled and an effort made to sell it, but the claims were laughed at as preposterous.

To understand the significance of this technical accident, glance back over 70 years of milling history. When the Hungarian Helfenberger revolutionized white-flour milling with mass production high-speed steel rollers, he wasn't able to salvage quite as much flour from the grain as had the slower stone-grinding method. As the wheat was gradually crushed between several

pairs of the high-speed rollers, each successive pair adjusted to squeeze the grains a little more, frictional heat activated the oil in a grayish speck at the base of each kernel about the size of a pinhead. This speck softened and went through the rollers whole, instead of powdering. And when the loosened flour was sifted after being milled that three percent of the wheat kernel was strained out.

The speck thus sacrificed to industrial progress was the richest known source of thiamin, or Vitamin B₁, without which we would stop growing, lose weight, appetite, muscle control, mental efficiency and hearing. Excepting yeast, wheat germ is the best source of Vitamin G, essential to the breathing of all tissues. Not to mention some ten other members of the Vitamin B complex which the wheat germ contains. That's the concentrated health capsule we've been throwing to the hogs all these years. The part we saved for ourselves is comparatively devoid of vitamins.

For many years no one complained about this. In fact, housewives were delighted with the new flour — its ghostly whiteness suggested purity, and it kept full baking potency six to nine months. As we grew more vitamin-conscious, tests were made to show that the best of the wheat was being lost. Rats were fed on white and whole-wheat flours, the whole-wheat gourmands developing chinchilla coats

and plutocratic paunches, and the white-flour regiment dying like flies.

When mill owners discovered this, they began to sell the wheat germ to pharmaceutical houses. In two years the vitamin preparation business jumped from tenth to second place in the drug business — exceeded now only by cold remedies and laxatives. Wheat germ was even used to “fortify” graham crackers, cereals and other foods. Meanwhile our per capita consumption of flour has fallen off in 35 years from 210 pounds to 152.

Under pressure of nutrition groups and decreasing flour sales, millers made expensive attempts to salvage the wheat-germ vitamins. Daniel T. Hedges, owner of a string of flour mills, was one of the experimenters. But he was unable to develop a flour that would retain the germ and not turn rancid in storage. “If a process for making good white flour is ever found,” he used to say, “almost every human being will benefit.”

When Daniel Hedges Brown heard in 1935 about the bizarre failure of the mill in Illinois, he recalled those words of his grandfather, and excitedly hurried to the spot. He found the old mill gathering dust. He learned that the operators, unable to sell the last flour milled, had stored it in a Chicago warehouse. Brown loaded up a room in his apartment with this flour and waited. The flour didn’t turn ran-

cid. Tests showed it contained wheat germ and made good bread.

He leased the mill with a purchase option, organized a company, and bought up all rights to the processes. His first flour was milled in 1936. It contained some but not all of the wheat germ. Two more years of experiment were necessary to adapt the aeration system to its new purpose.

Apparently the new process stabilizes the germ oil in a way that it keeps indefinitely. The first germ flour is now four years old, but it makes just as good bread as yesterday’s grind. The new bread is creamy white.

Brown prefers to license his process to existing mills rather than to compete with them by building new mills. He will charge five cents a barrel for use of his method, and has assigned 20 percent of the U. S. royalty income to his alma mater, the University of Chicago, with the stipulation that part must be granted in annual scholarships to members of 4-H Clubs and descendants of American Legion members.

European mills will probably take to the new process more quickly than our own. The Japanese are actively after Brown’s methods. France recently passed a law requiring a high germ content in all wheat flour. Mexico’s public health department has requested the government to buy rights to the Morris Mills method and make its use compulsory.

The big U. S. mills have stated they will furnish wheat-germ flour as soon as there is sufficient public demand. Advertising agencies are hounding them to fall in line and give the copy writers the first decent chance they've ever had to say something good about white bread. Half a billion pounds a year of nature's best health insurance

can be restored to our diets at no cost to the consumer. As Dr. Walter H. Eddy, biochemist of Columbia University, reported to U. S. Surgeon General Thomas Parran, putting B₁ and G in a natural carrier where everyone, including the poor, will get them, will be a foolproof guarantee against deficiency of these all-important elements.



Table Talk

❏ SELF-HEATING canned goods are now on the market. When a false bottom is punctured, air combines with special chemicals and produces sufficient heat to warm the contents.

— Clifford Parcher in *This Week Magazine*

❏ "COLD" is also now sold in cans. Mix small amounts of powders from two cans, add water, and you have a chemical cold that can be used to chill food, bottled drinks, or to fill icebags. Canned cold produces temperatures down to 15 degrees below the freezing point of water.

— *Popular Science*

❏ A LIQUID garlic extract, which retains the garlic flavor but has no odor, is advertised with the slogan: *Breath Takes a Holiday*.

— *Barron's*

❏ To ADD a distinctive and spicy flavor to chicken, duck and rabbit meat, Dr. Gauducheau of France has introduced "intrasauces," which are injected into the hearts of the animals. Once in the blood stream, the tomato, mustard, tarragon or pimento circulates quickly and flavors the meat.

— *Capper's Farmer*

❏ WINE-FLAVORED MELONS are the invention of Samuel Untermeyer, famous New York lawyer. An absorbent-cotton wick is run from a bottle of port, cognac, etc., to an incision in the stem of a ripening honeydew melon, and sealed to it with grafting wax and cellophane, so that none of the flavor is lost.

— *Baltimore Sun*

[An American's eyewitness account of the calculated Nazi savagery against Polish civilians

The Last Days of Warsaw

Condensed from "Siege"

Julien Bryan

Well-known American photographer

+

AT ONE O'CLOCK in the morning of September 7, 1939, our train, the last to enter Warsaw, drew up at the East Warsaw station in inky darkness. No taxis were available, because all had been commandeered by the army; but one lone droszky was discovered which carried me, with several Polish friends, to the Hotel Europejski.

I had supposed the hotel would be crowded with newspaper correspondents, but rooms were ominously plentiful. I could have a large room with bath. How much? The clerk shrugged, named a price, but seemed little interested in money. I have not yet paid my hotel bill in Warsaw.

I learned next morning that the Polish government had already been removed from the city, and that all correspondents and motion-picture and press photographers had left also. Now, it appeared, there was no way of getting out. Here was a photographer's dream come true. I was in a city which was facing perhaps the worst siege in modern history. I would be able to record these events without competition. I had the siege of Warsaw to

myself. But I wasn't too happy about it.

As I was soon to learn, Stefan Starzynski, mayor of Warsaw and civilian commander of the town, to whom I applied for permission to make photographs, was the hero of the siege. His name will be spoken with patriotic pride as long as there are Poles in the world. He received me cordially and said, in quiet tones: "The rest of us must stay, but you — you must finally get out with your pictures so that the world may know what has happened here."

During the terrible days that followed, I never once saw Mayor Starzynski upset. Once I was in his office when two bombs landed barely 30 yards away. The building shook as in an earthquake. Then it was deathly quiet. Starzynski's only comment was that I should not expose myself at the window. But for two weeks he himself never left that often-bombed building. Daily he kept the radio going, broadcasting brave words of encouragement, assuring the people that even with the government gone they still had leadership.

Copyright 1940, Julien Bryan, "Siege" is principally a book of photographs of devastated Warsaw, to be published in April at \$2.75 by Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York City. 27

Starzynski got a car for my use — with a guide and an interpreter — and we proceeded first to a great Catholic hospital which had just been bombed. Five bombs had landed, each making a crater from 30 to 35 feet in diameter. The hospital was in terrible confusion: the whole west end of the building had been shot away, and you felt as if you were in a doll's house, with all three floors nicely exposed to the sunlight. Everywhere the beds were covered with plaster, and windows were broken. In the surgery a great overhead reflector dangled lopsidedly, and the operating table was covered with plaster.

The next day I was on the scene shortly after a direct hit had been scored on a modern five-story building. By the time I arrived they had found the bodies of 14 women and children. Bodies are not pleasant sights under any circumstances. When they are of young women, torn to pieces by bombs, sometimes without heads or arms or legs, they are horrible to behold. This was sheer horror. But I was making a historical record of what happens in modern war. People might not believe my words. Everyone would believe my pictures.

I was impressed with Warsaw's will to survive. In the cellar of a maternity hospital which I visited were 50 young women who had suffered all the pangs of labor under heavy bombing and shelling, sometimes to have their newborn babies

struck by shrapnel or broken glass. Yet somehow, no matter how terrible the suffering, these young mothers had found the strength to endure.

One day as we drove by a small field at the edge of town we were just a few minutes too late to witness a tragic event. Seven women, desperate for food, had been digging potatoes in a field. Suddenly two German planes appeared from nowhere and dropped bombs on a small home 200 yards away. Two women in the house were killed. The potato diggers dropped flat on the ground, hoping to pass unnoticed. But the Nazi fliers were not satisfied. In a few minutes they returned, raked the field with machine-gun fire, killed two of these seven women.

While I was photographing the bodies, a little girl came running up and stood transfixed beside one of the dead women, her older sister.

"Oh, my beautiful sister," she wailed. "What have they done to you?" Then after a few seconds: "Please talk to me. Please, oh, please! What will become of me without you?"

The child looked at us in bewilderment. I threw my arm about her and held her tightly, trying to comfort her. She cried. And so did I and the two Polish officers who were with me. What could we or anyone else say to this child?

Even with such evidence before me, I found it hard to believe that

this ruthlessness against civilians was planned, but afterward I talked to many peasants, refugees and finally with American citizens who had been machine-gunned from a height of no more than 100 feet.

In making photographs, I came upon an old woman standing before what had been her home. It was in ashes, and a teakettle was still steaming on the remains of the stove. But the heat came, not from the stove, but from the burning building. The bare skeleton of her iron bedstead stood a few feet away. She was dazed and kept poking about in the glowing ashes, looking for something; I doubt if she knew what. Another woman over 70 had rescued two silver spoons and a pair of scissors. She stood there uncomprehending. This was all she had left. Near by a little boy of seven was playing with his football. Whole families were gathered in a courtyard still hot from the fire, collecting their few pathetic belongings — a picture of the Virgin; a tin basin filled with cabbages; bedclothes. They all saved their bedclothes. How else could they survive?

A mother was sitting on the ground peeling potatoes. A girl of 17 had found a mirror and was primping beside the ruins of her home. Two little boys were reading a Polish edition of a Mickey Mouse Sunday colored supplement. Fourteen dead horses were lying in the street. Volunteer brigades were coming to cover them with lime. Twenty feet

from the horses lay ten dead people. They had taken shelter in a cellar. All ten had been killed. A boy was walking dazedly back and forth carrying the one possession he had found — a canary in its cage.

In one area which had suffered a particularly violent bombing, not one home was left standing. Wherever one looked there were hundreds of people on foot, on bicycles, pushing wheelbarrows and baby carriages loaded down with their bedding and a little food. They went in all directions — north, south, east and west. Homeless, they had to find shelter somewhere. Each night at 5:30 the Nazis sent over more bombers and each morning a whole new section of the city was destroyed. So the homeless wanderers went, not always wisely, to another part of town where they hoped to be taken in; poor and rich mixed together. Money no longer had any meaning.

At first we had only bombs to worry about, but September 13 the German artillery was within range of the heart of the city. Aviators gave the exact range to the artillery who trained their guns up and down the main streets. The shells were timed to explode in the air, the fragments killing or wounding everything in their path below.

The really heavy shelling started about the 17th of September. From 10,000 to 30,000 shells was Warsaw's daily punishment, and from then on it was always dangerous to

walked the open. Even the air-raid safety squads had to abandon their efforts. In fact, at the end even the air-raid alarms were discontinued — our only signal of coming danger was the radio.

The worst shelling was at night. Hundreds of bodies were found in the streets each morning. They were usually buried near where they had fallen — in a little grass strip by the sidewalk in a private yard, or in the nearest park. Each day the shelling increased as more guns were added. Toward the end the shellfire was so intense that practically no building in Warsaw had glass left in any window.

While standing in the garden at the American embassy, I saw a German plane shot down directly overhead by anti-aircraft. Luckily I had my camera with me and got the picture of the German plane descending in flames.

We rushed to the spot and found the smoking ruins of the big bomber. The crew of four had been instantly killed. As a human being with decent instincts, I suppose that I should have been sickened by the sight of that plane falling with its human cargo. But I joined with two other Americans there at the embassy in yelling and cheering. We had forgotten the families of those fliers back in Germany. We knew only that they represented a government that for three weeks had been coldly killing helpless people. We were glad they were dead.

That is what war does to you.

On the night of September 16, which was Jewish New Year's, the German planes came with incendiary bombs and set fire to the old Jewish quarter of the city. For three hours, with cinders in our eyes and with walls falling around us, we watched the appalling sight of 20 square blocks razed to the ground. Thousands were made homeless that night; there was not even time to rescue the wounded or to remove the bodies. Perhaps the old Jewish quarter was an important military objective.

A strange aspect of life was that the siege of Warsaw was a commuter's war. The front lines were at the edge of the city. Soldiers kept coming back from the front each day to share their food with their families, or at least to make sure their families were provided for. Losses among civilians were greater than among soldiers, and often it was not so much a question of a husband returning alive from battle as of the family remaining alive at home.

As time went on, the danger increased, and it was no longer easy to think of myself as only a spectator to all this tragedy. On September 15 the Poles asked me to broadcast on the Warsaw station. Our consular agents feared that by showing myself as partisan I might increase the difficulty for *all* Americans; but I don't know how I could decently have refused the request

of Polish officials for that ten-minute broadcast in English in the hope of getting word to the outside world of the situation in Warsaw as seen by a neutral observer.

During the ten minutes I was on the radio at the broadcasting station the building was bombed constantly, as it had been for days. One shell hit the building while I was talking. I was very glad to leave. After that experience I was all the more impressed with the courage of those who stayed there, not a mere ten minutes as in my case, but hour after hour, day and night, as did the men and women at the telephone exchanges.

One day I had a chance to take pictures of a score or more of young German prisoners. I repeatedly asked them why they, as German soldiers, were inflicting such terrible tortures upon the Polish people. They answered as one, "*Wir müssen*" — "We must!" All said they had no idea that there would be war; they had simply been ordered out for maneuvers and then found themselves on Polish soil. None of the 20 had the slightest idea that England and France had declared war 14 days before.

For several days we had been hearing rumors: a great fleet of British and French planes were coming to turn the tide; uprisings in Germany would soon stop the war, and so on. The most fantastic of all was that there would be a truce to permit citizens of neutral

countries to get away. The idea that the German army which had been sparing no one would now call a halt for the benefit of a few hundred neutrals was too much for credulity. Yet this was the rumor that *was* true.

The word came over the radio on September 21 that for three hours between two and five o'clock hostilities would cease and all foreigners with passports from neutral countries would be evacuated. We met at the Hotel Bristol. On the way there I saw German planes overhead dropping circulars. In badly phrased Polish, the message was:

"Poles, give up. If you do not do this at once, we will be obliged to bomb you from the air and to shell you with artillery."

That was too much for the Poles' sense of humor. They read the messages and laughed aloud.

Some 1200 of us, comprising 30 nationalities, were assembled in trucks and cars. We started at 4:30, over the Vistula and through ruined residential sections, where acres of workers' homes were burned to the ground. Beyond was No Man's Land. We started across on foot. There were tears in our eyes as we shook hands with Polish soldiers in the front lines. At last we could distinguish German soldiers in the distance. As we came closer, young men in new gray uniforms came out with broad smiles to meet the refugees. I saw one soldier take charge

In Poland Today

Excerpt from Life

(February 26, 1940)

WARSAW today is one vast city dump, crawling with the starving, hopeless and diseased. For every Pole caught with a weapon, according to official German policy, ten Poles are still being executed. For every "murder" of a German Pole (rated a traitor by the Poles), 100 Poles are executed. Men and women are driven to the public squares to watch the executions. A few face the firing squads with the proud boast, "Poland is not yet lost!"

Typhoid is raging. There is no coal. German soldiers coming from Poland speak of it with horror, of "the graveyard atmosphere, the dumb submission of the peasants, the inextinguishable hatred gleaming from the eyes of the executed leaders."

The disgusted German Army handed the ugly job over to Heinrich Himmler's Death's Head Brigade of the SS. Civil prisoners are given from 60 to 120 blows every few days with truncheons. Priests are forbidden to give absolution to those condemned to die. The art works of Warsaw and Cracow are being sent to Germany.

Thus are the German victors carrying out the destruction of conquered Poland.

motion-picture photographers on hand to record the event.

At our hotel in Konigsberg we were kept more or less under guard, but I did get out to a barbershop for a much-needed shave. I couldn't resist asking the barber why Germany had attacked Poland. Quite soberly he replied: "My friend, you do not understand. We never attacked Poland. The brutal Poles repeatedly attacked us, and we were forced to defend ourselves."

Later I went to a motion-picture theater. A newsreel showed the devastation of Poland. The Nazis were evidently very proud of their conquest. But here was an interesting thing: though the showing of the war pictures continued for half an hour, not once was there a sound of applause. Even when Hitler was shown at the front, fraternizing with his

of a baby; others politely picked up suitcases and several offered their coats to women. It was all smiles, courtesy and chivalry. Having shelled and bombed us for weeks, now they carried our grips, patted babies. The army officials must have been much impressed, however, by their own kindness, for they had

soldiers, there was not a cheer. To be sure, they saw their victorious troops marching into Poland. But they also saw in the background the burning and ruined villages of Poland and the sad, frightened faces of the Polish refugees. It was powerful antiwar propaganda. The Nazi censor had failed to see that.

¶ A great law teacher who brings
to the Supreme Court a philosophy
grounded on a relish for living

The Significance of Mr. Justice Frankfurter

Condensed from *Life*

Archibald MacLeish

Librarian of Congress, poet, author of "Conquistador," "Public Speech," etc.

PEOPLE who like to pick up things by handles have no trouble putting Associate Justice Felix Frankfurter where he belongs. He is the scholar-on-the-bench, the Harvard Law School professor who was appointed to the Supreme Court seat formerly occupied by the scholarly Mr. Justice Cardozo and before that by that prince of scholars, Mr. Justice Holmes.

It is an interesting simplification but it misses one fact. It misses Felix Frankfurter. Felix Frankfurter is an excellent scholar but the key to his quality as a judge and his influence on the country is not his scholarship but his appetite for life. He is that rarest of God's creatures, a simon-pure intellectual with a limitless relish for living in a human world. He is a learned man of books—a man who reads in automobiles and at lunch and at night late and on sidewalks walking—who also loves the fat stews and the wifely breads and the honest cheeses and the common wines of Austrian cooking. He is a scholar of long isolated

hours and brief sleep and laborious practice who nevertheless loves human talk and human touch as few men living love them.

Frankfurter loves talk because *he* loves to talk. He himself tells a story of a Sunday morning breakfast at the big house in Virginia where there were 30 or 40 guests, and the talk was loud—so loud that Frankfurter's clerk apologized for it.

"Jedge," he said—the Justice is "jedge" to the law clerks—"Jedge, is there too much noise to suit you?"

"Too much noise!" snorted the Justice. "How could there be too much noise? Have you ever heard me complaining about noise?"

"No," said the Kentuckian. "But Jedge! This is other fellers' noise!"

But to do him justice, the jedge minds other fellers' noise no more than he minds his own. Where the traditional intellectual avoids men in masses, this outward-turning scholar hunts men out. He loves the touch of people. He stands near them when he talks, catching them by the arm. He turns the talk of

two or three at one end of a self-conscious dinner into a drama of the whole table in which self-consciousness is lost. He moves quickly and precisely from one place to another in a crowded room and suddenly the room is drawn together. He shouts with laughter in a stilted formal silence and the silence comes alive. He writes innumerable letters of one line, two lines, three — "Have you read this?" — "Did you see that?" — "Yesterday I was thinking . . ." He calls by telephone at all distances and talks endlessly to all hours.

It is the love of talk, the love of people, the love of living which explains his relationship with his time. It is not paradoxical but quite precise to say that Mr. Justice Frankfurter's theories of the Constitution are theories which derive more directly from his relish for life than from the teachings of his two great masters in the law, Mr. Justice Brandeis and Mr. Justice Holmes. Frankfurter's passion for constitutional flexibility, constitutional accommodation to the needs of live men's lives, is the reflection of a temperamental and instinctive faith in common humanity. Few men of any profession, intellectual or other, have believed in the people more passionately than Frankfurter believes in them: no American of comparable intellectual stature has believed in them as much.

His friends are everywhere and of every kind — Tories and radicals, scientists and clerics, artists and politicians — Sidney Hillman, Dr. Simon Flexner, Henry L. Stimson, Al Smith, Beneš, Lothian, Albert Einstein. Some are famous; some are not. It makes no difference. Frankfurter will devote as much time to a tailor with a tailor's talk about his fellow men as to a venerable statesman with a statesman's secrets.

The influence upon a man's life of such an appetite for living and people is not difficult to conceive. A private world would never be large enough. From the beginning of Frankfurter's career he has served a public master.

Frankfurter first tasted public life at the age of 20 when he took a civil service job to earn money enough to go to Harvard Law School. Before that his life had been divided between Vienna, where he was born in 1882, and New York to which he came, with no word of English, in 1894. Eight years later he had graduated from the College of the City of New York at the top of his class. And a year after that he went on to Cambridge and graduated as an editor of the *Law Review*, the school's ultimate distinction. There followed two months of private practice, and some 12 years largely devoted to the public service and culminating, under President Wilson, as Chairman of the War Labor Policies Board,

one of whose members was a distinguished young Assistant Secretary of the Navy named Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Thereafter, Frankfurter returned to the Harvard Law School and made himself the ablest teacher of his generation.

There was one thing only he wanted to do. He wanted to inhabit the public world, but on human terms. And there was no way of doing that which compared with his professorship in the Harvard Law School. For one thing, he was perhaps the country's most eminent authority on administrative law. Republican and Democratic administrations brought him their governmental problems. They also turned to his law classes increasingly for their bright young men. As Frankfurter's reputation as a public adviser increased, following the election of his friend, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and as his influence in Washington spread through the number of his former students there, columnists wrote insinuating articles in which his name appeared. General Hugh S. Johnson called him "the most influential single individual in the United States" — implying that his influence was somehow dubious or improper. Other columnists followed suit. Tom Corcoran, a former student of Frankfurter's who had gone to Washington in Hoover's time to work for Eugene Meyer and had stayed on under Roosevelt as counsel in the RFC, was made a

symbol of the undefined conspiracy.

Stripped of innuendo, Frankfurter's crime seems to have been the crime of persuading brilliant law-school students, most of whom had gone to Harvard to learn to steer a wealthy client through his tax returns, or to direct a corporate reorganization, to devote themselves instead to the public service in a country which desperately needs the public service of its best young men.

Certainly it is a crime to which Frankfurter would plead guilty. And for reasons which go to the heart of his political and constitutional convictions.

Frankfurter's convictions are the convictions of a man who believes in human society and its possible richness. They are, therefore, the convictions of a man who believes that public service is the greatest of careers and that it demands the first abilities. "Government," said Frankfurter in New Haven in 1930, "is one of the subtlest of the arts. It is neither business, nor technology, nor applied science. It is the art of making men live together in peace and with reasonable happiness." Again, he said, "In a democracy, politics is a process of popular education — the task of adjusting the conflicting interests of diverse groups and bending the hostility and suspicion and ignorance engendered by group interests toward mutual understanding."

It requires no particular scholar-

ship to translate these political convictions into constitutional terms and to derive the constitutional position which now gives national importance to Frankfurter's thinking. A judge who believes that the instruments of governing are instruments, not ends, must believe that a constitution also is an instrument and not an end. A man who believes in the people and who has faith in the processes of human life must believe also that a constitution is a device for living, a device for giving orderly and decent scope to the decent and orderly requirements of a changing world.

In his first year on the bench, no issue before the Court has compelled the Justice to announce in formal terms so fundamental a conviction. But in several decisions he has given intimation of a position of considerable importance to the time. It has to do with a possible difference in the attitude of the Supreme Court toward government "interference" in the economic field on the one hand and government "interference" in the field of civil liberties on the other. He has indicated his faith in administrative regulation as opposed to judicial supervision in the con-

trol of economic forces. And he has refused to tolerate, even indirectly, government interference with a civil right.

This distinction has considerable significance. There are many who believe that the question which history presents to us is the question whether our existing economic system can be changed over into a workable and socially effective system without authoritarian forms of government. The distinction emphasized by Justice Frankfurter has an immediate bearing on this question. For if the Supreme Court can permit the legislatures of the states and of the United States the broadest freedom in economic measures while sharply rejecting all attempts to curtail civil liberties, the corner may be turned.

Whether or not Felix Frankfurter will take his place among the greatest of American judges it is not for his contemporaries to say. But this much we may surmise: that the country now needs, as it has never needed before, intellectual leadership built upon just such a love of living men and just such a faith in a people's government as Felix Frankfurter has had, and lived by, for 57 years.



Human Nature: The vicar was trying to encourage an apprehensive woman parishioner. "Perhaps London won't be bombed at all," he said.

"What!" she protested indignantly. "After all the expense we've been put to!"

—Peterborough in *Daily Telegraph* (London)

¶ What consumers and retailers alike can learn, from a group of eastern farmers, about better goods for less money

When 125,000 Buyers Coöperate

Condensed from The Forum

Webb Waldron

"WHAT SHALL I sow on that lot south of the barn?" asks the man in the battered hat.

"Let's see," says the storekeeper; "you're running about 20 cows, aren't you, Mr. Burritt? You limed that field last fall. It ought to be in good shape for alfalfa. You need alfalfa. It'll cut your feed bill."

"I'm going to dose my fields with double-strength fertilizer this year," the next customer announces.

"Oh, I'd go slow on that," says the store manager.

"But look at Perkins!" retorts the farmer. "He's been doing it, and last year he dug 35,000 bushels of potatoes!"

"Your land is different," says the store manager, and diplomatically he argues the man out of his notion. Later he explains to me: "That man isn't a good enough farmer to grow potatoes intensively. I could sell him a big bill of double-strength fertilizer, but he wouldn't get half the value out of it."

Another man enters the store. "Think I'll plant five acres to husking corn," he begins.

"What five acres are you going to use?" interrupts the storekeeper.

"That piece 'cross the creek from the house."

The storekeeper, a husky young fellow in his late 20's, shoves his hat back and squints, evidently visualizing the land in question.

"Listen," he ventures, after a moment. "I think that lot's too wet for husking corn. Why not —"

I loitered there, fascinated. This was a new kind of merchandizing. The storekeeper seemed to know all about each customer, his land, his stock, his finances. The men who came in took his advice for the most part, despite the fact that most of them were a good deal older than he. Most surprisingly, the advice often meant the sale of a smaller quantity of goods, or goods at a lower price, or no sale at all.

This is one of the 150 retail stores of the G.L.F. Exchange, the most powerful business organization of farmers in existence. One hundred and twenty-five thousand farmers (in New York, New Jersey and northern Pennsylvania) have banded together to buy better. Better food

for land, beast and human. Better tools, insecticides, roofing, fences, paints, tires.

Pooling their buying power, these 125,000 farmers have stimulated manufacturers of farm supplies to produce better stuff at the same price — or less. They have themselves collectively become millers and manufacturers of feeds and fertilizers for their own use. Their organization is completely free of federal control, prospering without federal aid.

Twenty years ago the farmers of this rich dairy land were largely at the mercy of retail dealers who had to charge high prices because their retail methods were bad — inventories too big, turnover too slow, credit methods too sloppy. They were ignorant of the farmer's particular needs, and therefore he rarely got the right seed and fertilizer, or the correct feed for his stock. The G.L.F. was founded to correct this situation. Sponsored by the Grange, the Dairymen's League and the Farm Bureau Federation, it takes from them the three initial letters by which it is everywhere known.

Today, buying seed and the ingredients for feed and fertilizer wholesale, the G.L.F. scientifically processes them at its mills in Buffalo, Albany and Baltimore, ships them to its stores and licensed dealers at the rate of 150 carloads a day.

Through its enormous buying power, the G.L.F. has stimulated

research among manufacturers all along the line — in truck tires, paints, wheelbarrows, shovels, milk coolers, fencing. For instance, roofing. A farmer has eight to ten times as much roofed-over area as the average city home-owner. Quick rusting of galvanized iron roofing was notorious. Working with the manufacturers, the G.L.F. has helped to develop a roofing using more zinc that will last 15 to 20 years longer, yet costs no more. Farmers individually knew that there was something wrong with their roofs, but were helpless. The G.L.F., 125,000 farmers acting collectively, found out what was amiss, and did something about it.

Formerly, feed dealers sold the farmers of the Northern States alfalfa seed from the South or from France that looked fine but got winter-killed. G.L.F. stimulated the growing of alfalfa in the Northwest and developed a strain that successfully resists northern cold.

In poultry feed, Vitamin G is essential. When dried milk, one of the chief sources, jumped from four cents to nine cents a pound, experiments financed by the G.L.F. showed that yeast was a perfect substitute and was more than twice as rich in Vitamin G. G.L.F. dealers are now selling this superior yeast substitute at 20 cents a bag less than the dried milk feed.

Arsenate of lead is an expensive factor in insecticides. Rotenone, found in the roots of certain tropi-

cal plants, is an effective substitute and has the advantage of being non-poisonous. Someone had obtained a patent controlling the use of rotenone in insecticides, exacting a royalty that raised the price unreasonably. G.L.F. combined with other organizations to break the patent, and then installed a \$22,000 machine to grind the roots. Now G.L.F. farmers save \$60 a ton on rotenone dusts for vegetables.

With headquarters just on the edge of Cornell University campus, the G.L.F. draws on that greatest of all agricultural schools for facts and guidance. Frequently it finances fellowships at Cornell, Penn State, and the New Jersey Agricultural College for research studies of soil, seed, fertilizer, animal care. Working with the Cornell home economics department to develop scientific formulas for flour, cereals, canned beans, etc., the G.L.F. is now assembling raw material from its own members, manufacturing it, packaging it, selling it back to them and to the general public at prices less than those for popular advertised brands. Last year the G.L.F. sold 3,500,000 lbs. of pancake flour alone.

The G.L.F. was organized in 1920. An energetic professor of marketing at Cornell University, H. E. Babcock, successfully headed a campaign to sell interested farmers \$5 shares in the new project. With cash thus raised, the G.L.F. set up the simple machinery of buying and distribution. It started out in a mod-

est way by buying feed, seed and fertilizers of approved quality, shipping them in carload lots to strategic points and selling them through the car door to the farmers of the neighborhood. Usually some farmer volunteered to act as distributor; later, established dealers were licensed to sell G.L.F. products.

Some retailers, wholesalers and manufacturers fought the upstart. Banks and chambers of commerce, tied in with them, joined the fight. Stories were spread that the G.L.F. was going bankrupt. But it pushed on, and in 1925 started a store of its own in Ithaca. Experience with this store showed clearly that, as a member of the G.L.F. rather than a dealer licensed by it, the store manager would not seek *to make a profit out of the farmer, but would act as an employe of the farmer who comes to him for guidance.*

Today there are 150 G.L.F. stores with managers who are mostly young agricultural college graduates, with an enthusiastic interest in farming, a genuine concern for the welfare of the customer. They are there not to sell the farmer something but to help him buy. There's a point in this for all retailers. To keep constantly up to date in agricultural knowledge, managers are required to attend once a year the G.L.F. School of Coöperation at Ithaca, their expenses paid.

The old-fashioned feed dealer's retailing costs were often 13 per cent of his sales. G.L.F. efficiency has

cut retailing costs to five percent. This has had a profound effect on retailing. In some cases independent retailers have been so perked up that they have cut their costs even lower. The G.L.F. management welcomes this, for it doesn't want a monopoly of the farm business. The live independent dealer is a guarantee that the G.L.F. will keep on its toes.

Following coöperative principles, the net margin over the cost of milling and retailing is paid back to the customer at the end of the year as a "dividend," a percentage of his purchases. Farmers tell me that their dividend more than pays their taxes. But more important than the dividend is the guidance the farmer gets from the storekeeper.

G.L.F. is a self-governing democracy. Any farmer who buys a share

of stock or \$100 worth of goods a year is a voting member. The members each year elect a board of directors, who choose the general manager.

Other coöperatives are doing many of the same things. Some of them — for instance the Southern States Coöperative of Richmond, Virginia — have closely modeled themselves on the G.L.F., particularly in the idea of a school for store managers.

At a time when it is widely said that the farmer has become the ward of government, has lost his initiative and seeks more help from Uncle Sam instead of less, this self-governing democracy of 125,000 farmers shows to a remarkable degree the virtues of independence and self-reliance. Above all, its achievement demonstrates the power of men when they work together.



ONE SUNNY May day in Central Park a blind man was seen tapping for attention with his cane and carrying on his chest a sign: "Help the Blind." No one paid much attention to him. A little farther on another blind beggar was doing better. Practically every passer-by put a coin in his cup, some even turning back to make their contribution. His sign said:

IT IS MAY — AND I AM BLIND!

—Walter A. Lowen

There Wasn't Any Other Dollar

THE BRAIN TWISTER on page 22 is deceptively stated. The \$27 paid by the three men *included* the \$2 kept by the dishonest bellboy. So his \$2 should be subtracted from the \$27, not added to it. That gives you \$25 kept by the cashier, plus \$2 kept by the bellboy, plus \$3 refund: \$30.

Ⓒ A revealing glimpse of the French army—
fighting boredom at the front

“They Defend Themselves”

Condensed from The New Yorker

A. J. Liebling

AT THE HOTEL in Nancy I could immediately distinguish the war correspondents because their uniforms were much more magnificent than those of the French military. A particularly tailored-looking uniform on a photographer for *Life* had the French officers gnawing their mustaches with envy. The most lavishly accoutered man I have seen in France turned out to be an employe of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Since I was trying to get by in riding pants and a vaguely brownish topcoat I was cheered by the costume of Mr. Browne of *The Christian Science Monitor* who had come to the war in tweeds. We decided to stick together and got permission to visit the Alsace front.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve we arrived at our designated station, where we were greeted by an officer with a square jaw and high Celtic cheekbones. “Lieutenant Sauvageon, aviation officer,” he announced as he saluted. With him was another officer who carried a bamboo cane and maintained a monocle in his right eye. Introducing him, Sauvageon said, “Captain

de Cholet is one of the few cavalrymen in our sector.” “I have a horse,” the Captain said, “but he is in Paris.”

They escorted us to a 1936 Citroën, at the wheel of which sat a soldier. His name was Siegfried. It was a standing joke with the Captain and the Lieutenant that Siegfried had constructed the Siegfried Line. After we had driven a while through a heavy mist the Captain said: “Evidently it is not a good day for observation. Moreover, we are distant from anything to observe. Therefore, Lieutenant, where can we buy a drink?” “Siegfried,” said the Lieutenant, “can you discover the mess of the balloonists?” After ten minutes of blind navigation Siegfried landed us in front of a shuttered tavern.

The taproom was decorated with a green tile stove, a Christmas tree, and enough antlers to fit out a small museum. At a heavy, bare table a half-dozen soldiers of the Balloon Corps sat with aniline-dyed *apéritifs*, wrangling over a card game. We ordered hot grog, and Browne asked one of the men if he had seen much of the war. It turned out that

he had actually been under fire. Twice Messerschmitts had come after his observation balloon. Both times the ground crew had pulled the bag down safely. Lieutenant Sauvageon said that several German planes had come down in the sector. "Curiously," he added, "three were undamaged. The pilots said they were air-sick. We reported them shot down because we did not want their families to have any trouble in Germany."

After we left the mess of the balloonists it got darker and darker. "It is now evidently quite impracticable even to try to observe," the Captain said, "so we will take you to the fort where you are to lodge tonight. It is an old German fort, one they built after they took Alsace from us. It is not a very good fort, but when we get there the Colonel will buy us a drink." Sauvageon added, "We picked this colonel specially for you because he is having a Christmas party and he will have the best oysters and *foie gras* in the sector, better even than the General."

The forts the Germans built after '71 have the pseudomedieval qualities of the armories in New York City. We entered by a wide, high portal and found ourselves in a place of echoing corridors and vaulted ceilings. It seemed to have been built by people who enjoyed playing soldier. Siegfried informed me we were only about five kilometers from the Rhine — no distance

at all for a normally robust cannon. "It would stand up to machine guns," he said, "but a heavy shell hitting squarely would go right through the roof to the powder vaults, where there isn't any powder now anyhow."

In the mess hall, there were two clusters of German lances on the wall, left behind by the Imperial Army when the French occupied Alsace. Captain de Cholet looked at them tenderly and said, "I left for the last war carrying a lance. I even managed once to stick a German with one, but later war ceased to be fresh and joyful." Sauvageon nodded sympathetically. Before long the Colonel walked in. He was tall, straight, and consciously prototypical. He wore a brown beret precariously balanced on the side of his head; his cheeks were old rose and his eyes cobalt blue; his long white mustaches descended in a powerful rhythmic sweep, like the horns of a musk ox. He was an excellent colonel, we had been informed; he had commanded heavy artillery 20 years ago. Between wars he was a banker in Paris.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel, "I welcome you to this humble barrack." A soldier then wheeled over a tea wagon holding about 20 bottles — the Colonel took an obvious pride in his gamut of alcohols; it proved he could "defend himself." The verb "*se défendre*" has acquired a broad meaning in the French Army. It signifies "get-

ting along." An officer pulls a pair of old socks over his shoes so that he will not slip on the ice; a private meets a stray hen and wrings her neck because otherwise she might fly into Germany; soldiers going on patrol in wooded parts of No Man's Land set rabbit snares so that on their way back, if they come back, they may pick up a tasty breakfast — all these expedients are part of the French concept of self-defense. It follows logically that a colonel must defend himself on a grander scale than a subordinate lest he lose face in this most reasonable of armies.

We sat down around a large mess table. Before the dinner could begin, the *popotier*, or mess officer, had to make a traditional address. He was a round, embarrassed little noncommissioned officer with bulging eyes. "My Colonel and gentlemen," he began, standing before his plate at the foot of the table, "I have the honor and the pleasure to announce to you that the menu tonight will consist of soup of leeks and potatoes (a few scattered shouts of "That's what we had the day before yesterday!"), tenderloin of beef (a cry of "Again he feeds us the infamous zebra!"), cauliflower au gratin ("O miserable *popotier* without imagination!"), salad, cheese, fruits and, as wine, Châteauneuf-du-Pape." "Thank you, *popotier*," the Colonel said solemnly, "provided only that the Châteauneuf is tolerable."

After an excellent dinner we descended to an unused powder vault which the soldiers had turned into a *salle de théâtre*. The walls had been painted to give a three-dimensional illusion of draperies, and at one end there was a curtain. A surgeon major said to me, "A Frenchman is a funny mechanism. He has a job, let us say, in a handbag factory. He is mobilized. You say to him, 'Fire a cannon.' He fires the cannon. 'Decorate a theater.' He decorates you a theater. 'A soup.' It's not bad, the soup. We are an adaptable people."

To one side of the curtain stood a great Christmas tree lighted with candles. An orchestra, made up of a violin, saxophone, and piano, played what most Europeans appear to think is the American anthem, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." There were about 200 soldiers in the vault, wearing long khaki overcoats that looked like horse blankets. "The regiment is not chic," the Colonel said, "but it is warm." The men were in a state of juvenile excitement. Life in evacuated Alsace becomes desperately monotonous, and an evening of amateur entertainment is a great event.

After a long overture, a master of ceremonies appeared in a Prince Albert coat. "Our first number," he announced, "will be a song by our Alsatian chorus — 'Rose des Landes.'" The chorus was made up of 11 artillerymen, each stand-

ing with feet wide apart and thumbs in his belt. "*Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot, Röslein auf der Heide,*" they sang. The officers and men applauded mightily. As an encore, the chorus sang, "*O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt.*" Then the choirmaster sang a folk song about the character of the Alsatian people. I remember only one line: "A donkey is no hummingbird." A blond Jewish captain from Strasbourg said to me, "That is the Alsatian situation in one line. We refuse to be what we are not. We hated the Germans because they forbade us to speak French, and we are patriotic Frenchmen because we are allowed to speak German."

After the last turn there was a rough-and-tumble drawing of Christmas presents. Then the Colonel made a speech. The merriest soldier was the best soldier, he said, but the poor, forlorn fellow on outpost duty on the bluffs rising from the Rhine must not be forgotten. He said he was sure every man there would gladly be killed rather than let the Boches pass. "It is very necessary for us to win this war," he added. I think everybody there agreed. "There will be a midnight Mass in our new chapel," he announced, "for those who care to attend. This is a free country." I noticed that almost everyone did go to chapel, including those who didn't cross themselves.

When the officers went back to the mess hall for supper they were

in high spirits because they felt that their men had enjoyed the entertainment. In this war an officer's hardest task is to keep his men from getting bored. Now the officers had a chance to enjoy themselves. There was slight irritation, however, when attendants served the consommé in soup plates. "There is a curse upon the mess!" grumbled the surgeon major. "No cups for the consommé!" After oysters and *foie gras de Strasbourg au Porto*, we all began to drink champagne.

We had been sitting at the table for some time when suddenly the Colonel shouted, "The battery departs! At a walk!" Immediately the officers began rapping their knuckles on the table, to produce the effect of horses walking. "At a trot!" the Colonel ordered. The tempo of the rapping increased. "At a gallop!" The rapping grew faster. "Halt!" There was a second of silence, and the Colonel shouted, "First gun — fire!" All the men brought their right fists crashing down on the table. "Second gun — fire!" "Third gun — fire!" "Fourth gun — fire!" After each "Fire!" the table took a sterner thump. After the fourth gun, the officers began to grin shyly, like small boys anticipating the point of a familiar joke. "Fifth gun!" ordered the Colonel. That was the cue for the senior captain to speak up, with considerable gravity. "There isn't any, my Colonel!" (There are only four guns in a French battery.) The

Colonel appeared dumbfounded. Then he recovered. "That doesn't matter!" he shouted. "Fire!" The officers hit the table with both fists. A glass broke, a bottle rolled onto the floor, one dignified-looking captain, overcome with laughter, fell on the neck of the surgeon major.

The party broke up at five in the morning. The only officer who seemed mildly unhappy was a thin-lipped captain, a transfer from the

regular army, who said to the Colonel doubtfully, "This is all very well, my Colonel, but it isn't really war." The Colonel, whose chest was covered with campaign ribbons and decorations from 1914-18, looked at the Captain steadily. "Sometime you may look back on this evening," he said, "and you will say, 'The days at the fort were the good ones.' What the devil! A fellow has to defend himself."



Turning Points — VI.

Bob Davis

Columnist on the N. Y. *Sun*; author of "Bob Davis Recalls," etc.

I GRADUATED into journalism in one night, thus: At 20, I arrived in San Francisco, fresh from Carson, Nevada, and got a job as compositor on the night shift of the *Examiner*. By day I prowled the metropolis, arriving the third afternoon at a baseball park where a game was in progress. It was the first regulation game I ever saw, and all Greek to me.

The first piece of copy handed to me that evening to put into type happened to be the story of that game. I set the first stick, which contained the names and positions of the players, then, wanting a little fresh air, opened a window. A vagrant breeze did the rest: out into the world flew seven sheets of manuscript.

For a moment I was stunned, then a great light broke: I had seen the game.

Why not tell the rest of the story in my own way? I launched into the weirdest description of a ball game ever yanked out of a Babbitt alphabet—six sticks of hick terminology of the back-lot diamond. Depositing my galley of type, without the usual manuscript, I signed off for the night.

The story appeared next morning just as I had wrenched it from my low receding brow. When the author of the lost manuscript saw my masterpiece, he asked for a printed denial of authorship. "This," he said, "is the lousiest description of a ball game ever written."

But the city editor awarded it a cash prize as a fine example of farcical baseball reporting. And I was invited to join the reportorial staff, an impression having got around that I was a humorist.

☞ America has the greatest treasure ever accumulated — but what to do with it?

Uncle Sam, Modern Midas

Condensed from Current History

S. F. Porter

Financial columnist, The New York Post

UNCLE SAM has the Midas touch. His food turns to gold — whenever he ships it abroad. So do the typewriters, the airplanes, the gasoline and the cotton we export. Just as fast as the Africans, and the Russians in Siberia, can dig gold out of the ground it comes to us. We bury it right back in the ground again. We cannot use the stuff any more than could Midas — and it may turn out to be almost as great a plague to us.

We have about \$18,000,000,000 in gold. This is four times as much as the Treasury owned a mere six years ago, the *increase* being more gold than all the world had been able to accumulate for monetary use in the 20 centuries preceding. It is 60 percent of all the known gold reserves in the world.

And we're going to get more. Probably for a long time most of the new-mined gold in the world will come straight to us. Because for every ounce of it that is offered, the U. S. Treasury will pay \$35. The "35" is important, but so is the "\$": we take gold and pay for it with what foreigners think is the safest money in the world.

The Treasury doesn't want any more gold. What to do? Refuse to buy any more? Reduce the price? Lend the gold to other nations? Put it back into circulation as coinage?

These are the solutions suggested, but every one of them has been considered and every one of them is futile. Yet if the government continues its present policy, it is probable we shall fairly soon have nearly all the gold in the world.

Let's see how we got hold of it. There was a depression. . . . In its blackest days, people were storming the banks, demanding gold for their money, and hiding the coins in coffee cans and safe-deposit boxes. It looked as if the dollar might presently have nothing behind it save the government's bare promise to pay. So we "went off the gold standard," which means that the government would no longer pay out gold for currency. Shipments of gold abroad were forbidden and possession of gold made unlawful. This stopped the drain on our gold reserves.

Then, still refusing to sell gold,

the Treasury began to buy the metal at higher and higher prices. When the price had been raised from the historic \$20.67 an ounce to \$35, the Treasury pegged it there.

The idea was to raise the prices of goods here at home, but to lower them abroad so that foreigners could afford to buy our exports. Just before we began bidding up the price of gold, the Britisher, for example, could get only \$3.20 worth of our goods for his pound. But when we announced that a dollar would be one thirty-fifth of an ounce of gold instead of about one twentieth, he could get \$5 worth of goods for a pound sterling. The Treasury fixed upon \$35 as the price of gold probably because this brought the pound, the money our best customer used, back to its traditional value in dollars.

Enthusiastic theoreticians had been sure that devaluing the dollar would restore prosperity almost overnight. It did nothing of the sort. Whether the move was nevertheless necessary because it staved off further collapse of prices in America and did help turn the corner will be debated by experts for years to come, as will also the question of whether the price we set on gold was too high. Those who think so are probably in the majority, but almost as many think that, with Europe again at war, the gold would have come here anyway, for safety, for buying war sup-

plies, for other reasons of trade whether we raised the price or not.

At any rate, repercussions of our policy were felt all over the world. The great South African companies began mining ores that were unprofitable before. Canada's story is much the same. Russian production climbed amazingly. And most of the new gold came here.

In addition to newly mined gold, frightened Europeans converted their assets into gold and shipped the metal here for safety. With gathering war clouds governments sold gold here for dollars and held the dollars ready for vast purchases of war supplies. There has even been gold coming out of India, from hoards untapped for centuries. And as the capstone, the farmers and manufacturers of America have sold abroad since 1934 commodities worth \$2,000,000,000 more than the total of goods we have imported, and that balance has been settled by shipping us gold.

All gold entering the country must be sold to the Treasury. Then it is usually sent straight off to Fort Knox, Kentucky, to swell the greatest treasure ever gathered together in one place in all the history of the world. Buried treasure. And dangerous.

Excessive gold stores have been known to explode into the unhealthiest of speculative booms. The gunpowder is cheap and abundant credit. The spark is the speculative fever. So far, the spark has

been lacking, but there never in all history was such a potential supply of bank credit. For the amount of money the banks can lend is in direct ratio to the gold reserve. On a gold base of some four billion dollars, we had the wild boom of the late '20's. What kind of show might we stage with a gold base of 18 billion dollars? True, the government has increased the reserves the banks must carry and inaugurated new laws which make it harder to speculate in stocks — harder, but not impossible.

Lurking always in the background, too, is the fear that sooner or later the gold stock may be used for a monetary inflation. It would be a way of cutting the annual deficit, and of avoiding the \$45,000,000,000 national debt limit. Simply issue currency against the gold. The law prescribes that the gold reserve behind our currency shall be 40 percent. At present, currency outstanding is some seven billions of dollars. Thus instead of our gold being 40 percent of our currency, our paper money is less than 40 percent of our gold. "Inflation" covered, say 100 percent, by gold, would be something new in the world and its consequences unpredictable.

In summary, then, we are exchanging our wheat and cotton and machinery for something we don't want, can't use and are afraid of. What's to be done?

I've interviewed the recognized

authorities. The bigger the man, the less sure he is of the answer. It has been suggested that we might stop the incoming flood by reducing the price we'll pay for gold. That would chalk up a staggering loss on the Treasury's present gold stock, but that might be disregarded as mere bookkeeping if the move would rectify the situation. The real terror to be faced is that it would probably send prices spiraling downward — dollar prices, that is — and touch off a new depression.

A second suggestion is that we might stop buying gold altogether. That would have all the bad effects of cutting the price, and a worse one on top of them, for there would be no common denominator in which to carry on international trade.

Whether on the gold standard or not, the value of the money of every country is measured against gold. The Brazilian who sells coffee to Rumania knows that so many Rumanian lei are worth a dollar, which is to say, one thirty-fifth of an ounce of gold, and a dollar in turn is worth so many Brazilian milreis. But if there is no international standard against which he can measure, he hasn't the faintest idea what price he is getting for his coffee. Moreover there is no mechanism for getting paid at all if the money of Rumania cannot be converted into Brazilian money through some gold currency. The only way

to carry on business under such conditions is through barter. Germany is the perfect illustration of a country with a money which has no ascertainable gold value. The result is that nobody outside Germany wants marks.

Since the dollar is now the only important monetary unit with fixed gold value, the whole financial world would be thrown into chaos were we to refuse to exchange the dollar for gold when gold is offered us.

"Put gold back into circulation," says another pundit. "Let us have gold coins again. The public will take billions of it away from the government vaults."

But the public could not possibly be expected to take — out of our buried \$18,000,000,000 — more than two or three billions to jingle in its pockets. Nor would this solution arrest continued gold imports or check additional production.

"Lend the gold," shouts an ever increasing group of politicians and economists. "Lend it to South America, to any country whose friendship and trade we desire. Then they'll be able to buy our goods."

But that doesn't get us very far. International debts can only be paid in trade or in gold. The nations that might be able to use the money to develop new wealth with which to pay up are few and small. And as any debtor who could not pay his debt in trade would simply

ship the gold back to us to meet his bills, this would leave us with the gold problem still on our hands and the borrower now owing us the amount of the loan.

In what we once called a "normal" world, gold flowed back and forth between nations with the rise and ebb of international trade. As gold holdings increased in any country, they normally caused a rise in prices. Rising prices made that country's goods expensive to foreign purchasers, and exports fell off. Presently, the country was importing more goods than it exported, and settled the balance by exporting gold. But it seems inconceivable that the present situation can cure itself in the traditional manner. Europe and Asia, when they emerge from war, will not be able for a long time to produce any great volume of goods to be sold to us for gold. It is even more unlikely that our farmers and our manufacturers would tolerate a flood of imports to compete with domestic products.

Is there an answer? More and more men are asking that question, and turning away with fear. Will it end in our having practically all the world's gold and nothing to do with it?

But this bogey that the other nations will declare gold no longer acceptable as money and leave us holding the bag is, I think, just a bogey. Dictators can outlaw gold in totalitarian states — within their own borders. But when they import

goods, they have to use gold or work out clumsy barter deals. Other states might try to declare gold a mere commodity, good only for filling teeth. But note carefully that the greatest producers of gold in the world are the British Empire and Russia. Great Britain will hardly demonetize gold when the move would ruin South Africa, deal a staggering blow to Canada. And money acceptable in the British Empire is very useful money, indeed, as all the South Americans and the small nations of Europe are sure to feel. For that matter, what substitute is possible?

The underlying truth is, of course, that the gold problem is a symptom, not a disease. The problem is a sick world. Restore peace, prosperity and trade, and the gold problem will cure itself. It is not possible to do anything about gold that does not involve a host of other factors.

If capitalism survives, gold will continue to be synonymous with money. What the eventual adjustment will be, how America will fare, no one can foresee.

In the past smaller countries, with little or no gold, have based their currencies upon the British pound sterling. They have in effect made their money redeemable in pounds rather than in gold. Great Britain gave up trying to maintain a fixed gold value for the pound when war broke out. Now the Argentine peso, the Canadian dollar, the Japanese yen and the Swedish krona are based on the United States dollar.

For the present, this is a handicap. The dollar is "strong," which means that it is expensive in terms of other nations' money — our goods are expensive to foreigners and our exports suffer — though this effect is masked for the present by war orders.

The dangers of the near future are unpredictable. But, looking farther ahead, it is possible that the United States, as the prime owner of gold, with the only important gold currency, may become the world's banker, and the dollar the currency of many countries, the great trade medium of the world.



The Apt Response

JACK WARNER of Hollywood, holding forth to young Randolph Churchill concerning the art of producing, was exasperated by the irrepressible Churchill's interjected suggestions for improving Warner Brothers' output. Finally he exclaimed, "Young man, when you are my age . . ."

"You'll be 80," finished Churchill blithely.

— Oscar Levant, *A Smattering of Ignorance* (Doubleday, Doran)

"Ain't It All Queer!"

By

Henry H. Curran

Chief Magistrate, City of New York

BECKY was Polish, short and strong. She stood before me in court that Sunday morning as sturdily as though it were not the hottest day of a red-hot summer. The courtroom was like a furnace.

Becky was a prisoner, still unreconstructed if I read her face correctly. Her big blue eyes looked defiantly up at me, her tow hair clung to her head without sign of curl or compromise.

Her dress was not quite so brave, a faded, flimsy thing that once had been blue-and-white. She used one arm to cover a rip down the side, and the other to keep the garment from falling off altogether.

So the charge was read — disorderly conduct. She had hired a cab the night before and didn't pay the fare. Yes, she was guilty, she said.

The cop, standing so high alongside her, explained that the cab driver had not come to court to press the charge.

"But — a cab? How did that come about?" I inquired of the cop.

"Ah, Your Honor, she's independent like. Yesterday was awful hot, and late in the day she leaves her daughter and the grandchildren,

puts on the daughter's bathing suit with her clothes over it, and goes to Coney Island all by herself.

"Well, she parks her street clothes on the sand, leaves her carfare in 'em, and goes in swimmin'. When she comes out the clothes are gone — stolen — and there she is with no money, no clothes, nothin' but her daughter's bathing suit.

"So she thinks fast, this Becky here, and she hails the nearest cab and says to take her home. She a grandmother, and riding home in a cab in nothing but a bathing suit."

"It's a good bathing suit, Judge," put in Becky. She pulled aside a fold of the flimsy dress at the shoulder, disclosing a low-cut bathing shirt of the most sulphurous yellow I have ever seen. Then she quickly covered it again, in dignified reproach to the cop and to me.

"But the dress she has on?" I asked.

"Oh, that was after," said the cop. "The driver gets suspicious whether she'll get the money from the daughter at home. They get into an argument. He drives her to the station house instead of home, and the cab clocks \$3.05. Of course she hasn't got it, so they lock her up, in that yellow bathing suit."

"Yes — and the dress?"

"Yes, Judge. The cops at the station house dig up this old dress somewhere and tell her to put it on. So here she is. I guess the driver gave it up as a bad job, for he's not in court."

There was nothing to do but dismiss, but I was anxious about Becky.

"Can you get home in that dress?" I asked. "You have a long way to walk."

"I can do it, Judge." The blue eyes were flashing.

"Will you please step back a little?" I asked.

Sure enough she was in bare feet — no shoes, no stockings, just a pair of sturdy pink legs with the torn dress dangling about the knees.

I thought of what the burning sidewalks would do to those bare feet, and I started to speak. Then I saw the lips quiver and the blue eyes glisten.

"Becky!" I said sharply. "Don't do that! Now look — look here!"

While I was talking I fished up a dollar bill from my pocket. I held it high. Becky paused in bewilderment. It was not at all regular, but it

worked. The bewildered little grandmother again stood her ground, sturdily and quietly, without tears.

Then the matron took the dollar bill, led the beleaguered defendant down the aisle to outdoors and peace. I saw a pair of bare legs twinkle through the door as it closed.

It seemed less than a minute before the door opened again and to my amazement the matron came hurrying up the aisle with the bill in her hand.

"Judge," she exclaimed as she handed up the dollar, "we went to the sidewalk and there was the cab driver that locked her up! Oh, the look she gave him! But he said he was sorry — couldn't bear to go into court to press the charge — and for her to never mind the money and now he'd take her home for nothing. What a cab driver! I pushed her in quick, and they're gone!"

"Did she say anything?"

"Just 'Thanks, thanks,' over and over again, and then, 'Ain't it all queer!' That was all."

That was all. But — ain't it all queer?



Oklahoma City traffic sign: Drive slow. Help keep our streets clean.

Burma Shave sign: Hardly a soul is still alive who passed on a hill at 75.

Pennsylvania forest fire prevention sign, surmounted by a huge reproduction of a match: This is the forest prime evil.

New Hope for Cross-Eyes

Condensed from *Hygeia*

George Kent

THERE ARE between two and three million cross-eyed persons in the United States. At least five times as many have eyes which appear straight but have a tendency to deviate from normal. A new technique, called orthoptics, has been developed during the past few years for the cure of this condition by exercise alone. In children orthoptics is reported to have a 40-to-60 percent record of cures.

The basis for this new science is a somewhat grotesque machine invented 40 years ago by Claude Worth, a British eye specialist. Essentially it is a stereoscope, each of the halves enclosed in black barrels, binocular fashion, but operated independently. With this device, the doctor can race the patient's eyes in circles, swing them from side to side, measure their deviation, and train them to true parallel vision.

When first introduced in this country in 1903, Dr. Worth's method was crudely executed and fell into disrepute. But its use spread rapidly in England and the machine is now essential equipment in most British clinics. In 1918 an American eye surgeon in France employed the instrument to pep up the eyes of army aviators when he was un-

able to prescribe glasses. Johns Hopkins started using one in 1926 and, a year later, the first clinic in the United States devoted exclusively to orthoptics was opened at the Fifth Avenue Hospital in New York. Today, many of our greatest eye clinics practice orthoptics in one form or another.

I visited one clinic the other day. The halls were crowded with youngsters waiting their turn. The training room was cut up into booths. On a stool in front of each instrument sat a cross-eyed child. Back of it sat a white-smocked technician, in every case a young woman.

The technician begins by inserting slides, a different one for each barrel. One might be a dog, the other a kennel. If your eyes are normal you look into the eyepiece and see the dog in the kennel. But if you are cross-eyed and the two movable barrels are separated a normal distance, you see the dog or kennel only.

Normal eyes are two cameras which shoot simultaneously and produce two clear images which overlap. These overlapping images are superimposed and fused into one by the brain. In cross-eye, one of the cameras is turned at an angle. Theoretically the result should

be two separate images, but the brain refuses to accept the double picture. The crossed eye remains open but it does not see.

A tiny yellow spot on the retina, called the *macula lutea*, is the part of the eye that makes possible sharp images. The area of the retina that surrounds it produces the dim, background vagueness we get when we see out of the corners of our eyes. In cases of cross-eye, the good eye uses the *macula* but the other falls into the habit of using the dim portion of the retina.

The principal job of the orthoptist is to break this habit and teach children to use the *maculae* of both eyes. Slides can be turned at an angle corresponding to the angle of the crossed eye. At this angle, the *maculae* are trained dead on the subject, and there is no excuse for the patient to employ the dim part of the retina. After a time he learns to get two sharp, overlapping images which he fuses into one clear picture.

I paused at one booth to watch an orthoptist working with a five-year-old. Inserting slides of a bird and a cage, the technician asked the child what she saw:

"I see a birdie," she replied.

Moving the slides closer, she inquired, "Now, what do you see?"

"Now I see a yellow cage and I see a birdie."

"Is the birdie in the cage?"

"No-o."

Another turn. "And now?"

Excitedly from the child, "The birdie is in the cage!"

Well worth getting excited about. Once the bird is in the cage, the hardest part of the training is over. The eyes have begun working as a team and the brain is recording one sharp image.

Outwardly they are still crossed. Their restoration to the normal axis comes later. The stretching of the eyes back to center is accomplished by moving the slides apart. The eyes watching bird and cage intently follow them, with the result that the muscles are "pulled out." Thirty minutes of this exercise, two or three times a week, and the eyes stay pulled out and eventually become normal.

The operator I was watching moved the slides a few millimeters apart. To the little girl she said, "Now try to keep the birdie in the cage — don't let him go, no matter what." To hold the bird in the cage is one of the hardest exercises in concentration imaginable. Delicate muscles of the eye are strained to capacity as eye and mind struggle to keep together what seems bent on splitting in two. Ten minutes of it, and a strong man is reduced to shreds. I know because I tried it.

Orthoptics takes time, money and infinite patience. The cost per session at the machine averages \$2. At the clinics the charge is much less and in many cases treatment is free. Time required varies with

the individual and the type of cross-eye. Six months, comprising two visits a week, is average.

The period of greatest susceptibility to cross-eye is between the ages of six months and six years. Glasses alone may straighten the eyes, and in time may be discarded. But if neglected, a crossed eye rapidly loses vision, and when sight is practically gone the eye, being virtually useless, may revert to the normal axis. These are the cases in which "cross-eye cures itself in time." It does once in a while — at the expense of a half-blind eye.

To restore visual acuity to the weakened or lazy eye is as important as exercise or glasses. The physician covers the good eye with a patch. It is now up to the imperfect organ to do the seeing for two. In the orthoptic department the weak eye is exposed to instruments which flash lights, rotate disks, swing pendulums — all calculated to stimulate vision. A California specialist has achieved remarkable results by sending patients to the movies, the good eye covered. When vision in the crossed eye approaches normal, the patch can be removed. This is a halfway point in the cure.

In a great many cases surgery remains necessary. This surgery, as safe as an operation for adenoids, has been successful about half of the time. When it failed it was because the eyes — not being trained out of their old habits — reverted

to the cocked position, and the operation had to be repeated. Today, the surgeon employs the orthoptic machine to measure the deviation of the eyes, and the knowledge gained guides his hand on the operating table.

Far better, of course, than all the methods of cure are the steps parents can take to prevent cross-eye. The time to be on guard is when the child falls ill, for it is after such diseases as scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken pox, and measles that the defect may develop. Apparently, when a bedridden youngster is given books to read or beads to string, the eyestrain during this period of lowered vitality produces muscular unbalance of the eyes. When your child is sick, take the time to entertain him with stories and phonograph records. Don't pile his bed with books and toys that will make him use his eyes excessively.

If preventive methods fail and a child's eyes become crossed, it is imperative to do something about it at once. Children afflicted with cross-eye often develop unsocial attitudes, and may become badly coördinated and clumsy. Hence it is wise to consult a doctor promptly. The method of treatment he advises will depend on which of the 15-odd varieties of cross-eye is involved. But by one method or another — be it patches, glasses, orthoptics or surgery — there is now hope of a cure.

Service Goes the Limit

"LITTLE USEFUL," of Boston, started by Eleanor Brigham, has a list of some 900 workers on call who will do practically anything for you, from exercising dogs to planning trips and packing trunks, finding lost articles or relatives, balancing your checkbook or making out your income tax, doing the family mending or supplying a fourth at bridge. No job is too odd for Little Useful and it has never yet been stumped.

—Margaret Pollin Eicks in *Boston Transcript*

AT CLEARWATER, Florida, a "sunburn patrol" made up of a dozen beach hostesses ranges the sands to warn sun-tan seekers when they have had enough. The Red Cross and the City Safety Council, which consider sunburn a serious hazard, sponsor the service.

—AP

TEA TIME, INC., a new service, has recently sprung up to supply New York business offices with steaming hot tea at four each afternoon. Each employe gets, delivered to his desk, a box containing thermos bottle, lemon, milk, sugar, crackers, and a cup and saucer. Firms using the service find that this pick-me-up does away with late afternoon slump by relieving fatigue and quickening mental processes.

—Theodore Irwin in *Cue*

A THRIVING BUSINESS breaking in new shoes for people is run by Martha Mitchell of Manhattan. Most of her clients are women, who pay \$3 to \$5 a break-in. A corps of girls whose shoe sizes range from 2AAA to 10E limber up about 50 pairs a week.

—*The American Magazine*

PATRICIA MORGAN'S "Wedding Home" in San Francisco offers complete weddings to business girls who, without church or family background, "have the same yearning as society belles to wear a bridal veil." For \$75 Miss Morgan provides a hall, flowers, music, minister or magistrate, bride's trousseau and bouquet, six prop bridesmaids (gowned), a flower girl, announcements, and a photograph of the whole business.

—*Time*

"THE TRUTH — even though it hurts" is the business slogan of Miss Mildred Aaron of New York City, who has founded a Frank Criticism Service to tell you exactly what she thinks of you, for a fee. Miss Aaron has more men customers than women; with both, criticism of dress is most sought after.

—AP

PROXY PARENTS, started in New York two years ago by Alison Raymond, a recent Bryn Mawr graduate, with herself as sole aid to harried parents, now has a staff of 150 young women and men, and a clientele ranging in age from three months through the school years. They take children to the dentist, the theater, concerts, children's parties, meet them at trains, play tennis and roller-skate with them, sit up with convalescents. Rush hours are from 3 o'clock until bedtime and all day Saturday. Miss Raymond also offers a list of such places as railroad stations, broadcasting systems, newspaper plants, hotels and department stores to which the Proxy Parents will take youngsters for a behind-the-scenes view.

—Sally MacDougall in *N. Y. World-Telegram*

❧ "Siwash" George Carmack's last dollar flipped tails, the fishing was bad, and so he made the great gold strike and changed history

Klondike Stampede

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Jo Chamberlin

EARLY one morning in May 1896, "Siwash" George Carmack sat gloomily in front of a trading post in the far Canadian Northwest with his Indian squaw, Kate, and two Indian friends, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley. Broke again after 11 years seeking gold, he would have to do what he had done before in such straits — catch salmon to dry and sell. He flipped his last silver dollar to decide whether he should set his nets up the Yukon River or downstream.

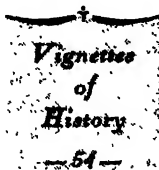
The coin fell tails and Carmack went downstream to a tributary, the Klondike. The salmon were few and Carmack, disgusted, decided to try prospecting again. Bob Henderson, a miner, suggested he try a certain valley and let him know what luck. On August 17, the party stopped beside Rabbit Creek. While Carmack dozed, Skookum Jim, to pass the time, filled his pan with gravel and washed it out. As the muddy water cleared, Jim's eyes popped wide. In the coarse gravel, pinhead nodules, black and heavy. Gold and plenty of it!

Skookum Jim yelled; Carmack and Charley came running. They panned other spots. They had struck it rich! The excited men staked out claims and hurried off to record them. Henderson was forgotten.

Carmack blew into the saloon at Forty Mile, drank and babbled of his luck. When his listeners were skeptical, he thrust a fistful of gold under their noses. They stampeded. Sourdoughs struck out for the

new diggings without waiting to get proper clothes or equipment. Drunken men were thrown into boats and hauled along by their friends. Claims were staked out far above and below Carmack's. Within a few weeks, the Yukon was afire with excitement.

For a year, the outside world had no inkling of the news. June 16, 1897, a steamer from Alaska docked at San Francisco. Down the gang-plank clumped bearded men in worn and dirty clothes. But they staggered under burdens of gold, stuffed in old coffee pots, jam jars, paper bundles and moosehide pokes — \$750,000 worth. Next day another



ship brought miners with \$800,000 to Seattie. Newspapers screamed the story of the richest strike in history; untold wealth in the Klondike, millions still to be had.

Times were hard in '97, jobs few. A hundred thousand people started for the strike. The farmer left his plow, the bankrupt fled his creditors, the factory hand laid down his tools. Alaskan steamers were jammed with college professors, bankers, lawyers, doctors, gamblers, "con" men and loose women. Warned to wait till the following spring lest they arrive too late to prepare for the deadly winter, the gold seekers paid no heed.

The Klondike River is in Canada, just east of our Alaskan border. The favored route was by steamer to Skagway or Dyea in southernmost Alaska, on foot over the Chilkoot mountain pass into Canada, by scow through a series of lakes and streams to the Yukon and down it 500 miles to the gold fields.

Chilkoot Pass, 3600 feet high, often hidden in fog or blizzard, was hard work even for toughened Indians; to office-bred gold rushers it became a trail of terror. It was lined with the sick and beaten — also with thieves and sharks, male and female. It was treacherous. At Sheep Camp, just below timber line, 70 men were buried alive in one April avalanche.

Each man's equipment ran from 800 to 1500 pounds, so that he had to toil up the steps hewn in the ice

of the steep, boulder-strewn canyon trail again and again. Unless he hired Indians to help, it usually took a man four weeks to get his goods to the top.

The long string of toiling men, thousands of them, looked from below like ants at work. They struggled and rested, struggled and rested. The pace was that of the weakest. You could not hurry. Neither could you rest except when others did, without losing your place in line. Arctic winds and rains whipped through thin tenderfoot clothes, chilling and killing.

There was confusion, squalor, death. Men quarreled with their partners, dividing their goods bitterly — even to sawing boards in half. Money was worth less than resourcefulness and courage. Sharing a few beans, lending a blanket, or a pipeful of tobacco — these things made men brothers.

To conquer Chilkoot was something to be proud of — but it was not the end of the ordeal. Down on the other side of the pass, men felled trees and sawed them into planks for crude scows — several weeks' work. They pushed the scows on log rollers from lake to lake, eventually reaching the swift-running, terrifying upper Yukon. In Miles Canyon, a narrow chute of racing water between high rock walls, many were drowned. More died amid the flying mane of spray in White Horse Rapids. Rude crosses, tin cans, blazed trees marked the

graves of broken bodies and broken hopes. Of those who started only one in four got through to Dawson City. Sixteen weeks on the trail was accounted pretty good time.

There never was a boom town like Dawson. Where once had been the lone shack of trader Joe Ladue, a town of 20,000 sprang up in two years. Scows and flatboats packed the waterfront; tents, log cabins and shanties lined muddy streets thronged with howling Malemute dogs and bearded men. Saloons and dance halls ran 24 hours a day. It was wild, mad, wide open.

Fresh food was unobtainable and many a newcomer's teeth fell out from winter scurvy. Milk from the one cow was \$30 a gallon. Butter was \$3 a pound. Flour went up to as high as \$120 for a 50-pound sack. Eggs were \$1 each, if you could get them. A restaurant featured oyster stew at \$15 — when it had the oysters. A meal of bread, bacon and beans was \$5 to \$10. Doughnuts and coffee cost \$1.25; a piece of pie, 75 cents.

Life centered in the saloons. Conspicuous on the bar were scales for weighing gold dust. One porter gathered enough gold from spittoons and floor sawdust to buy a good mining claim.

What gold roulette and faro in the back room didn't get, the dance-hall girls did. Champagne cost \$60; the bottles were refilled with soda water and sugar and sold to drunks who wouldn't know the difference.

The girls, modishly gowned, danced with sourdoughs in moccasins or heavy boots at \$1 for three minutes, to the "professor's" banging on the piano. As most of the miners hadn't bathed in months and couldn't really dance, the girls earned their money.

Tex Rickard ran one joint. Chief competitor was "Swiftwater Bill" Gates, who had struck it rich on Claim No. 13. Swiftwater, a former dishwasher, strutted Dawson in a Prince Albert, a stiff hat and lots of diamonds. He offered a girl her weight in gold to marry him. She took the \$30,000 — but didn't marry him. To win this same girl who was fond of eggs but not of him, Swiftwater cornered the egg supply at a cost of \$2300. He talked of importing 200 schoolmarms from Boston to be offered to lonely miners as wives at \$5000 each. In the fall of '98, a crowd actually waited at the dock when the prospective wives were supposed to arrive on the Yukon steamer *May West!* Two Englishmen arrived in Dawson with expensive bicycles, though there was no place to ride. Another Britisher arrived flat broke, but sold his supply of marmalade for enough to stake him six months. A restaurant proprietor announced that "a perfectly preserved mastodon had been found in the Arctic ice." He would serve mastodon steaks at \$10 each. He really served beef. It was a town joke.

As more wives came in, a demand for reform arose. Eventually the

better element won, and the red-light district was moved to the city limits — a few blocks away.

Names now familiar dotted the roster at Dawson City. Young Key Pittman from Nevada was there and Robert W. Service, a clerk in the Canadian Bank of Commerce who wrote verse. Jack Holt, just out of short trousers, was looking for any honest job. Rex Beach lived in a cabin below Dawson, prospecting and cutting wood for river steamers. A fellow named Jack London came too late to make his fortune and spent a winter arguing socialism.

Some claims sold for fabulous sums, but proved to be no good. Others that yielded fortunes went for a drink of whisky, or a live pig. Gold worth \$400,000 was taken from one claim 90 by 300 feet. A "forgotten fraction" 13 feet wide yielded \$20,000. There were claims where gold ran \$1000 to the pan. At best, it wasn't all profit. It took a lot of labor at \$15 a day to cut wood for fires to thaw the thick layer of frozen muck above the gravel that might or might not yield gold.

Any claim vacant 60 days was open for new filing. A Mountie would be on hand at midnight to see that new claimants staked it out properly. Then it would go to the man who got to a recorder first. Two dog-team drivers led the field in a race from abandoned claim No. 40. Both tumbled inside the record-

er's office and fell on the floor, unable to gasp a word. The recorder, Solomon-like, divided the claim between them. It proved worthless.

By September, '98, 17,000 claims had been recorded and precious few yielded fortunes. Disheartened men took jobs shoveling, or cutting wood. Latecomers hung around Dawson for a while, then sold their goods and started home. The high prices collapsed. In 1899, news of rich gold finds on the beach at Cape Nome, 800 miles west, drew thousands away from Dawson. Almost as swiftly as it had grown, it collapsed to a town of 2000.

What became of the Klondike sourdoughs?

Siwash George Carmack, who for 15 years had fought blizzards and gone hungry without being ill for a single day, died of pneumonia in a Vancouver hospital. Bob Henderson, whose tip to Carmack started it all, never struck it rich. He was given a government job, died poor. Swiftwater Bill Gates had matrimonial troubles and, dodging the law for years, was killed not so long ago in a miners' camp in Peru. Another man who also gave a girl her weight in gold to marry him is a section hand today, his loyal wife still with him.

Some who never really panned gold did best. Rex Beach made a fortune with *The Spoilers* and other novels. Robert W. Service lives in France, prosperous from such ballads as "The Shooting of Dan

McGrew." Jack London had to work his way back to San Francisco, broke and suffering from scurvy, but he brought back a priceless pokeful of literary material.

The Klondike gold rush had permanent effects. It gave decisive impetus to Vancouver, Portland and Seattle. It led to the opening of

Alaska. Many defeated prospectors, caught by the spell of the north, stayed on to fish, trap, trade. "Seward's Folly" began to pay rich dividends in other things as well as gold.

The great stampede was more than greed and folly; it was a great adventure of the human spirit.



The Devious Ways of Diplomacy

¶ FOREIGN DIPLOMATS in Berlin take it for granted that their embassies are wired with dictaphones and their telephones tapped. They take advantage of this to get messages to the German government which they do not want to deliver direct. When Field Marshal Göring, convinced that he would make a big hit in New York, was angling for an official invitation — the last thing Washington wanted — it was arranged that an American visiting in Berlin should telephone the American Embassy and inquire whether Göring was going to the United States. The voice at the Embassy replied, "Yes, the Marshal seems bent on going over. He doesn't seem to realize what he'll be up against. Of course, the government can mobilize enough police to protect him. But the Marshal is apparently wholly unaware that in the U. S. he is one of the most hated men in the world."

Two days later the official German press service carried a statement that Göring had abandoned his plans to visit the United States.

— Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen, *Washington Merry-Go-Round*

¶ WHEN Lady Baldwin of Bewdley visited Manhattan with her husband (Stanley Baldwin) last summer, she wanted to see the General Motors' Futurama at the New York World's Fair, but did not want to stand in line. So Earl Baldwin telephoned the British Consulate; the Consulate called the British Embassy in Washington; the Embassy cabled the Foreign Office in London; the Foreign Office appealed to Ambassador Joe Kennedy. Resourceful Joe sent a cable direct to General Motors Building at the Fair. A press agent there called Lady Baldwin at the Waldorf (cost, 5 cents), told her to come right out, he'd see that she was well taken care of.

— *Time*

Q "The only King in Europe is
the Queen of the Netherlands"

Wilhelmina of Holland

Condensed from Scribner's-Commentator

Frederic Sondern, Jr.

AN ELDERLY LADY in a worn raincoat and a shapeless hat was pedaling gravely down the Noordeinde, one of The Hague's busiest streets. Other cyclists paid no particular attention to her. At the Royal Palace she turned into the gateway, and as she dismounted a sentry stepped forward to help her. She waved him aside, lifted the bicycle herself and put it into its rack. Adjusting her hat with one hand, her fur boa with the other — a gesture that reminded us of Tugboat Annie — she stalked into the building. It was Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands.

On the shoulders of this surprising woman rests vast responsibility for the second time in 25 years. The Netherlands are the easiest gateway for Hitler's armies to the Channel that is England's flank. And the Dutch burghers have wealth to whet the appetite of any invader. They hold \$6,000,000,000 worth of gold, foreign exchange, and foreign securities — more than any other country of continental Europe. Their stake in the United States is estimated at \$1,000,000,-

000 — largest next to the British. And from The Hague is controlled the third largest colonial empire of the world, 61,000,000 people and almost incredible riches, protected by only three modern cruisers, a handful of destroyers, and Britain's fast-decreasing strength. The Allied foreign ministers have information that there is an arrangement between Berlin and Tokyo for a Japanese attack on the Indies if and when British sea power sinks to the level promised by the German naval staff. To keep this cockleshell empire from annihilation is the job of a woman of 60.

Queen Wilhelmina has a cabinet of able advisers and a corps of efficient officials; she has a knack for picking good men. But they themselves are the first to admit that for statecraft, diplomacy, energy and experience the Queen is their superior. The final responsibility is hers. "The only King in Europe," a French diplomat once remarked, "is the Queen of the Netherlands."

Fifty years ago, on the balcony of the Royal Palace in Amsterdam, a little girl clutched her mother's hand and looked down at the crowds

milling and cheering in the square below. Her father, King William III, had died and 10-year-old Wilhelmina was Queen. "Mamma," she said, "do all these people belong to me?" "No, my child," answered the shrewd Queen Emma somewhat sadly, "it is you who belong now to all these people."

The Netherlands are a constitutional monarchy with a parliament and a government responsible to it. Wilhelmina has more rights under the law than most of her fellow sovereigns — since she has the power of absolute veto, of dissolving Parliament, and of appointing the 14 members of the Council of State which must be consulted on all legislation. Her Majesty, however, has never used the right of veto, has prorogued Parliament only twice. Her wishes are discreetly passed out to parliamentary leaders, most of whom know that their political careers would suffer if they bucked the Queen too hard. Wilhelmina was declared Mother of the Nation by a grateful people after the last war, and the word of the *Lands-moeder* has almost Messianic weight with the Dutch electorate.

The Queen's working day begins at 8:30 after a breakfast of bread, cheese, and coffee. First comes the mail, which she opens and sorts herself. After she has dictated some replies to her secretary, written others in her own longhand, the audiences for ministers begin. Even veterans quail at that ordeal, like

small boys before an examination.

There is little formality. Wilhelmina sits behind a small desk, generally with her chin resting on one hand, a pencil in the other. A brief smile, and — "Well, *Mijn-beer?*" When she smiles, warm lines crinkle out from her eyes and the kindness of her German ancestors curls the full-lipped mouth. But those eyes can also snap fire and the mouth straighten into a cold, hard line.

Wilhelmina's knowledge and memory of details in even the most far-flung of her possessions are extraordinary. "Your statement," she will say, "does not fit in with the report you made last year. Why?" Prime Minister Colijn himself has been sent away with a curt — "Don't you think you had better study that a bit more, before you try to tell me about it?"

Foreign diplomats, impartial observers, including the United States Minister to the Netherlands, George A. Gordon, have said that they never knew anyone with such a grasp of international problems. Some years ago she floored a visiting American Senator — from the South — by her detailed knowledge of the Negro problem. She does it by wide reading and by questioning exhaustively every expert within reach.

Aroused, she has a courage unusual among the statesmen of Europe. Back in 1900 — she was 20 then — the British had cornered

the Boer chieftain, Paul Kruger. Victorian England was at the height of her power, and a word from Downing Street sufficed to make European chancelleries tremble and bow. Not Wilhelmina. Kruger was a Dutchman, and on the Queen's orders a Dutch man-of-war steamed to Africa and took him to safety in Holland. The replies which Wilhelmina sent to the British objections blistered even the Widow of Windsor.

Again in 1918 the lady on the bicycle showed her stuff. Lloyd George demanded the extradition of Kaiser Wilhelm from his refuge in Holland, for a trial in London. Wilhelmina sent the Prime Minister a verbal message on the criminal stupidity of his plan which shocked Whitehall but for which Lloyd George later was profoundly grateful.

And when, three years ago, Hitler raged at her refusal to fly the swastika flag at the marriage of her daughter, Princess Juliana, to German Prince Bernhard, Wilhelmina wrote the dictator — "This is the marriage of my daughter to the man she loves, not the marriage of the Netherlands to Germany."

Recently, when her intelligence service reported German preparations for an invasion of the Netherlands, her reply to Berlin was immediate. The dikes would be opened, a third of the country flooded regardless of cost or suffering, and Belgian forces would come to her

aid. Berlin, knowing Wilhelmina, thought again and decided to wait.

The court at The Hague is undoubtedly the dullest in Europe, most European foreign services considering it a punishment to be sent there. At official receptions so much as a light laugh causes eyebrows to rise. A lady-in-waiting turned up one day in a gorgeous Paris creation. Wilhelmina took one look. "Where did you get that hat, young woman?" she asked in the Victorian manner. "In Paris, Your Majesty," the unfortunate answered. "We wear Dutch clothes here," said the Queen, with an unforgettable look. Rouge, cocktails, late hours, and all but the most formal dancing have been taboo.

When Juliana and Prince Bernhard were once discovered by an indignant Dutchman on the French Riviera sipping cocktails on a Sunday afternoon, he communicated with his newspaper and the horrible tidings were broadcast through the Netherlands. Prime Minister Colijn called on the Queen, and a government crisis almost resulted.

After the last war — the country impoverished and starved by the British blockade — the socialist, anti-monarchical elements rose in power. Troelstra, Socialist leader, called upon the government to resign. On the day set for the "revolution," Wilhelmina went to church as usual, where the minister prayed to the Lord to guide her, someone

started the national anthem, and the whole congregation sang it while the Queen cried. Demonstrations started for her on the street, troops drew her landau through the parade grounds in triumph. There was no revolution.

But Wilhelmina saw the handwriting on the wall. That evening she issued a proclamation: "Social reforms shall be carried through with a speed fitting to the pulsations of our times." She has kept her promise. Nowhere in Europe has so thorough a social program been completed. Slum clearance, community housing and hospitalization, unemployment and old age insurance, wage and hour control — all with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of noise.

Wilhelmina was a headstrong child. She liked to order policemen and stationmasters about, refused to travel incognito and proudly announced whenever she could that she was "Queen of all the Netherlands." Her mother had a cure for that. Wilhelmina was allowed to deck herself out in jewels, velvets, and furs, and parade around the palace to her heart's content. She soon got sick of pretending to be a princess in a fairy tale. Since then she has never cared for clothes — jewels are her only vanity — and has always worn the shapeless tweeds and sacklike gowns which the Dutch consider dignified.

Her early days were not happy. Queen Emma allowed her no play-

mates and laid out a course of studies that would have staggered the average grownup. She would have a row of chairs set up, and give each the name and title of a prominent man. Wilhelmina would memorize them, and go from one to the next saying the correct graciousness to each. At 16 she spoke German, French and English, and was learning military and naval strategy from generals and admirals. Her economics lessons were so practical that she manages her own estate, which brings her \$6,000,000 a year. Queen Emma would not let her daughter sign any important state paper until she could prove that she understood every word.

When she was 13, Wilhelmina visited Queen Victoria of England. The Widow of Windsor was in an unusually jovial frame of mind, had the Scotch pipers play for her young guest, and allowed Wilhelmina to watch a levee through a mirror from a dressing room behind the throne. Victoria made an unforgettable impression, and the child went home to ask — "Mamma, if I do my work well, will I be as great as Queen Victoria?"

At 20, Wilhelmina married Prince Henry of Mecklenburg — a young man as round and pink as herself. At first Prince Henry fretted at the idleness of a Prince Consort who is limited to being the president of the Dutch Red Cross. Realizing that rebellion was useless, he spent his time hunting on the royal pre-

serves and traveling around Europe. Parliament steadfastly refused to make him a Prince of the Netherlands or to grant him funds. And during the war his pro-German leanings caused the Queen to keep him under police supervision.

The birth of Juliana in 1909 gave Wilhelmina something to live for besides her kingdom. She decided that her daughter was to have a different kind of education from that which had killed her own childhood. Juliana was sent to public school and allowed to have the playmates she wanted. At the University of Leyden Wilhelmina gave orders that she was to be treated like any other student, and regarded Juliana's brilliant scholastic record with suspicion. The Princess has her mother's intelligence, but a friendly charm and irrepressible gaiety as well. Once at a ball she overheard a couple commenting on the thickness of her ankles. She turned around and said with a broad grin, "Yes, they have to be thick. Some day they will have to be pillars of state."

But in the royal marriage market one after another of the few eligible princes passed up the ungainly girl, until, in Paris, Juliana was introduced to young Prince Bernhard zu Lippe-Biesterfeld, poor but eligible scion of a small German princely family, who worked for a German dye company in Paris. Juliana fell in love with the amusing, charmingly irresponsible boy

who was such a contrast to the youth of The Hague.

Queen Wilhelmina's intelligence service reported that Prince Bernhard was a Nazi storm trooper, had been involved in several motor accidents, and drank quite a lot. But he was summoned to The Hague for inspection and passed the test. He never was an enthusiastic Nazi, and can hide his puckishness behind a solemn face and horn-rimmed spectacles.

The marriage ceremony and Bernhard's snub to Hitler — by proclaiming himself a Dutchman heart and soul — went well with the population. Then came the fantastic reports from the Riviera that Juliana was dancing in night clubs, drinking in public on the Sabbath, wearing French gowns and daring bathing suits. The newspapers withheld pictures, but editorial pages thundered. Premier Colijn let himself go in the *Rotterdammer*: "The Christian portion of our people has learned with pain and sadness from reports about the princely honeymoon of desecration of the Sabbath."

Wilhelmina ordered the couple to return, and they retired to the seclusion of the old palace at Soestdyk. When Juliana announced over the radio some months later that she would no longer be able to keep appointments "for reasons of which I am sure you will all approve," popular sentiment swung in sharp reaction. A baby girl was born in

January 1938 and the whole country went wild.

Since then the change has been rapid. Juliana and Bernhard, appearing on a tandem bicycle, were greeted by almost hysterical acclaim. The *Princesje's* snappy Paris evening gowns are being copied and worn, even by the court, many of whom are glad that a fresh wind is blowing and now gather around the young couple at their formerly unheard-of cocktail parties.

Wilhelmina gradually has become reconciled to the new order. She doesn't approve, but as long as Juliana is happy and cocktails are not served at Soestdyk on Sundays, and Bernhard doesn't play practical jokes on cabinet ministers, she makes no further objections. Before the war started the Queen even began paying frequent visits to Soestdyk. She appeared at one cocktail party, to the amazement of the guests, froze in his tracks a blundering foreigner who offered her a drink, but stayed on. Bernhard remarked to a foreign diplomat that if Hitler hadn't started a war he might have been able to get Wilhelmina to take a cocktail herself.

Since war began, the Queen has hardly moved from the Huis ten Busch, her rustic little palace on the outskirts of The Hague. Her only excursions now are to the frontier

posts where the Netherlands army is mobilized. She pokes into the troops' living quarters, and if the blankets are too light, or the kitchen is not clean enough, there is trouble. As a result, wherever the chunky lady in the badly fitting tweed suit and strange round hat appears the shouts of "*Landsmoeder! Landsmoeder!*" are deafening.

In her palace, her rigid schedule of supper at seven and bed at ten has been upset. The lights burn until the wee hours of the morning. The volume of work is tremendous. Dutch shipping can be kept moving only with constant negotiation between The Hague and London. Despite every precaution, the Netherlands are swarming with foreign agents, and arrests provoke incidents and more incidents. Allied and German bombers fly over Dutch territory; shall the Dutch gunners open fire or not? Constantly notes arrive from Berlin protesting this, that, and the other. Hitler must be given no excuse.

All day and most of the night, dispatch riders roar back and forth from the ministries to the palace. Ministers and officers come and go. And the Queen sits behind her little desk, dealing with their reports. Her orders are quick, clear, and final. The motto of the House of Orange is, "I will maintain."



Your Happiness Is in Your Hands

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Boris Blai

Widely known sculptor and educator, Director of
the Stella Elkins Tyler School of Fine Arts, Temple University

ONE REASON so many of us are despondent, worried, jittery, today, is that we are using our heads too much and our hands too little. God gave us our hands to work with, and when a man lets them grow useless and clumsy, he is trying to buck nature — and he pays with neuroses.

The other day I called on a prominent businessman. He was telephoning when I entered his office, and drawing furious doodles on a pad as he talked. He clenched his pencil so tightly that his knuckles turned white. When he hung up I pointed to the senseless circles and wiggly lines. "What's the idea?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he shrugged. "Nerves. Got to do something to relieve the tension."

The trouble with that man, with millions of men and women like him, is that he is trying to live with only his brain functioning.

Three years ago a lawyer I know began to feel that he was going stale. He knew something was missing in his life, but he didn't know what. On impulse one day he de-

cided to make a small table for his living room. Never before had he made anything with his hands, but he ordered lumber and tools. He worked till midnight the first night.

"A curious thing happened to me," he told me. "As that table, clumsy though it was, began to take shape under my hands, I had the feeling that, for the first time, I was actually creating something. As I planed the piece for the top, I noticed the magnificent grain of the wood, and bought some oils to bring it out better. As the wood took on a deep, rich luster, I suddenly realized that I was creating a thing of beauty. And I felt a deeper satisfaction than I felt after winning my first big case in court."

That lawyer has now rigged up a carpenter's shop in his basement and puts in five or six hours a week down there.

"When I'm working in my shop," he told me the other day, "I lose all thought of worry and responsibility, and my mind clears up like the air after a storm. I know it sounds silly, but when I finish something particularly fine, I feel

as Leonardo da Vinci must have felt when he looked at the completed Mona Lisa."

That feeling isn't silly at all. Psychologically, it's absolutely sound. Every creator feels the identical sense of self-expression and satisfaction in his work, whether it is a kitchen chair or a Gothic cathedral. The importance lies in what you put into your work yourself—not what the world thinks of the result.

Furthermore, it is actually dangerous *not* to use your hands. Tests by neurologists at Temple and other universities show that mental ability increases as the ability to use the hands increases. Manual work demands clear thinking, the working out of your own solutions to problems. And many cases of mental instability can be cured by teaching the patient how to use his hands. A few years ago, for example, a prominent neurologist told me about one of his patients, a girl of 27. "I'm afraid she's nearly hopeless," he said.

I decided to visit the girl, and I took a piece of modeling clay with me. The girl was pale, her eyes looked vacant, and she talked in monosyllables.

Suddenly I pulled the clay out of my pocket. "Look," I said and, roughly, quickly, I modeled a face.

She stared at it. "Do it again," she said, like a child.

I modeled another face. She watched, fascinated. "Here," she

said, grabbing the clay out of my hands, "let me." I stayed with her an hour, showing her how to build up the fundamental outlines of a human face.

I visited that girl once a week for a year. Together, we modeled dozens of faces and figures. Her fingers grew more adept, but, more important, her mind grew sound and healthy as her work took on meaning for her. At the end of the year she was dismissed, cured. Today she is an instructor in sculpture, and her work is exhibited at many important shows. She is completely and happily adjusted to life, because she has found creative work in which she can exercise her ingenuity and express her personality.

The transformation of this woman into an artist isn't so startling as it seems at first. For I am convinced that every human being possesses a creative urge to make beautiful things, that this urge can be brought out and put to work with proper encouragement, and that suppression of it results in maladjustment to life.

During 12 years of teaching young people in the arts, I have not found one student who didn't possess a latent creative instinct that yearned for expression. One young man said belligerently, "I have never had any training in any of the arts; my family hasn't any taste for them, and I don't think I have."

For days this boy was a misfit;

he didn't get absorbed in any of our artistic courses — painting, sculpture, etching, music. Then one morning I came on him in a workshop, bending over a bench.

"What are you working on?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he said.

Glancing over his shoulder, I saw he was carving a figure of a dog.

"But that's nice. Really nice. Maybe I can help a bit on that leg," I said.

He watched every cut I made.

"It looks so easy when you do it," he sighed.

"It wasn't," I said, "when I started."

My encouragement touched off a spark that released that boy's creative energies. He began to throw himself enthusiastically into woodcarving, and before the year was over his work was as expert as any produced in the school.

I am not urging everyone to de-

vote his life to the arts. But everyone should spend five or six hours a week at some creative task. Call it a hobby if you will, but it should be a manual hobby in which you can submerge yourself completely.

Let it be gardening or pottery, woodcarving or model-making, photography, radio building, machinist's work — one could list indefinitely activities which relieve tension in human lives, provide a sense of self-completion. And it's never too late to start. The thing to remember is that manual, creative work is more essential today than ever. The machine age has tended to routinize our jobs, to give us a sense of inferiority by thrusting us into a complicated economic system in which our individual efforts seem insignificant. We need the sense of self-confidence, self-respect, that comes only from seeing something take complete form under our own hands.



Illustrative Anecdotes

— XXXIV —

Q PULLMAN PASSENGER to the porter: "Tell me, what is the average tip you get from a passenger on this run?"

"One dollar, suh," was the reply. The traveler handed over a dollar bill, and the porter immediately burst into voluble thanks. "Suh," he said, "you are the first man who has ever come up to my average."

— Senator Tom Connally of Texas

Bizarre Nomenclature, Mostly Feminine

By H. L. Mencken

Author of "The American Language," "Prejudices," "Notes on Democracy," etc.

AMONG the given names of Congressmen's wives listed in the *Congressional Directory* I find these:

Alabama: *Oello, Del, Ivo*

Arkansas: *Clarine, Izella, Adolpbine*

Georgia: *Nobie, Jewell*

Texas: *Lera, Lady Bird, Merle*

All these estimable ladies, it will be noted, come from the South, and especially from the Farther South. It is there that one finds the great reservoir of novel names for girls, with a million devoted mothers engaged upon its replenishment. They show, at times, an originality that verges upon the unearthly, but in the main the novelties they turn out so copiously fall into three classes:

Names produced by combining two or more old and familiar names — for example, *Maybeth* (*May*+*Elizabeth*).

Names made by hitching feminine suffixes to the names of males — for example, *Paulette* and the aforesaid *Adolpbine* (*Adolph*+*ine*).

Names achieved by the sheer exuberance of a wayward imagination — for example, *Twila, Onza, Swanell, Besma, Yetime* and the aforesaid *Oello, Ivo* and *Lady Bird*.

How this fashion for bizarre girls' names arose in the South I do not know, and neither does anyone else. All that historians can say

with any confidence is that it was first noted about 50 years ago, and has been growing in virulence ever since. It rages throughout the four states from which I have chosen examples, and extends up the Appalachian chain almost to the latitude of Washington, and up the Mississippi Valley to Iowa.

What lies behind it seems to be a loving maternal itch to give every female infant the benefit of an unparalleled label, setting her off sharply from the common run of her sex. But a certain self-interest may also be in it, for a mother who invents something that really staggers the neighborhood is no doubt highly respected by other mothers.

In my collectanea are some truly stupendous examples: *Luda, Leetba* and *Mosetta* from Alabama; *Versey, Gomeria* and *Valaria* from Texas; *Darlene, Basbie, Icel* and *Waive* from Iowa; and *Olsie, Bleba* and *Latrina* from the hills of Tennessee. But the national championship, I believe, belongs to North Carolina. Searching its byways for prodigies Dr. Urban T. Holmes, of the state university, found a Negro girl in Rockingham county named *Margarilla*!

Dr. Holmes encountered some male Afro-Tarheels with similarly luscious given names, and other ex-

plorers of the sub-Potomac regions have come back with beautiful specimens, among them *Handbag*, *Bootjack*, *Lingo*, *Himself*, *Hebrew*, *Solicitor*, *Wabwab*, *King Solomon*, *Fate*, *Highbwater* and *Pylorus*. But this last, to me at least, smacks of the humor of a wicked medical student, called to attend the subject's mother at her accouchement. The students of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, before public indignation slapped them down, filled East Baltimore with blackamoors named *Diapbragm*, *Esophagus*, *Hernia*, *Meninges*, *Tbyroid* and even *Autopsy*.

The inventions of colored mothers show a pious tendency. I knew a very black boy in my youth who bore the name of *Leviticus*, and another called *Land of Moab*, and Miss Naomi C. Chappell, of Richmond, Va., once unearthed one named *Matthew Mark Luke John Acts-of-the-Apostles Son-of-Zebedee Garden-of-Getsemane Hill*. But her prize discovery was *Pism C. Jackson*, named by his Bible-minded mother after the Hundredth Psalm (*Psm. C.*).

Dr. Holmes' heroic investigation led him to conclude that colored mothers were really less bold than white mothers in the concoction of

names for their progeny. In the group he studied, more boys were called *James* than anything else and more girls were called *Mary*. *Mary* also leads in the general American population, but the most popular male name, now and for 300 years past, is *John*, which Charles Lamb praised back in 1827 as "honest, full, English, and yet withal holy and apostolic."

Not all Americans have given names. There is, indeed, no legal compulsion to acquire and use one. Dr. Gatewood, a professor of surgery at Rush Medical College, Chicago, who died on May 22, 1939, got through half a century of life without one. When he sought a marriage license in San Diego, Cal., in 1923 the local officials made a pother, but in the end they had to yield, just as the Army Dogberries had yielded in 1917, when he joined the Medical Reserve Corps.

Another American without a given name is *Tifft*, of Tifft-Top, Tifft Road, Rollinsford, N. H., a retired New York businessman. Once in New York, he was denied the right to vote, but his lawyers forced the election officials to admit him. "I never had the slightest trouble about my name," he says, "in business or banking."



Ideals are like the stars — we never reach them, but like the mariners on the sea, we chart our course by them. — Carl Schurz

Stamping Out Starvation

Condensed from The American Mercury

Don Wharton

IN 50 American cities a poor man's relief dollar will buy a dollar's worth of staple groceries *plus* 50 cents' worth of eggs, butter, pork, flour, fruits and vegetables. The half-dollar food bonus enables families on relief to eat the nation's surplus foods rather than watch them rot or be dumped into rivers.

This is the federal food stamp plan which most of us have heard about and few have fully understood. By June, 125 cities and nearly 2,000,000 persons will be using the stamps.

Everybody likes the plan, I judge, after investigating its workings in various sections of the country. Farmers like it because it means larger markets, protects prices from being wrecked by surpluses. Reliefers like it because it means more food, better food. Businessmen, politicians and social workers all approve.

The stamp plan is gradually displacing the direct purchase scheme of the Federal Surplus Commodities Corporation, much to the satisfaction of New Dealers and conservatives alike. Under the old plan, the FSCC, on finding that a surplus

of grapefruit, say, was wrecking the market, bought carloads and shipped them to local relief agencies which distributed the fruit to the poor. Under the stamp plan the FSCC doesn't buy anything; the Secretary of Agriculture simply designates grapefruit as a surplus commodity. The list varies from time to time, but butter, rice, pork, eggs, fresh fruits, beans and flour were among the 17 items on the surplus list in January, for example.

In stamp cities, distribution of food through depots has stopped; reliefers no longer have to walk two or three miles for a food handout or wait hours for a truck loaded with nothing but celery. (That actually happened in Mississippi.) Instead, a WPA worker buys at a central office a dollar's worth of orange-colored stamps for each member of his family. (Nobody *has* to buy stamps, but those who do must buy at least \$1 worth per week for each member of the family, and can purchase up to \$1.50 worth.) For each dollar's worth the purchaser receives a bonus of 50 cents' worth of blue stamps. Then, at any grocery store, he buys whatever foods he wishes with his

orange stamps and any of the currently-listed surplus foods with the blues. His stamps come in 25-cent denominations; if his purchases come to an odd amount the grocer gives him a credit slip for the balance — no cash. Within these limitations, his stamps are as good as money. His oranges come out of the same box as those which the cash customer buys, his pork chops off the same hog.

The grocer turns the stamps in at a bank for cash or pays his wholesaler with them. The bank or the wholesaler turns the stamps in to the federal government and promptly receives a check for their total face value.

The plan was born little more than a year ago. On a Sunday afternoon drive, Secretary Wallace and Milo Perkins, president of the FSCC, talking of the paradox of want amid plenty, suddenly hit upon an approach which had eluded them at their desks. Next morning Perkins dictated a memo and submitted it to government experts and practical businessmen, who combed it thoroughly. By May the plan was operating in Rochester, N. Y.; by January the FSCC had put \$2,000,000 into blue stamps. During the coming fiscal year the FSCC will probably spend at least \$100,000,000 on blue stamps for some 4,000,000 individuals. More than 500 cities have requested the plan, and several states have asked for state-wide operation.

Last year Perkins secured Congressional permission to sell food stamps to non-relief families of low income. Shawnee, Okla., was chosen for the experiment, and for three months families with incomes under \$19.50 a week have been buying stamps. Milo Perkins works that way. A businessman, self-made, he put the stamp plan across the way industry puts a new product on the market, by tests in small areas before moving into larger markets.

In order to get the plan, communities must show that their businessmen really want it and will cooperate in its execution. When Rochester banks decided to charge one percent for cashing the stamps, Perkins threatened to withdraw the plan. The bankers retreated.

The theory is that blue stamps will create sufficient extra buying to eliminate certain agricultural surpluses, hence keep prices up — for agricultural prices are often wrecked by surpluses as small as five percent. And apparently the plan is causing people not on relief to buy more of the surplus foods. Competition for the stamp business is so keen that grocers push the surplus foods with special advertising and display.

In Pottawatomie County, Okla., one energetic crossroads storekeeper explained that, until the stamp plan, relievers didn't have enough money to buy grapefruit and non-relievers alone didn't provide sufficient demand to justify her stock-

ing it. Now all the country stores thereabouts sell it. Incidentally, until the stamp plan came in, this woman ran her store without help; today she has two clerks. Wholesale houses especially have put on extra help. Retail grocery business is up 15 percent in stamp towns.

But, if the larger economic consequences of food stamps are still uncertain, the human effects are plain. Some 80 percent of the blue stamps are spent on eggs, butter, fruits and vegetables. In other words, Vitamins A, B, C and D. One Oklahoma family of eight was subsisting on whatever food the welfare agency had, sometimes nothing but beans, never any milk, butter, meat or fresh vegetables. With the coming of stamps, the baby gained five pounds, one child three pounds, another seven. "Last time I saw them there was red in their cheeks," their doctor said. "And no colds this winter." Many relief mothers are overjoyed to be able to get, for the first time, plenty of milk and orange juice for their children, and school children are pleased because they have lunches they are "not shamed" to take to school.

In Rochester, which has 9873 families getting stamps, I talked with an Italian mother whose 19-year-old daughter is on WPA, whose two other children are in school, and whose husband is ill. Providing her husband with enough eggs and milk meant undernourishing the children, while feeding the

children properly meant misery for her husband. The stamps provided a way out. Other families told similar stories and hospital dietitians have commented on the apparent improvement in the general condition of incoming charity patients.

In cities where the stamp plan is operating, one out of four relief families does not participate. Some are apathetic; others just haven't heard about it. Of those participating, how many are chiseling? Every grocer tells of customers wanting to buy nonsurplus goods with blue stamps, cigarettes or liquor with orange stamps. Or wanting cash for the stamps, or cash in change. Some grocers are chiseling. Birmingham is the only city where a grocer has been indicted (charged with selling cigarettes and liquor for stamps), but a few have been detected elsewhere. I saw a Memphis grocer offer to take stamps for a length of stovepipe. In Oklahoma some tenant farmers were buying eggs with stamps and selling them to wholesalers. But chiseling seems to be the exception, thanks to healthy coöperation between businessmen and the special government investigators who are operating in the stamp cities.

Extending the stamp plan to families not on relief but with incomes too low to support an adequate standard of living seems to be a failure in the Shawnee experiment. After three months' operation only 300 families were buying

stamps. This despite tremendous ballyhoo and every conceivable inducement to make using the stamps easy. Some of the poor simply said, "I ain't taking no relief." One employer called the stamp plan to the attention of the only employe to whom he was paying less than \$20 a week. The employe was offended.

However, Perkins' general strategy is to spread the stamp plan to relief recipients in all areas before dipping deeply into non-relief groups. In February he announced

a plan to sell relief families stamps good for the purchase of cotton products. It may not materially reduce our cotton surplus but will help destitute families in need of sheets, towels, shirts, clothing and underwear.

Whether other projects now under consideration for reaching low-income families work out or not, I found a general conviction that — so long as we *must* have farm surpluses and unemployed millions — this food stamp scheme is using taxpayers' money to good advantage.



Correspondence Course

FRESHMEN at the Citadel, famous Charleston (S. C.) military college, thought up a novel time-killer recently. They mailed a batch of postcards to eastern colleges for girls, addressed to the same letter-box numbers they themselves had, and sat back to see what would happen. Replies started rolling in from Vassar, Skidmore, Wheaton, Sweet Briar and Mary Baldwin colleges.

One freshman sauntered up to his box, No. 408, wondering if it contained a reply from No. 408 at Sweet Briar, to whom he had written:

DEAR BOX 408: I was wondering what the holder of my box number at Sweet Briar looks like. As for me, I am tall, dark, and drive a Ford V-8. I am a freshman. What do you like? Where are you from and what class are you in?

There was a reply in the box, and it read:

I AM TALL, too, and not so thin as I once was. My hair is white and I drive a Buick. I was a freshman in 1896. Maybe you will get to Sweet Briar in your Ford V-8 some day. If so, come in and see me.

The letter was signed "Dr. Meta Glass." She is the president of Sweet Briar and half-sister of Carter Glass, senior United States Senator from Virginia.

— *Newsweek*

Music Master to Millions

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Doron K. Antrim

EVERY Friday afternoon throughout the school year, in 60,000 schools, over six million American boys and girls take a music lesson — to which millions of adults all over the world listen in. Miles away in a New York broadcasting studio, their music master sits at a piano. He has spent most of his 78 years doing just this — spreading the gospel of good music, teaching people how to listen to it and like it. His name — Walter Damrosch.

The Music Appreciation Hour is NBC's oldest noncommercial program, now in its 12th season. To any school with a radio it brings a first-rate symphony orchestra, plus an occasional chorus and soloist. In backwoods schools without radios the children gather around a radio-equipped car to listen.

The Damrosch program has probably been more influential than any other factor except radio itself in raising the level of musical taste in America. It has encouraged unnumbered individuals, old and young, to develop an unsuspected musical talent.

In the New York studio from which the Hour is broadcast, Dr.

Damrosch talks informally into a microphone, with that ringing musical voice, that perfect clarity of diction, which might well be a model of natural speech for his young hearers, and indeed for all Americans. First he plays a theme on the piano, then mounts the stand to lead his studio orchestra and show how the composer has developed the theme. Throughout the hour, he moves tirelessly from piano to stand and back. He speaks impromptu, never using a script. The fund of stories he tells, the countless incidents in the lives of composers, all are on the tip of his tongue. There is a studio audience of school children, too.

The success of the Hour is largely due to the veteran music master's personality and his way with young people. Never solemn or pedantic, he speaks their language, lets his own joy in music infect them, makes them feel, as he does, that great music is not cold or aloof, but alive, friendly, something to make one laugh or cry, to paint pictures with, to evoke moods. "Listen, my young friends, to this melody," he will say. Then having tasted its delights, he will add, as though to

himself, "Ah, wasn't that lovely! The highest note was like watching a bird fly up and up into the blue of the sky, and you see it, see it, see it — and then it's gone." Or in suggesting the excitement in the Ride of the Valkyries, he'll exclaim, "Now we are about to go for a ride through the clouds. You'll hear the galloping horses' hoofbeats, their neighing and the weird battle cries of the Valkyrian maidens."

Almost before he knows it, the student, led by Dr. Damrosch's kindly hand, is able to tell how complicated music is put together. A three-part rondo, for instance, is likened to a double-decker sandwich; a tangled fugue comes clear as a group of separate melodies chasing each other but never quite catching up.

A student starting the season's course learns to recognize each voice of "my musical family," the orchestral instruments being treated as personalities. Next he finds out how composers depict nature, animals, fairyland, joy and sorrow, and so on. Structure and form are then taken up, and finally the works and lives of great composers. From October to May, 25 hour-long programs are given, including 150 important works from Bach to present-day composers. In rural schools it is often the only music instruction given.

Adult listeners are just as captivated as the children. From far

and wide the letters come. A woman in South Africa wrote that she and several neighbors were music appreciation students. Some former New Yorkers sent word from Germany that they had especially enjoyed a recent Beethoven program because they had heard it in Bonn, Beethoven's birthplace. A lumberjack in northern Canada wrote that the camp was surprised one Friday by the arrival of a tribe of Indians in full regalia, who wanted to hear the Hour over the camp radio.

Early in his career Walter Damrosch had the idea that has dominated his life: great music belongs to all the people, not merely to a handful. The more people were exposed to music, he felt, the more would they enjoy it. At 23 he stepped into the breach caused by the sudden death of his father, Leopold Damrosch, and took command of the New York Symphony Orchestra and the New York Oratorio Society. When this occurred, over half a century ago, there were only three symphony orchestras in the United States, and scarcely one person in a thousand had ever heard them. Into this musical wilderness Damrosch blazed the trail, taking his opera company or his orchestra on long tours, playing Wagner in the Wild West, Mozart in mining camps. Often advance agents organized three-day festivals in which local choruses participated.

Though the audiences for his concerts grew steadily through the years, Walter Damrosch was not satisfied. He was haunted by the thought that the time to become acquainted with good music was in childhood. While others doubted that "heavy" music could be made to mean anything to youngsters, Damrosch believed he could win them if he told them stories, explained the music in terms they could understand. He decided to make the experiment.

It was a noisy rabble that gathered in sedate Carnegie Hall on December 30, 1891, to hear the first concert for children ever given in New York. The youngsters were accompanied by teachers and doting mothers. Dr. Damrosch confessed that he was a bit nonplused. Holding up his hand until he could be heard, he said: "Children, if you all talk at once, no one can understand what you say. But my musical family" — and he pointed to the orchestra — "can all talk together on their instruments and make the most beautiful music." The children subsided, and the first concert was off to a grand start. Thirty-five years of Damrosch children's concerts followed and other orchestras in America and Europe adopted the idea.

In 1926, Dr. Damrosch, deluded by mere arithmetic into thinking he was getting old, "retired." That

very year he was asked to conduct a radio concert and "say a few words" before each number. He did. From the radio audience came a deluge of letters asking for more concerts "with explanations": the experiment had tapped America's longing to learn about music. A series of radio concerts for adults followed. Its success gave NBC the idea of music for schools. To Dr. Damrosch here was an opportunity to repeat, for a whole continent, the success of his concerts for a fortunate handful of children in Carnegie Hall. At 64 he was on the threshold of a new and immensely exciting career. The Hour that started on a network of 26 stations now has over 104.

Through these Friday broadcasts, people young and old discovered their capacity to enjoy good music — and demanded it. Before the war we had only 17 symphony orchestras; now we have 270. Their enthusiastic supporters are critical and discriminating. And recently Frank Black, music director of NBC, told me that radio now makes up its programs on the assumption of the public's good taste in music.

Musically, America has grown up. And no small part of the credit for this must go to the man who, early in his career, dreamed that America might be musical, and was faithful to his dream.



Britain's Far-Flung Secret Service

Condensed from *The Living Age*

Frederic Sonder, Jr.

THE DEFENSE of the British Empire against enemies foreign and domestic is an intricate problem even in peacetime. In wartime it becomes titanic. Every government that looks longingly at England's rich possessions is now intriguing to disrupt the commonwealth. Northern India, Iran, and Afghanistan are crawling with Soviet agitators. Tokyo is pressing at Singapore and the eastern crown colonies. Mussolini's agents quietly sow discord through the Mediterranean and the Near East. In combatting these disruptive influences and in prosecuting the war as well, an important part is being played by a little-known and seldom-understood group of men, the agents of the British Government's intelligence services.

To most people the British secret service man is a creature of bizarre fiction. E. Phillips Oppenheim and a host of other mystifiers have endowed him with superhuman powers. Actually, however, the British agents are mostly quite un-Machiavelian men who work without glory to keep the Empire's fingers on the nerve centers of the world.

From Wilhelmshaven, the German naval base, a letter reaches London. A British agent in Germany has sent it via an apparently harmless Amsterdam address — a "letter box," in intelligence jargon. Between lines of innocent writing, invisible ink tells of a German submarine campaign about to be launched. Across the Himalayas, a cartman brings a message to the Indian Intelligence Officer at Peshawar: the Russians are concentrating on the Indian border. From the four corners of the earth these reports pour in — by mail, radio and diplomatic pouch. And on their accuracy may hang the fate of the Empire.

There is no British "secret service" — as such. There are seven intelligence divisions. The Foreign Office, the War Office, the Admiralty, the Air Ministry, the Board of Trade, the Colonial Office and the Home Office each have an intelligence department of their own. Absence of coördination sometimes results in comic-opera conflicts. Several years ago the War Office and Foreign Office intelligence services were found to be fighting a little war against each other. Each was arm-

ing and paying a rival Arab chieftain, thinking that a foreign power was behind the other.

To Chamberlain and certain other government officials, this spying business is not only "not cricket," but not always to be trusted. As a result, much valuable information from agents in the field goes unheeded. Sir John Simon and Anthony Eden were completely bowled over when Hitler, in March 1935, told them in Berlin the strength of the German air force. London had been kept well informed by the War Office's espionage of the growth of the Nazi air armada, but both the Air and War Ministers had pigeonholed the alarming reports, feeling that "Intelligence" was exaggerating again. And if Prime Minister Chamberlain had trusted the Foreign Office Intelligence Department more and his own brain trust less, the debacle at Munich might have been prevented.

The Foreign Office Intelligence Department is probably the most efficient of the seven secret services. Its men are sent out where and when the regular accredited British diplomats can no longer function. They intrigue for or against a treaty or a change in government — in which London must not be involved officially. Most of them are chosen from the foreign service itself for skill in ferreting out information and handling difficult situations. But some of the most valued are private persons. Intelligence chiefs

discover them in their clubs and appeal to their patriotism and love of adventure. The writer has known several of these part-time agents.

One is a retired insurance broker who has done much business in Central Europe and knows well the bewilderingly complex intrigues among Balkan countries. Whenever any crisis looms he is off to "see about his investments." A roly-poly, cherub-faced *bon vivant*, with plenty of money, he makes friends everywhere. And from wherever he is, the Foreign Office has amazingly accurate information.

Intelligence departments employ women only when absolutely necessary. Miss X, who uncovered the Russian spy ring in England in February 1938, is unique. At the request of a friend in the War Office counter-espionage section, this trim, 30-year-old blonde joined the suspect Friends of the Soviet Union, gained the confidence of the spy ringleader, and led him along until she knew the whole organization. She even hired the apartment where the plans supplied by traitors in Woolwich Arsenal were copied. At the right moment all the conspirators were arrested and the secret of a new 14-inch naval gun was saved.

Regular, full-time agents of the intelligence services are of all types. In Naval Intelligence they are ordnance, supply, and operations officers. In the Board of Trade I.D. they are statisticians and experienced traders. They vary from ath-

letic youngsters to old gentlemen in wheel chairs. Unlike the French and German agents — who are schooled in everything from recognizing ship silhouettes to picking locks — they receive no formal training in the spy business. Their method is to learn as they progress from simple jobs to more exacting assignments. Appointments are not widely sought, for the pay is not attractive and the work is arduous. An agent may be sent at a moment's notice to an obscure corner of the world. He must live a lonely life, without real friends, his mind alert to new developments and to the constant danger of giving himself away.

Largest of all is the War Office Intelligence Department, which directs not only the regular intelligence officers in the British army all over the Empire, but also has an immense Special Intelligence Section which controls British military espionage throughout the world and counter-espionage in all British possessions. The Chief of Special Intelligence is known only to his immediate assistants, to the top men in the War Office, and to the Prime Minister. From his mystery-surrounded office go the crack men of the service — equipped with forged passports — into Germany and Russia, via an elaborate underground railway system. From here go the orders via embassy, "letter box," and field agent — moving, say, Number 34 from his job at Aden to a small shop in Bombay, or shifting

Number 574 from a saloon in Cape Town to a tugboat at Lisbon.

These experts must watch continuously for false rumors, and for plans purposely played into their hands by foreign secret services. The German *Geheimdienst* let it leak out, for example, that a certain sector of the West Wall was not yet completely equipped with artillery, hoping that the Allies would attack at that point. But another British agent reported that Krupp had sent a large number of powerful guns to that very sector. It was up to Special Intelligence to find out which story was correct.

During peacetime, the various intelligence services at London are greatly helped by the globe-trotting Englishman's habit of letter-writing. Englishmen do not go spying for the fun of it, like the Japanese, but if, while traveling, they see anything interesting they write home about it. It was a casual traveler who stumbled across Italian "missionaries" surveying strategic points in Ethiopia long before there was any other intimation that the *Duce* was interested.

A new problem for the counter-espionage division is the refugee. Thousands have streamed into England from Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, with credentials that are hard to check. One German munitions expert, posing as a refugee, was able to worm his way into the confidence of the War Office. He had proof that he had been in

the Dachau concentration camp, had suffered severe beatings, and finally had escaped. It was by sheer accident that he was discovered — an ex-journalist meeting him at the War Office remembered seeing him years before behind a desk at Gestapo headquarters in Berlin. Bona fide refugees, too, have been forced to join in espionage work by threats of reprisal on relatives and friends left in Germany. For these reasons the service has a network of informers among the refugees themselves.

Because the Germans are creatures of habit and system, a vital portion of the big German espionage organization was knocked into a cocked hat last September. Where the British send one or two highly intelligent, experienced spies, with instructions to use their own imagination and initiative, Berlin dispatches a dozen rigidly disciplined agents under a chief — thorough workers, but generally clumsy and without imagination. By finding a "letter box," Special Intelligence was able to watch a dozen of the *Geheimdienst's* best men for some time before war began, and on September 2 arrested them all, much to Berlin's surprise.

Naval Intelligence has been having a rougher passage. In 1914, it had the extraordinary luck to obtain a German naval codebook — found in the pocket of a drowned signal officer on the cruiser *Magdeburg*, which ran aground on the

Aland Islands. For almost two years the Germans continued to use that code. In this war, however, the Germans change codes frequently, and the British Admiralty is not so well supplied with clues. The long marauding career of the *Graf Spee*, the escape of the *Bremen*, and the undiscovered location of other ships like the *Admiral Scheer* embarrass Winston Churchill considerably.

The Admiralty's decoding section is famous, nevertheless, for its speed and accuracy in cryptography. At the beginning of the last war, when Admiral Sir Reginald Hall found that there were not enough cryptographers to do the job which suddenly swamped the Admiralty, he dragged frightened savants out from dusty nooks in the British Museum. If they could decipher hieroglyphics, they could break codes. They did so well that it seemed like sorcery. These obscure talents have again been drafted into service.

The strangling economic blockade of Germany which Britain maintains today was made possible largely by Board of Trade intelligence agents, who spent two years charting the channels of German trade with neutrals. The Colonial Office's intelligence service saved Britain from serious uprisings in the former German colonies in Africa. Arms and ammunition had been smuggled in and distributed among pro-German sympathizers, and German officers had been sent down to train secret formations. But an agent of the

Colonial Officer's Intelligence had the whole Nazi setup in hand. Arrests followed, and when September came South Africa was safe for England.

And so they go on, these lonely

men, fighting singlehanded against tremendous odds — always just a step from the assassin's bullet or the firing squad, unknown and unsung, holding together the world's greatest empire.



Quotable Quotes

BRUCE BARTON
in a Lincoln's Birthday address:

"WE ARE MET here to honor the memory of an American who was ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed — and didn't know it."

— *The Christian Science Monitor*

WILLIAM C. DEMILLE
screen writer and director:

"ONE THING I have always admired about my brother Cecil is his ability to bite off more than he can chew, and then chew it."

— *Hollywood Saga* (Dutton)

OSCAR WILDE:

"MEN ALWAYS want to be a woman's first love. Women have a more subtle instinct: what they like is to be a man's last romance."

RUDYARD KIPLING:

"MEN AND WOMEN may sometimes, after great effort, achieve a creditable lie; but a house cannot say anything save the truth of those who have lived in it."

— *Traffics and Discoveries* (Doubleday, Doran)

CHESTER W. NIMITZ
Rear-Admiral, U.S.N.:

"A SHIP is always referred to as a 'she' because it costs so much to keep one in paint and powder."

— *AP*

BERNARD SHAW:

"YOUTH is a wonderful thing What a crime to waste it on children."

CHANNING POLLOCK:

"THE ONLY good luck many great men ever had was being born with the ability and determination to overcome bad luck." — *The Adventures of a Happy Man* (Crowell)

THREE YEARS AGO, the officials of Rankin's public school, in Guilford County, N. C., sent circulars to every home in the district proposing that the school should become a clearinghouse for the needs of the community. It would act as a service agency, to which all people might bring their problems.

Since then, requests have come in for practically everything. The music department has furnished music for special occasions at churches, for P.T.A. programs, for weddings and funerals. The commercial department has typed letters, mimeographed programs, public notices, handbills, tickets and menus. The home economics department has helped to select patterns and materials, in some cases has made clothing for local families. It has planned interior decorations, special menus for homes and social affairs, and furnished students to assist at parties. A special department helps to plan weddings. The science department tests seeds for germination, gives information on bulbs, flowers, spraying, poultry, and on the care of pets; it tests water, soil, and milk for butter fat.

The school receives no money for such services, but the students who do the work get valuable experience in the problems of adult life.

—H. G. Waters in *High School Journal*

STUDENTS of the building trades at Highland Park (Ill.) high school have during the last 14 years erected seven houses, one school building and an addition to a school. Each house was the product of a single year's work, and each was sold soon after comple-

tion — the most expensive for \$16,500. Land was paid for when the houses were sold; and dealers let the students have lumber and other building materials on the same terms.

Teacher and class drew up plans for the building in the spring, a local architect passing judgment, and when school opened in the autumn the work began. Part of the students were on the job in the morning, part in the afternoon. Girls of the home economics department selected the wallpaper, borrowed rugs and furnishings from department stores. The art classes were responsible for landscaping the grounds. When everything was finished there was a grand opening, with committees of young builders acting as hosts each day the house was open for inspection.

—Richard L. Sandwick in *Curriculum Journal*

WHEN the student-citizens of Blochman City, an unusual country school in California, reach maturity, they will have a working knowledge of banking, storekeeping, public health, law enforcement, modern housing, tax assessing and collecting, museum management, and even street cleaning. For Blochman City represents the idea of its principal, Mrs. Bina L. Fuller, that children should learn by experience something of the problems they will face when grown.

The boys and girls of the school built the little model village themselves on 20,000 square feet of land given by a local businessman; it has a city hall, real estate office, museum, hospital, model home, bank, store, florist shop and health center. Everyone has a job,

with salary paid in stage money; property owners pay taxes, borrow money at the bank, pay interest and renew notes if interest is promptly paid. The stores are stocked with merchandise given by businessmen, who charge it up to advertising, and running the stores is a glorified arithmetic lesson. The pupils elect a mayor, council, and chamber of commerce. Everything they learn can be applied to running their own town on an adult basis.

—John E. Lodge in *Popular Science*

"SHE CAN MAKE a cherry pie," and she can also make a mustard plaster, darn socks, bathe the baby, tell stories to the children, make and mend their clothes and settle their squabbles — if she's a graduate of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) High School for Home-Making, the only school of its kind in the country. In its new building, big sunny rooms equipped as modern nursery schools serve as a laboratory, with 40 small children as textbooks for the girls majoring in home-making.

Even a career woman needs to know

how to run a house and bring up children, so every girl in the school gets general grounding during the first "exploratory" year: practical experience such as taking a baby brother or sister to the nearest health center and learning about the need for toxoid for diphtheria prevention, vaccination against smallpox, the technique of sun baths and diets for small children.

In the second year, some girls may choose to major in beauty-shop practice, in cafeteria and tearoom training, or take a nurse's preparatory course. Those majoring in home-making settle down to definite studies in prenatal care; learn to concoct formulas, to cook and serve meals. Third-year students go into the nursery school to observe techniques through one-way vision screens and to work with the children in classrooms and on the playground. They see that children take their naps, take their cod-liver oil, wash before meals, etc. And there are regular periods for academic work, too, since this is a high school like any other in that respect.

—Catherine Mackenzie in *N. Y. Times Magazine*



The Right to Laugh

THERE IS no right a democracy ought to cherish more tenaciously than the right to laugh at anything and anybody it thinks is funny. Ideas, if they are good ones, can stand being laughed at. Personalities are more vulnerable. The bigger the windbag the easier it is to poke holes in it, but in countries now most supinely under a boss's thumb, where such deflation is most needed, it does not take place. American cartoonists have done wonders with Mr. Roosevelt's chin, but their Italian contemporaries dare not distort *Il Duce's* massive maxillary. And where now are those artists who in former times helped bring a sense of proportion into the political life of Germany? Territories may be lost, spheres of influence may be contracted, but civilization can survive if a joke continues to be called a joke and is not disguised as a great man or a great idea.

— Editorial in *N. Y. Times*

❧ Does revolution, peaceful or otherwise, again impend in Mexico as the July presidential election nears?

Mexican Miracle Man, Maybe

Condensed from Current History

Michael Scully

+

THERE IS a cynical adage in Mexico that control of the government can be changed only by a revolution or a miracle. In all its history as a quasi-democracy, it has never held a free and democratic election; no independent candidate has ever won at the polls.

But Juan Andreu Almazán believes he is a miracle man. He resigned as senior general of the army to oppose General Manuel Avila Camacho, the machine's choice to succeed President Cárdenas. He drew 200,000 cheering listeners to the greatest demonstration Mexico City has seen in 30 years. In Camacho's home state, Puebla, he won the open support of the federation of workers and peasants.

Such feats by a conservative candidate in "red" Mexico prove two significant points: That great bodies of Mexicans have been disillusioned by Cárdenas' program, and that the government machine is not opposed this time by the traditional straw-man.

Should he win the presidency in July, Almazán might be the answer to a Pan-American prayer. He op-

poses the communistic influences which foster the anti-Yankee spirit in Mexico and are feared by Latin governments to the south. He believes that Mexico needs the sympathy and coöperation of the United States, and is shocked at the unfriendliness Cárdenas has promoted by such gestures as his recent unprovoked denunciation of the Monroe Doctrine.

The masses understand Almazán. He is the *caballero* — the man on horseback whom Mexico always has known. The bewildered peon is psychologically ready to follow a *patrón* who promises a way out of his dilemma in concrete, familiar terms.

More analytical supporters expect no lofty idealism; they see him as an intelligent "strong man" who would return the country to a moderate course without destroying the basic gains of the revolution — land for the peasants, guarantees for labor, broader educational and social opportunities. They believe, for instance, that without returning the oil lands he would work for a compromise to satisfy both the companies and national pride and,

most important, assure capital of its future security.

Almazán makes Cárdenas' administration the issue of the campaign, ignoring Camacho, his nominal opponent. He points out that since Cárdenas took office in 1934 these things have happened:

The public debt has doubled, largely because expropriations of oil properties, railroads, mines, the sugar industry, and 30,000,000 acres of land have wiped out big segments of normal tax revenue. Increased tariffs have so strangled trade as actually to lower Mexico's customs revenues. Currency has been inflated 70 percent to take up part of the slack; the peso has dropped from 28 to 17 cents. Wage increases averaging 42 percent won by incessant strikes have been swallowed by doubled living costs. Mexico, a wheat-corn-beans country, last year imported 100,000 tons of wheat and proportionate quantities of corn and beans because the new collective farms did not produce enough.

Cárdenas has believed that Mexico, with a civilization ranging from the primitive to the feudal, can be jerked forward three centuries in the six years of his administration simply by decreeing a series of reforms based on Russian models. Almazán demands gradual development based on private initiative, protection of capital's rights as well as labor's, and increased production and consumption.

Pointing to the Cárdenas design for Utopia, Almazán says, "This is a very fine dream. But" — he explodes the word — "are you eating?"

This touches the Mexican in a sensitive spot. He has not been eating well, according to the government's own statistics.

One third of Mexico's population has been placed on lands taken from big estates and cut up into communal farms under federal agents. Almazán believes a land-owning peasantry is essential. "But," he asks the agrarians, "do you really own the land today? Or have you just traded the old landowner for a greater one in Mexico City?"

"I," says Almazán, "will see that you own the land. You, Pablo, will have your ten acres. You, Pedro, will have yours. You may cultivate it, or you may sit and look at it. But when the working man's crop comes in there will be no bookkeeping agent to rob him of it. That is what we fought for in 1910."

Like Cárdenas, Almazán followed Francisco Madero in the 1910 revolution which exiled the dictator, Porfirio Díaz. When Madero was murdered in 1913 Almazán was the 22-year-old commander of the garrison of Morelos. During the next few years fantastic cross-currents of revolution made a shambles of Mexico and it was every man for himself. Almazán, tireless and magnetic, flourished in the chaos. In his middle 20's, he was a self-made

general leading 15,000 men, and under Calles he was picked to command Monterrey, the country's most important army zone.

Since 1926, Almazán has been the big figure in northern Mexico. Governors come and go. Generals, too, are supposed to be shifted so as to minimize their opportunity to build a personal following. But Calles and the three Calles-made presidents who followed him needed a strong hand in the north, as was demonstrated in 1929 when Almazán quickly quelled a threatening revolt.

Cárdenas has left his senior general discreetly alone — by tacit agreement as long as Almazán kept quiet — and it is significant that there have been practically no expropriations in Almazán's state.

Almazán, like Cárdenas, has become wealthy. It is an old Mexican custom to give keymen lucrative opportunities. Almazán became a builder, developing resort properties from Monterrey to Acapulco on the southern Pacific coast. He heads a construction company which even under Cárdenas has been awarded government contracts.

Construction of the Pan-American Highway was stalled in 1931 by 130 miles of 10,000-foot mountains and river jungles. American engineers called the stretch impenetrable. Almazán took charge. Workmen roped to trees gouged the first faint trail out of the perpendicular mountainsides. Machines followed.

They literally removed mountain tops. Communication was established within a year, and the road is one of the great engineering jobs of the world.

When I first met Almazán in 1933, he had his soldiers building a summer home for him and a resort center on a mountain shelf 3000 feet above Monterrey, reached by a writhing six-mile road. He impressed me as the exact opposite of Cárdenas. Almazán is an aristocrat, the son of well-to-do landowners. The idealistic and visionary president is one of the people, a taciturn Indian. He rides muleback into mountain hamlets, squats and munches *torillas* while he hears the people's woes. He was the best-loved figure in Mexico. But the peasant has never understood and has grown to mistrust the complex economic and social plans which Cárdenas himself propounds somewhat vaguely.

Business classes are naturally behind Almazán. Catholics have rallied to his promise of freedom of education. Since he declared for woman suffrage, women have formed pro-Almazán units throughout the country. At least a third of organized labor — the base of Cárdenas' strength — publicly supports Almazán's charges that the unions are exploited by racketeers.

But, granted all this, can Almazán be elected President of Mexico?

The administration machine, now called the Party of the Mexican

Revolution (P.R.M.) has always controlled elections, from village ballot box to final tabulation. Almazán, a hard-bitten realist, would not have entered the campaign unless he had detected cracks in that machine. His plan for a miracle is to split the P.R.M.

Chances for such a feat are better than ever before. The big cogs of the P.R.M. — governors, generals and department heads — are pragmatists, willing to follow the leader as long as their own perquisites are secure. A dominant P.R.M. group decided in 1939 that Cárdenas had gone too far left in his support of Lombardo Toledano, the radical labor leader, heir-apparent to the presidency. This group presented an ultimatum: It would not support Lombardo but would compromise on a more moderate Cárdenas man. Thence emerged the candidacy of the mild General Camacho.

Almazán watched these developments cautiously, and awaited the psychological moment. When Washington cut the price to be paid for Mexican silver, adding the next-to-last straw to the country's burden, the general came down from his mountain shelf, expressing complete faith in Cárdenas' promise of an uncontrolled election and offering to save the country.

There were immediate charges that he was being backed by the foreign oil interests. This seems unlikely. The oil men would like to see him president. But he may not win — and the oil people could under Mexican law be shut off without a cent if there were any proof they interfered in politics.

Actually his campaign is financed by himself and a few wealthy friends, and by the sale of "patriotism bonds" — nonredeemable and suitable for framing — chiefly to professional, small business and church people.

Having proved that he has a huge, if incalculable, popular following, Almazán's strategy is to win over rightists and moderates of the P.R.M. who have little faith in Camacho's ability to hold the antagonistic elements of the machine together.

An open split of the P.R.M. would result in clearly defined rightist and leftist parties. The situation obviously is mined with explosives. Most objective Mexicans fear that developments may lead to nationwide violence. They feel, however, that Almazán must have foreseen all possibilities and planned to meet them — else why should he have come down from that mountain?



*At the White House Mrs. Roosevelt is
now known as "Public Energy No. 1."*

A City of Their Own

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Webb Waldron

"**D**IDN'T YOU KNOW that the gun this child offered you for sale had been stolen? Of course you knew it!"

Judge Esther Ridley, Negro, 16, leaned forward from the bench, gazing scornfully at the man before her. "How," she demanded, "can we young people stamp out wrongdoing among us when grownups won't coöperate?"

"Amen, Esther, Amen!" murmured the Negro mothers crowding the courtroom.

The two prisoners stood silent — the grown man, his head bent; the skinny 11-year-old, in tattered overalls, face frozen with fear.

"As for you," said the youthful judge to the man, "you will face charges in a regular magistrate's court." Then, as Judge Esther turned to the frightened youngster, her face softened. "Alfredus Fink, a jury of your peers has found you guilty. I sentence you to six months' probation here at Hill City. Next case!"

This is regular Saturday morning court in Hill City, self-governing municipality of Negro youth in Pittsburgh's Harlem.

The defendant in the next case is Eddie, 12, accused of being leader of a gang stealing vegetables.

"Are you a gang leader?" demands the assistant district attorney, Charley Morris, 17.

Up jumps the defense "lawyer." "Your Honor, I object to the prosecutor mentioning a gang unless he produces the gang!"

The assistant D.A. smiles confidently, motions to a tipstaff. "Bring in the gang!"

The audience turns. In comes a file of five kids, the smallest seven years old.

"I repeat," says the D.A., "are you the leader of this gang?"

"No, sir, I'm the president of a club!"

"What's the difference between a club and a gang?"

Eddie declares defiantly: "A club, it buys things. A gang, it steals things."

"We are prepared to show, Your Honor," says the prosecutor, "that this gang didn't *buy* things, it *stole* things!"

Witnesses are called, sworn. The net of facts closes in around Eddie and his mob. Finally, the jury turns

in a verdict of guilty, the court sentences the gang leader to two months' hard labor (washing windows and scrubbing floors at "City Hall") and six months' probation.

"Eddie," says the judge, "I think you've got good stuff in you. We'll all help you, too, to go right — I hope you'll become a good citizen of Hill City!"

Suddenly Eddie bursts into tears. His gang stares, astounded. The gang had idolized the tough guy. And now he is just a weeping kid to whom kids of his own age have offered help.

Hill City court, with its justice meted out by youngsters to youngsters, is the dramatic focus of an experiment that already has reduced juvenile delinquency and increased self-respect, pride of community, hope for the future in Pittsburgh's blackest slum.

In June 1938, Colonel George E. A. Fairley, Pittsburgh director of public safety, heard of the work of L. M. Shaw, city detective of Columbus, Ohio, in reducing crime among his fellow Negroes. Fairley was troubled by the fact that "the Hill" bred twice as much crime per capita among Negroes as among whites. At his own expense, he brought Shaw to Pittsburgh to talk before citizens at the Negro Y.M.C.A. Shaw told of community centers, clubrooms, study groups, recreation.

Why not do the same thing in Pittsburgh? There was an endowed settlement house for white children

in the Hill, but nothing for Negroes — the largest racial group. No meeting places, no recreation, only their miserable tenements and the bleak and ugly streets.

Fairley picked 33-year-old Howard McKinney, program secretary at the Negro "Y," to head the experiment. McKinney, born in the poverty of the Hill, had toiled in the steel mills to put himself through the University of Pittsburgh. Forced by lack of funds to give up his hope of a medical education, he went into "Y" work.

There was no money to support a program, but Fairley appointed the muscular, soft-spoken "Y" man a detective at \$225 a month and told him to go ahead. Starting in one of the worst crime spots, McKinney took hold of an abandoned store — a literal wreck with no roof. He begged boards, paint, shingles, enlisted the help of the Negro grownups, and by a sort of miracle converted the wreck into a meeting place. He went on with no cash but indomitable courage and enthusiasm to set up a dozen such centers. Then he started centers where boys and girls could play games, keep off the streets. Soon he had 20 junior groups, with about 50 members each — 1000 boys and girls in all.

Juvenile delinquency dropped, but McKinney felt that something more was needed. He knew his race. Drama, action, show, is their breath of life. He assembled a group of

youngsters and asked them if they wouldn't like to set up a self-governing city. The response was enthusiastic. The idea was in the air, what with stories of Boys' Brotherhood Republics* and Boys Town in Nebraska.

Now another chief character enters. In the heart of the Hill is a large movie. The proprietor, Harry Hendel, had helped McKinney with his community groups. When McKinney mentioned his idea for a youth municipality, Hendel said, "Fine! Let's give it a real send-off."

He announced a free show for McKinney's 1000 boys and girls. McKinney printed and distributed blank ballots to vote for mayor, district attorney, and other municipal officers. A filled-out ballot was the admission. The theater was jammed. During the show the ballots were counted, and afterward the acting mayor of Pittsburgh and other city officials, there on invitation, swore the new officials of Hill City into office. It was a bang-up ceremony. The youngsters loved it. So Hill City was launched in March 1939.

But it had no home, and here again Hendel came to the rescue. At the back of the theater building were some big empty rooms. Hendel gave Hill City those quarters rent-free, heat and light thrown in.

Hill City citizens got up a dance to raise money for desks and tables.

* See "No Adults Allowed," *The Reader's Digest*, April, '36, p. 79.

A furniture house gave some chairs. The city lent a typewriter. The citizens set to with hammer, saw and paintbrush, fitted up offices. Applications for citizenship poured in. Out went a boy or girl to investigate each applicant, interview the kid's parents, examine his school record, to make sure he would make a worthy citizen. Today Hill City has 2600 citizens, 9 to 21 years old: 2100 Negroes — half the Negro population of those ages on the Hill — and 500 white boys and girls.

Self-respect in the individual, pride in the community — these are the fundamentals of Hill City. Take, for example, its attack on stealing. To some boys stealing is a test of courage in a too tame world. A boy may also steal out of sheer need. But the dictum inspired by McKinney is that stealing is a disgrace to the Hill. These youngsters are fighting to wipe away the Hill's ugly reputation.

Snitching from stores and trucks, pulling false fire-alarms, hopping trolley cars, smashing milk bottles — for such exploits any juvenile, white or black, is likely to be reported by a Hill City citizen these days. Maybe he will be brought direct to headquarters. Or a Hill City investigator will call at his home and persuade the father or mother to come with the youngster. The visit may mean just a warning, or it may mean a trial. Of course these Hill City kids have no actual

police power. But they have the power of the kid in his own world, which is almost irresistible.

Hill City investigators have recovered over \$600 in money and merchandise, stolen by kids on the Hill, and restored it to the owners. The manager of the largest five-and-ten in Pittsburgh told me that his staff used to nab four or five Negro boys every day for stealing; now there isn't one a month. "Pronty Ford, district attorney of Hill City, comes in here once a week to check up," he said.

Colonel Fairley leaves the handling of petty crime to Hill City. "When a boy is put on probation at Hill City," said Fairley, "he's really on probation. He might fool an adult parole officer, but he can't fool a bunch of kids of his own age."

Over 400 boys and girls have thus far been tried in Hill City courts. Of these 250 have applied for citizenship. Some of the most hardened "criminals" have become officials. One gang leader, as a token of his conversion to good citizenship, presented Judge Esther with a handsome wooden gavel made in his woodworking class at school.

I attended a meeting of a mayor and his cabinet at which Stanley Kane, fire chief, 18, reported that, with the help of a local fire captain, he had drawn up a list of fire cautions for the home. Hill City boys and girls were distributing a placard of these warnings — with a thumb-tack — to every home.

Now and then the meeting flared up in a sudden burst of youthful passion. "You've got to do better work!" "That's not my job!" "All right, I'll resign!" But the mayor, Roland Myers, 18, rapped for order and the meeting went back to a dignity that would have shamed some adult councils. Those youngsters gloried in the importance their municipality gave them.

Slowly, Hill City has begun to touch the imagination of Pittsburgh. Its citizens have succeeded in the past few months in selling \$1400 worth of "good-will bonds" for its support. These "bonds" are really certificates of gift. Recently Hill City had a gift of \$2300 from a Pittsburgh estate to be used for a badly needed gym and a wood-working shop.

This growth in America of self-governing communities of youth is significant at a time when the responsibility of the adult citizen for the character of government is being questioned. In Cleveland, for instance, the police have turned over seven abandoned precinct stations to groups of boys who have set up "cities" similar to Hill City, and these boys have assumed the same responsibility for law enforcement and good citizenship. The result is a drastic cut in juvenile delinquency. If slum youngsters are willing to fight for good citizenship, can grownups in any community stand aside and say that government is the affair of the politicians?

¶ You can sing with the voice of a prima donna, thanks to Sonovox—a recent invention that will work new movie miracles

Hollywood's New Ghost Voice

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Nancy Pope

ONE MORNING in Hollywood Gilbert Wright, screen and fiction writer, was shaving underneath his chin, with his mouth open, when he heard the sound of his whiskers being cut coming out of his mouth. Rushing to a music shop, he bought a tuning fork, struck the fork, pressed its handle to the side of his throat and mouthed a silent "Hello." It came out faintly, "Hello" in A, the voice of the fork. Starting from this point, Wright, a former professor of physics, spent two years building in his spare time a machine called the Sonovox, which may cause as great a revolution in motion pictures as did the advent of sound.

The Sonovox is a simple little machine with a sound box like a phonograph to which two small, biscuit-shaped vibrators are connected by wires. Start a record of Tito Schipa singing *O Sole Mio*, hold the vibrators to each side of your neck, open your lips and you hear the golden voice of Schipa coming out of *your* mouth! Now, silently, mouth the words, "Oh, thrilling splendor!" Instead of "*O sole mio*," Schipa will sing, "Oh,

thrilling splendor!" You have caught the stream of Italian in your mouth and remolded it into English.

Wright, the novelist son of Harold Bell Wright, got his idea for the Sonovox because he was working on a screen play in which the murderer, fleeing from the scene of his crime, was haunted by the sound of the train wheels accusing him, "You killed her, you killed her, clackety-clack, you killed her!" The producers were planning, in the usual fashion, to take the sound of the train wheels and dub in some corny voice speaking the necessary words. Wright, however, thought it would be much better if the wheels themselves could speak in their own voice. Engineers told him it couldn't be done. But the shave, the tuning fork and Wright's knowledge of the science of sound solved the problem.

Today, with the Sonovox, speaking can be done by train wheels or a violin, a fire siren or a cement mixer; and anyone can be Caruso or Galli-Curci. Actually all you do is act as a loud-speaker, shaping sound into words when, as and if you desire.

To begin with, Wright knew that

ordinary speech is caused by two things: the buzz or hum made in the throat by air passing through the vocal cords, a buzz that can be raised or lowered in pitch and volume and that's all; and second, the modifications of this buzz in the mouth by palate, tongue, teeth and lips — these modifications form the actual syllables of articulate speech. What Wright wanted to do was to supply another buzz for the human buzz in the throat. So he enlarged the vibrations from a phonograph record or a sound track so that they would actually cause the human throat to vibrate.

When Sonovox is in common use, American motion pictures will be transmuted and remolded into any desired language by professional articulators. The American voices will be exactly the same, but the words as they come from the screen will be perfect Spanish, French or Italian. Likewise, we English-speaking audiences may hear foreign ac-

tors speaking with their own voices — and understand them. No more unsatisfactory dubbed sound which never seems to fit the rhythm of the action, no more superimposed titles jumping out at you from the bottom of the screen. In newsreels you may hear Hitler, in his own hysterical voice, address the Reichstag in English, if that's any treat.

Outside the motion-picture field, Sonovox can be of great service to people who have lost their voices through disease or accident. For individuals thus afflicted, Sonovox will consist of small button vibrators worn on either side of the throat, invisible under the collar, and attached to a battery similar to that for a hearing aid. When the battery is switched on, it will send the necessary sound vibrations into the throat. The wearer himself will shape the words. Although undoubtedly the voice will have a mechanical sound, it will be far better than no voice at all.



Income Tax "Returns"

THE TREASURY recently encountered a new Income Tax problem — not underpayments, but overpayments. It seems that in years past many taxpayers sent more money than they owed, and after a year or two put in legitimate claims for repayment, plus 6 percent interest. The Treasury finally became suspicious that these "generous" souls were deliberately paying more than the required tax, since they couldn't find any other investment as safe as the United States Government that would yield 6 percent interest.

—*The Sign*

¶ The "beloved physician" of Saranac, who
"invented" fresh air as a cure for tuberculosis

Conqueror of the White Plague

Condensed from Christian Herald

Charles F. V. Murphy

FOR MOST of us the name Saranac evokes one image: a sanitarium for "T.B." victims. Fifty years ago about 75 percent of those who went to this region for a cure died of their disease. But today Saranac has become a symbol not only of delay before death, but of a new beginning.

And this is a great and wonderful fact. For tuberculosis still remains a dark, mortal ambush. No specific has been found to counteract its virulent bacillus. Every year it kills 65,000 people in the United States alone, and removes nearly 300,000 more from usefulness.

But despite lack of aid from drugs, medical science has found ways of curing the White Plague. The 50-year decline in the tuberculosis death rate testifies to that — from 245 per 100,000 population to 49, a drop of 80 percent!

Toward this addition to human welfare one man made a vast contribution — a tall, Lincoln-esque sort of man, with a big head set upon a shrunken body. The chances are you have barely heard of him. His name was Edward Livingstone Trudeau, and he has been dead 25

years. When his name is mentioned at all today it is usually to typify a courage classic in its forthrightness. He remains a living inspiration. But he was also a man of direct and intelligent action, and the story of his life, so little known, is as stirring as his bravery.

Trudeau was only a "country doctor" who came to know more about the treatment of tuberculosis than any man of his time. When, 56 years ago, he founded the now-famous Trudeau Sanitarium at Saranac, the first institution of its kind in the United States, he was called a quack, a fool, and worse. He lived to see his unique contribution to "T.B." therapy — the "invention of fresh air" — become universally adopted.

No good man ever came closer to throwing his life away. Edward Trudeau was born in New York in 1848, the son of an émigré French physician. His boyhood ambition was to be a naval officer. But when his brother Frank fell ill, Edward declined an appointment to Annapolis in order to nurse him. In those days tuberculosis was not considered infectious, and Edward

slept in the same room, often in the same bed, with his brother. Medical authorities were strong in the belief that any exposure to cold would hasten death. The sick were bundled into hot rooms, and cracks were stuffed with cotton.

After his brother's death, Edward Trudeau, not realizing that he himself had contracted the disease, led a wandering life. He quarreled with his family, and was on the verge of becoming a wastrel when he fell in love with Lotte Beare, who persuaded him to study medicine. In 1871, after he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, he and Lotte were married. Two years later, just as he was establishing a practice, the blow fell. For some time he had been troubled by intermittent fevers and a baffling fatigue. He went to a famous diagnostician, whose verdict was consumption: Trudeau's right lung was nearly gone, and he was given six months to live.

Trudeau was 25 then, with Lotte and two small children to care for. Told that a warm climate was his only hope, he went south — where he got worse instead of better. In the spring of 1873 he decided to go to a camp in the Adirondacks. It was a desperate trip for a sick man. The camp lay 40 miles from the railroad, and Trudeau was so exhausted that a guide had to carry him from the wagon.

A companion, named Lou Livingston, and Edward Harriman, the

future financier, took turns nursing him. In the Adirondacks his strength, miraculously, came back. By fall, when he returned to New York, he had gained 15 pounds, but a city winter speedily robbed him of this, and more. The following spring, desperately ill, he returned to the Adirondacks, this time with his family. When fall approached he resolved not to leave, though friends protested the winter would kill him.

That winter the fevers abated, the fatigue went out of his body; and Trudeau, turning his physician's eye upon himself, made several profound observations. So long as he got plenty of sun and fresh air, and didn't tax his strength, he felt well; equally important, he recovered a zest for life. And one day he remembered that he was a doctor. There was no physician in the neighborhood. Trudeau sent to New York for medicines, and walked into a ready-made practice. On horseback or in a buckboard, he often traveled 40 miles over lonely, broken mountain roads to deliver a child or tend a guide for gunshot wounds, to prescribe something for a sick cow or pig. He went out in blizzards and below-zero cold. Half the time he never rendered a bill. He came to be known among the guides as "our beloved physician."

It was in Saranac that Trudeau had the dream which he said shaped his life. Sitting one day on the side of Mt. Pisgah, he dozed and dreamed that "the whole mountainside was

dotted with houses, built inside out, as if the inhabitants lived on the outside." These houses "built inside out" were symbols of the discoveries he had made in the laboratory of his own body: the unappreciated value of sunlight and fresh air in the treatment of tuberculosis.

In 1882 the German Koch isolated the tubercle bacillus. To the young doctor in the Adirondacks, this discovery came with the force of a revelation. Anxious to learn more about it, he went to New York and was shocked to find that most of his doctor friends scoffed at Koch's theories.

Trudeau mastered the rudiments of microscope technique. With only a sink for a laboratory, he plunged into the culture of the tubercle bacillus, and finally confirmed Koch's mighty discovery, the first American to do so.

The discovery elated him. The enemy had been sighted: now the problem was only to vanquish him. For a long time he had been thinking about his dream. He decided to build a sanitarium at Saranac — a simple place where the poor particularly would be spared the mental anguish of a protracted and expensive disease. Since the disease was infectious, he planned a series of little cottages. Trudeau had a small income, and did not propose to be paid for his own services; hence he had no qualms about approaching wealthy friends. In New York he succeeded in raising \$3000.

At the time there was nowhere in the United States such a thing as a tuberculosis sanitarium. While a few homes for incurables did exist, they were looked upon as pest-houses. The scourge was destroying one out of every five victims before his time, and yet about all that anyone apparently could do was to seal the sick in airless, sunless rooms and await death.

In 1884, Trudeau built his first cottage. It had one room, and stood on a mountain slope which local guides had gratefully bought for him. The walls were hardly up before the first patients arrived — two half-starved factory girls. Others appeared so quickly that temporary shelter had to be built.

The new sanitarium had no comforts. Water had to be hauled. There were no running toilets, no laboratory, no nurses, no helpers to carry meals. Trudeau was the entire staff; when he needed help, he called upon the guides or their wives.

Yet the fame of the sanitarium spread. In 1887 there appeared a wraith of a man, Robert Louis Stevenson, who passed several months at Saranac, before seeking the ultimate peace of the South Seas. Other patients came, rich and poor, young and old, seeking health and consolation. Outside of rest, plenty of sun and air, Trudeau imposed few rules. One of the rituals was to sit in a rude armchair on the sun porch, warding off the cold by planting

the feet in cracker boxes heated with soapstones.

Busy as he was, Trudeau pressed his self-guided research into a specific cure for the bacillus. Using rabbits and guinea pigs, he experimented first with drugs. When that failed, he tried to develop a vaccine. Rumors of the remarkable work of this obscure Adirondack physician traveled the medical grapevine. In 1887 Trudeau was invited to read a paper before a medical convention in Baltimore. There he met Doctors Osler and Welch, the giants of medicine, who thereafter took a close interest in the sanitarium.

In 1890 Trudeau grimly concluded that no drug or vaccine could be found. And the longer he studied, the more convinced he became that his original formula — fresh air, sun, rest, and courage — were the only trustworthy ingredients for a cure.

Trudeau's kindly bedside manner was one of his prime tools of healing. "He knew how to exorcise fear," wrote one of his contemporaries. "He could teach the sufferer how to bear illness with brightness and dignity. He minimized the terrors of illness and turned the weary brain, brooding in a half-wrecked body, into braver channels."

Just as Trudeau was becoming famous, his daughter Chatte fell ill. Although Trudeau had mastered tuberculosis in others, he could not master it in his own daughter. Chatte died in 1893, after a long illness. A

few months later Trudeau's laboratory, with many of his records, burned to the ground.

These successive blows, falling when he was ill and exhausted from overwork, nearly crushed him. But admiring friends rallied around and presented him with a new laboratory. Trudeau gathered new courage and stumbled back to work. By 1895 his sanitarium had grown into an establishment with 15 cottages and a trained staff.

The sanitarium never made money. Indeed, Trudeau took excellent care that it didn't. It cost \$12 a week to care for a patient whom he charged only \$7 a week. To make up a \$27,000-a-year deficit he went to the rich for contributions. Edward Hariman never forgot the spindly, unconquerable invalid, and replied to each appeal with a thumping check. But it took more than money, and more than Trudeau's own immense capacity for work, to keep the sanitarium alive. It was something which the people in Saranac came to recognize as the "Trudeau spirit." When a young doctor, himself ill and penniless, saw how hard it was for Trudeau to manage without a resident physician, he volunteered for the job — without pay. Many other doctors who went to Saranac for their health remained to study under Trudeau. Some joined the sanitarium staff, others went forth to transplant Trudeau methods in unbroken ground. Two generations of "T.B." specialists stem directly

from the country doctor of Saranac, and they are being constantly reinforced by others trained in the graduate school which he founded in 1914.

Tragedy crowded Trudeau to the end. His eldest son, just completing his medical training, contracted pneumonia and died.

This blow was too much for Trudeau. Brokenhearted, he died in 1915. By that time the number of sanitariums in the nation had grown to 386 (there are now 732, with a total of 200,000 beds); and the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis had been founded, with Trudeau as President. His theories had been absorbed into common use, and thou-

sands are now working as normal people who but for him might either be dead or tragic discards.

Now, as in Trudeau's time, the Saranac sanitarium is for people of limited means. It charges only \$21 a week for services that cost over \$25, and the yearly deficit is made up by contributions and income from endowment. Its spirit remains the spirit of the founder, whose reclining likeness, cast in bronze by Gutzon Borglum, still broods over the mountains and forests. On the base of the figure is a simple inscription, Trudeau's favorite quotation: "To cure sometimes, to relieve often, to comfort always." That, after all, is the physician's job.



The Milkman's Matinee

NEW YORKERS who must stay up all night — some 400,000-odd people including charwomen, police sergeants, bakers, tugboat crews, tired cabbies, etc. — tune to station WNEW to hear the Milkman's Matinee. Radio's longest program, it fills the lonely hours between 2 a.m. and 7 with an endless stream of request recordings.

Conductor of the program is Stan Shaw, "your very good friend the Milkman." He and his assistant receive 100 to 250 requests nightly by phone and telegram. They fill them from a library of 10,000 records, and play an average of 80 in their five hours on the air.

Shaw is proudest of his three public services: for farmers and fishermen he intones weather and market reports; for the police he reads descriptions of missing persons, which have helped locate 17 so far. For sleepless patients in one New York hospital his soothing records have cut down opiates. Similar programs have sprung up in other U. S. cities.

— *Life*

☛ A new science that throws light on centuries
of weather and the fate of lost civilizations

History as Tree Rings Tell It

Condensed from *American Forests*

Florence M. Hawley

Research Associate in Anthropology, University of Chicago

In collaboration with

Neil M. Clark

THIS is the story of an astronomer who, to study the sun, looked around him, instead of up — and founded a new science.

Dendrochronology, they call it: the science of analyzing the growth-rings of trees, which offer clear records of the climate, weather and entomology of the past and cast new light on human history.

Trees grow well in favorable years, slowly in years of drought or other hardship. The swing from good years to bad traces a pattern of rings visible in a cross-section through the trunk. For instance, three good years followed by three years of drought form three widely separated rings followed by three rings closely packed. The date of the three-year drought can be fixed by counting from the present year's ring of a growing tree. Say it was 50 years ago. Then somewhere an old timber is found that has the same pattern, but this pattern appears at its outer edge instead of 50 rings in from the bark. Its earlier growth-rings carry the weather calendar farther back and reveal other pat-

terns that can be matched in the outer rings of timbers even older. Here is the perfect, indisputable record of climate.

And from this record we learn that, in spite of recent drought and dust, our climate is not changing. We could establish this in no other way. Detailed weather reports in the U. S. go back hardly more than 50 years. But the calendar of oaks in the Middle West has been carried to 1536 A.D.; the ponderosa pine calendar of the Northwest to 1268. Studying such evidence, scientists learn that there has been no change in the amount of precipitation for at least 650 years. The trees record droughts of centuries ago, longer and drier than anything this generation has known; but those droughts were always followed by plentiful rainfall.

The dendrochronologists have discovered also that a drought affecting all parts of the country probably has never occurred. There was a drought in the Middle West in 1675, but it was very wet in the Northwest that year and about

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(*American Forests*, February, '40)

normal in the Southwest. Just before the Revolution, 1772-1774, the Middle West was parched again and the Northwest was rather dry, but two of those three years were splendid growing years in the Southwest.

Father of this science of dendrochronology is Andrew Ellicot Douglass, an astronomer, Vermont-born but transplanted to the University of Arizona. A student of sunspots, he was hampered by lack of records going back to earlier centuries. One day he had a hunch: "Why not ask the trees?" The steps in his reasoning were these: Sunspots are a sign of violent solar disturbances, which are known to affect earth's weather. Weather affects plant growth. Trees are the oldest living plants. Thus trees might furnish a record of the weather cycle, and therefore of sunspot cycles centuries ago.

So Douglass set to work on tree rings, and in 1904 he discovered the principle which was to make a science of what might have been just a bright idea. He was measuring rings of trees freshly cut near Flagstaff. Twenty-one years in from the bark, indicating the year 1883, he found a group of thin rings. On a weathered stump he recognized the same rings; but they were only 11 years in from the bark. This, he reasoned, indicated that the tree had been cut in 1894. Nice detective work, if true. The owner of the stump was found.

"When did you log that tract?" he was asked.

And the answer was, "In 1894."

Thus Douglass found that by matching ring patterns he could trace history back from living trees to trees long dead. Where the story left off in one tree he picked it up in a stump, in the timbers of an old cabin or in ancient logs preserved from decay in swamps or lakes.

But even standing trees carry the story back amazingly far. Living cedars have been found in eastern Tennessee which started growing a full century before Columbus, while California has giant sequoias still flourishing after 30 centuries. Thanks to a special tool which cuts out a small wedge-shaped section from bark to center, the rings of these old timers can be studied without destroying the tree.

Three universities — Arizona, New Mexico, and Chicago — are now doing research in dendrochronology. The Forest Service has used it to learn about insects that retard forest growth. The TVA installed a tree-ring department for the light it could throw on rainfall and therefore on dam building. Climatologists, trying to master long-range weather forecasting, learn from trees a host of facts otherwise unavailable.

And archaeologists use the science to date ruins and study prehistoric population movements. Here, for instance, is one bit of American history the trees have helped them

to chronicle. Seventy miles off Highway 66, out from the little town of Thoreau, New Mexico, you will come to desolate Chaco Canyon, treeless and grotesquely sculptured by wind and sand. You can drive for miles and never meet a human being. Yet vast ruined pueblos suggest that at least 100,000 people once lived here; that this lonely canyon was then probably the most populous area within our borders.

Archaeologists used to think that it was ages ago when these people flourished. But the trees have now corrected them. Timbers preserved in the ruins tell us that the Chaco was booming when William the Conqueror invaded England in 1066, and was probably inhabited until the middle of the 12th century. Then, the record shows, these great pueblos were abandoned.

Why? After study of the tree records, Douglass is satisfied that a crime against trees made the abandonment necessary. Forests origi-

nally grew to the edge of the Chaco. Ceiling poles and supports used by the Indians were of pine. This pine must have been close at hand when the Indians built their pueblos, for they had no beasts of burden. Today the nearest pine forests are 60 miles away.

So large a population must have used great quantities of wood; and hence the forests were gradually destroyed. As the tree border receded, moisture no longer was held in the ground. The rains, rushing off with erosive force, cut a precipitous gash through the canyon. A man-made desert intruded where fields had been. And man departed. That's the story of Chaco as translated from tree documents. It has modern overtones.

Its translator, Andrew Douglass, founder of dendrochronology, is now 72 and technically retired. But that doesn't mean a thing. He works harder than ever in pursuit of whatever new knowledge the tree rings may reveal.



So That's How It Started! — XX —

☞ THE CIRCULAR PARKS interrupting all the main streets in Washington, D. C., which often annoy tourists, are actually part of the city's defense system. The French engineer who designed Washington, Pierre Charles L'Enfant, originated the idea after watching the mobs of the French Revolution tear unhindered through Paris. He planned Washington's circles so that cannon placed in them would block entry to the city from any direction.

— Sigrid Arne in *AP* feature

“It is his kind who help redeem
man’s brutality to man”

Petroff, the Samaritan

The Most Unforgettable Character I Ever Met

—VII—

By Grand Ducbess Marie

Author of “Education of a Princess”

I CAN VISUALIZE HIM clearly—a gaunt, thin, bald-headed, blue-eyed man of 45, with long arms and stooping shoulders, who seldom raised his voice much above a whisper. But I cannot recall his first name. Come to think of it, during the two years that we worked side by side I never heard anyone address him by his first name. Everybody else was “Vanja,” “Sasha,” or “Grisha.” Even the Chief Surgeon, a plump martinet inordinately fond of himself, was called, almost to his face, “Mr. High-Horse.” But in that emergency hospital, which I had organized in 1914, Petroff was always just Petroff.

He had a knack for handling men. There was none of that “now take it easy, my dear fellow” foolishness which made the soldiers hate some doctors and nurses. He never said, “It won’t hurt a bit,” or, “Another week and you’ll be as good as new.” He never mentioned “our glorious army” and “the grateful nation.” He never tried to tell a man who was about to lose a leg that he was lucky not to have got that piece of shrapnel

in his abdomen. In fact, he seldom spoke at all, but somehow every one of 800 wounded felt convinced that his only real friend in the world was Petroff, the bald-headed orderly. They would begin by crying and swearing about their pains but they would wind up by telling Petroff all about themselves, their families, their cows and horses and the battles they fought in.

Often a soldier about to be taken to the operating room would beg a nurse to go and fetch Petroff. One night a huge, bearded Cossack who was not expected to see another daybreak said he would like to see “his pal” once more.

“He means that fellow Petroff,” explained the doctor on duty. “It seems a pity to wake the poor creature at this hour of the night but I suppose we’ll have to do it.”

I volunteered to get him. I searched all over the hospital. Nobody seemed to know where he was. Finally I decided to try the basement. It was dark there and I was about to strike a match when a door opened. Standing on the threshold of a little cubbyhole of a room,

lighted by a kerosene lamp, was Petroff. When he recognized me, he started to say something but not a sound came out of his mouth. That I was a Grand Duchess and the Czar's cousin did not terrify him; it was his fear that I would tell the Chief Surgeon what I saw.

For here was a tiny bookbinding shop. Where Petroff procured all the necessary equipment — those presses and gadgets — and how he was able to smuggle it in still is a mystery to me. But here he crept at the end of a long day of washing floors, making beds and helping soothe soldiers mad with pain, to work for hours beautifully binding volumes of Shakespeare, Dostoevski, Sophocles, Petrarch — and above all, Bibles.

He picked up the books here and there, paying for them with what little money he had. This was his release; this kept him serene in the midst of horrors. He felt it was his true vocation, but I who knew his influence on the soldiers felt differently.

Of course I assured Petroff that I'd keep his secret. For weeks, whenever he met me in the corridor, his pale blue eyes would ask the same question. Had I kept my promise? Finally he became convinced that I was worthy of his trust. From that point on we were fellow conspirators. When I would leave on my semimonthly trip to St. Petersburg, Petroff would help

me into the car, scraping and bowing — and dropping in my lap a scrap of paper with a list of the materials he needed. On my return he would be there to open the car door. As I walked past him I would whisper: "You'll find everything in my small black suitcase. . . ."

Petroff apparently had excellent literary taste. I would not be surprised if he had read and memorized every line of Shakespeare. I never saw him waste his work on a second-rate novel or on one of those sensational thrillers which our big-hearted ladies thought wounded soldiers ought to read. Several times I tried to draw him out about his favorite authors, but always without success. One thing I did note. Things he said frequently sounded like paraphrases from the classics. When I asked him whether he belonged to any political party, he said he believed that the world would be a much better place if everybody took care of his own household. This reminded me of Goethe's "Let everybody sweep in front of his own door and the whole world will be clean." Had Petroff ever read Goethe? I know he bound luxuriously several copies of the Russian translation of *Faust*, but that's as much as I do know.

"Tell me, Petroff," I asked, "did you get your machinery here in Pskov, or did you carry it all the way from home?"

He grinned and changed the subject.

"You see this book I am working on now?"

"Another Bible?"

"Yes. I am going to give it to that new interne. The boy needs it. He is unhappy."

"Small wonder. Wouldn't you be unhappy if you had to leave a bride of two months?"

"Unhappiness comes from spiritual ignorance."

"I suppose," I said facetiously, "your secret ambition is to become a preacher."

He shook his head. No, he explained gravely, he could never be a preacher because a preacher must be certain at least of himself.

"Aren't you certain of yourself? Or your religion?"

"I've no religion. I wish I had. I believe that God is nature and nature is God but I don't believe in anything else. I pray every night that I may acquire Faith and I read the Book, too, every night. . . . But . . ."

He sighed apologetically and turned back to the rich red leather he was working on. A few nights later our new interne found a beautifully bound Bible by his bedside, while Petroff unobtrusively went on ministering to the wounded.

The Chief Surgeon took it upon himself to give me some fatherly advice. A Grand Duchess was a Grand Duchess, an orderly an orderly. And discipline was discipline.

"I've a notion," he added, "that

Petroff is a revolutionary in disguise. You may live to see the day when you will regret bitterly having put so much trust in a man of whom we know nothing. These are strange times."

Times *were* strange. The Revolution was just around the corner. The morning after the Czar abdicated, Petroff knocked on my door just as I was about to start on my usual tour of inspection."

"I think," he said, "it would be better if you stayed in your room today."

I said I would not. I was not afraid of Russian soldiers, certainly not of those in my hospital.

"Very well. But if you don't mind, I'll walk with you."

"Anything wrong?"

"You will see for yourself."

I heard even before I saw. A roar of angry voices in the main hall. They were shouting so loud that I could not distinguish the words but I could not mistake the general meaning.

I entered the hall a few steps ahead of Petroff. The shouting stopped but the silence that followed sent cold shudders down my spine. Only 24 hours ago I had been a welcome visitor, received with smiles and friendly nods. Now I was an enemy.

Some of the men were sitting up in their beds, others stood gathered in groups. Wherever I looked I saw hatred. Hatred in blue eyes. Hatred in brown eyes. Hatred on the pillows.

"Good morning," I said, stopping by the nearest bed.

No answer. I heard an angry whispering at the other end of the hall. Altogether there were 300 men in that particular hall. That made it one against 300. I had never been so frightened in all my life. I looked at Petroff. I wanted to turn around and run to my room. His eyes said — "No, that would never do." Aloud he said:

"We've got a pretty sick fellow over there, *Your Imperial Highness*." Petroff, the whisperer, pronounced the title very loudly.

The new government had already deprived us of our titles and the men knew it. A stockily built soldier sitting on a bed laughed derisively. His eyes met Petroff's and he stopped.

I spent exactly half an hour in the main hall, the longest 30 minutes in my experience. When we got back to my room, I turned to Petroff.

"I think," I said, "you were right, and it would be better for me to stay in my room for a while."

He nodded.

"I'll let you know if anything should happen."

So many things happened in the following 48 hours — to me, to Russia, to the world — that it would take a volume to describe them. When Petroff knocked on my door the next time, there was not a second to waste. The representa-

tives of the St. Petersburg Soviet had arrived and were looking for me. Petroff thought that his six-by-eight cubbyhole would be the safest hideaway. So while they were ransacking my room upstairs, I sat by Petroff's press and watched him put a few finishing touches on a volume of Petrarch's Sonnets. Whatever was going to befall me that night one thing was certain — what Petrarch thought and dreamed of six centuries before was going to matter centuries and centuries after anyone would remember that once upon a time a Russian Grand Duchess hid in a basement.

Shortly before daybreak Petroff led me out of his cubbyhole and I made a dash across the deserted courtyard — to a waiting car and freedom.

You see, I know little enough of Petroff's past. I know nothing of his present. He may still be alive, and again, he may well have died that revolution-torn spring of 1917. I remember him most vividly of all the personalities I have known not because he bound books in a hospital hideaway, not because he saved my life, but for the same reason that the world will be looking for his like again, during and after this new war of 1940. For it is the Petroffs who redeem, say by one millionth of one percent, the bombardment of cathedrals, the burning of libraries, the destruction of Beauty, and man's brutality to man.

❧ A British novelist recalls the joy he found in small things as a child in a Cardiff slum

Heaven Lies about Us

Condensed from the book of the same title

Howard Spring

Author of "My Son, My Son!", "Shabby Tiger," etc.

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THE HOUSES on our street were identical. Each contained a sitting room, a kitchen and a scullery, a stairway that ran up between walls with no banister or rail, and two bedrooms. The street itself was short, but cleft in twain by another; and at each end a high wall closed the uninspiring view.

Joe Andrew's public house stood at the intersection. There the fathers of the street would meet at night; outside it the boys gathered and thence we ranged on our simple pleasures.

It was unfortunate for Mr. Hann that every time the door of his corner shop was opened a bell rang. He would come from the parlor behind the shop, rubbing his hands in his apron in expectation of some petty sale, and find a row of young fiends chanting:

Hann, Hann,
Catch us if you can.

But Hann was a tactician, and one night, no sooner did the bell ring than Hann leaped from concealment behind a parapet of potato sacks. He seized me in a grip of iron, bent me in one masterly stroke across his knee, and with a flat

brush demonstrated the inadequacy of my trousers.

After that we turned to safer delights. Nearby was a slaughterhouse, and in our street lived a man who gained his living in that shambles. We would waylay his homeward march and beg the boon of a pig's bladder. He was an apparition from Hell, a little man whose clothes and hands were always imbued with blood. I could never see him without a shudder; but he was kind enough, and always granted our petition. Taking a bloody mess from his pocket, he would throw it to us, and there were boys who, with no qualms at all, would blow it up; and then our football game would be on, only to be ended with the bursting of the ball.

On Sunday nights we sat around the fire at home and read. My father sat in his armchair, my mother facing him in a low rocker. Between them was a long wooden backless bench, on which sat my sisters, my brothers and I. We read *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Robinson Crusoe* and many another good book, because my father abhorred rubbish.

He would read a little; then, one

by one, the children would take their turns. If we mispronounced a word once, he would correct us irritably; if twice, he would clout us across the head. So we became acquainted with wholesome English.

Save for the readings, my father was taciturn and reserved, rarely stirring from his fireside chair in the kitchen, where he wrapped himself in aloofness and tobacco smoke. Never, I think, was there a family which knew less about its own father. My mother told me that even to her he had never spoken a word concerning himself, save that as a boy he ran away from his home in County Cork.

His trade was that of a man who did such jobs as he could get in gardens. He had a printed card which set forth in terms worthy of a Micawber the multiplicity of his qualifications. He was — on this card — first a landscape gardener. From that peak he descended to the straightforward offer to make asphalt paths, supply gravel and turf, and tend gardens. In practice, it came to little more than jobs any laborer might do.

Many a day I spent with him in the fields where he cut his turf. It was my job to roll up the long oblongs he cut, and pile them side by side. He promised me again and again that he would pay me a penny a hundred; but never a penny did I get. He must have had few enough pennies for himself; and with such as he had he would visit the second-

hand bookstalls, bringing home some such book as the battered version of *Paradise Lost*, which I still possess.

Long after his death, my mother told me that he supplied her with about a pound a week throughout their married life. Nine children were born of the marriage; seven grew up. How on earth was that family kept together? Only by the indefatigable realism of my mother. She was a little five-foot woman, but she went out to scrub and char while we were at school; and when we were home she found time to do her own housework and to wash the clothes which it was my business to collect.

I was bitterly ashamed of being seen lugging those bundles done up in sheets. The boys used to yell: "Your mother takes in washing!" and, by Heaven, she did! But these things worried her not at all. She was a realist. There was a family to be, somehow, "brought up." She set about it in the only way she knew. She cared nothing for what anybody thought of her.

Her only relaxation was on Sunday nights. We went through book after book by Dickens, and he pleased my mother immensely. "I'll tell you all about *my* life, some day," she used to say to me. "Then you can write a book that'll make people laugh."

I don't know where the idea came from that I would write books, or whence she got the notion that her

life had been comic. Certainly she refused to consider it tragic. It was merely a job like any other and she put all she knew into it.

There were many ways of adding small sums to the family's income. Often we acted on the simple commercial principle of buying a thing and then selling it for more than it had cost. We bought foot-square pieces of planking at a lumberyard, chopped each into a dozen sticks, and tied the sticks into bundles. Then, in the better-class streets nearby, we would hawk our firewood and add about 50 percent to the capital invested.

Rhubarb was another line of ours, and one that I preferred, because it meant an early call at the market gardens, where everything smelled fresh and dewy. We were always told to pull our own supplies, and that was an agreeable thing to do, sinking your hands deep amid the wet lush leaves and pulling at the stalks that came away with a ripe sucking sound. Then off on the round before the orthodox green-grocers came about the streets with their carts.

No money was spent on amusements. It was unthinkable. But though amusements could not be bought, they could be had.

There was, for instance, the annual outing for poor children to Barry Island. I remember chiefly the delirium of passing through the tunnel. Little boys were in one compartment, little girls in another; but the partition did not reach the ceil-

ing. You could stand on your seat and look over. And when you came to the tunnel you could do more. With a knotted handkerchief you could lash over blindly into the darkness, raising hell generally, and filling the tunnel with demoniac uproar. That, chiefly, I remember of the outing; that and running on sand; and the persuasion, which lasted for years, that we had been "cut off by the tide" because we had waded through rising water from a rock; and tea and buns; and going home all hot and dusty and tired — and happy.

There was, too, the annual picnic of the Wesleyan Bible Class. Each year the power of God among us waxed in early June, to wane at the month's end. The picnic was in mid-June.

Nor were the winters without joyful occasions. There was a Christmas entertainment, held each year in a great hall in the center of town. It was a feed, and a show, and a bright new penny for each child, and as you left you were given an apple, an orange and a sack of cast-off clothing. I suppose that to children whose Christmas entertainment is a box at the theater and everything else to scale, it wouldn't be great fun; but it remains in my mind as a high light, a time of chewing and bawling, of gusty good humor and the surprise of the sack which you lugged home to see what your mother's patient fingers could do with the garments it contained.

There was also the soup kitchen. In bitter winters it was opened at the fire station, and to get the soup was to me a fascinating experience. With a ticket supplied by the police you could enter that mysterious place where all the woodwork was a glowing red, and all metal work was twinkling brass, and the hoses were coiled like very tidy snakes ready for sleep. A grand place, full of cleanliness and glitter, and beatified now with the incense rising from the steaming cauldrons of good pea soup!

And when life could not rise to such heights as these, there was always the improvisation of our own delights. We did a great deal of walking as a clan. On summer mornings we would be up early and away into the fields. We would seek

mushrooms, though I do not remember that we ever found one, or gather the flat bunches of elderberries that stained our fingers an exciting purple, and from which our mother concocted wine. Or, making a whole day of it, we would set out with a few slabs of bread and butter and a bottle of water. We took with us a book on natural history, and discovered much joy in identifying this and that; and we would fish by the hour.

So we improvised our substitute for what other people called holidays. These were strange things from which to extract such joy, but joy we found in them. In our street, you took what you could get when you could get it, and it didn't work out badly.



First Reactions

THE DIRECTOR of a firm in Equatorial Africa took his native houseboy back to Europe with him. The first cold morning he was roused by the boy's cries. Rushing upstairs, he found him in bed, wailing that he was on fire inside! But he was quite cool to the touch. "You haven't got fever," said his master. "Get up!"

"I can't, sir. Oh, the fire! Don't you see the smoke coming out of my mouth?"

In tropical Africa the boy had never seen his breath, and not until he was dragged out to the yard and saw the horses happily puffing smoke from their nostrils was he able to overcome his fear.

— Albert Schweitzer, *African Notebook* (Henry Holt)

A Legend Laughs

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Douglas W. Churchill

OF ALL the phenomena of Hollywood Greta Garbo is the most amazing. She has but to laugh in her new film and she is "news" all over the country.

The mere length of Miss Garbo's career is as remarkable as the legend that has grown up around her. Seven years is considered the normal Hollywood career. Miss Garbo's has lasted 15. Other players rise and fall in the public's esteem according to the quality of their films. Her pictures have been almost uniformly good and she has attracted a loyal and almost fanatical following. In 1930 the billboards informed the land, "Garbo Speaks." That was for her first talking picture. Now posters proclaim, "Garbo Laughs," and the Garbo legend grows.

She is almost an unknown in Hollywood. She is never seen in the night spots frequented by the glamour children, and since she attained prominence she has attended but one première — that of *Flesh and the Devil*, with John Gilbert. She did go to Long Beach for a sneak preview of her latest picture, *Ninotchka*, but her attendance was a carefully guarded secret.

It is probable that Miss Garbo would be considered eccentric in

any community. For one thing, she is a food faddist — a vegetarian and at the moment addicted to raw vegetable juices. When she is working on a picture she takes a lunch of a few raw carrots, turnips and beets to the studio. For exercise, she plays tennis to a limited extent; her greatest relaxations are sun-bathing and walking. Her chauffeur drives her to the beach early in the morning and she hikes along the strand for miles. On such occasions she wears slacks, an old dark coat and a large hat with a dark veil tied in the manner affected by feminine motorists early in the century. The disguise has provided Hollywood with considerable amusement, for it makes her instantly recognizable.

Her dignity is her greatest protection from molestation. Groucho and Harpo Marx, who are known as unsquelchable, entered a Metro elevator preceded by a woman in slacks, her face concealed by a floppy hat. Groucho lifted the brim and peered beneath. He was met by a completely emotionless stare. "Pardon me," he said, "I thought you were a fellow I know in Pittsburgh." Miss Garbo made no reply and the two wits were silent for the rest of the trip.

The actress lives in the outskirts

of Santa Monica, in a house to which only her few intimates have gained admittance. Probably one of the wealthiest women in Hollywood — she is reputed to receive \$10,000 a week from Metro — the star is always punctual. Her ancient but expensive car enters the studio gate every morning at precisely the same hour, and she always leaves on time. Many other stars of lesser importance treat studio secretaries and minor employes with disdain; Miss Garbo always speaks to them. But when she walks outside her dressing room, getting into the mood of an arduous scene, the combined importance of all the studio dignitaries cannot compel her to lift her eyes.

While Miss Garbo is easy to work with, other players do not relish her style. She cannot be topped in any scene. She speaks in a low voice and if they talk louder than she — employing a favorite scene-stealing device — they appear ridiculous. Neither can they underplay her, for, if their voices are lower, they will not be recorded at all. Her perfection is another source of annoyance; she always knows her lines and is not subject to "blowing up."

Miss Garbo arrived in New York in 1925. Metro acquired her against its better judgment. Mauritz Stiller, a European director who had been signed by the film organization, had refused to come unless the girl whom he had discovered as a latherer in a

Stockholm barber shop, and in whom he saw great possibilities, received a contract.

Stiller's first picture was *The Temptress*, and Miss Garbo was the leading woman. After 10 days of shooting, the director was removed. Miss Garbo resented the incident, and when Stiller returned to Sweden, where he soon died, her resentment changed to a fierce hate for much that is Hollywood.

Miss Garbo was then cast with John Gilbert in *Flesh and the Devil*, and Gilbert told her of an interesting discovery he had made. He had found that appreciation is in inverse ratio to amiability; you are better liked in Hollywood if you are hard to get. Following this disclosure, the Garbo of the legend began to develop — a Garbo whose attitude everybody at the studio accepts as genuine.

For Greta Garbo naturally is shy. This, added to her bitterness over the treatment accorded Stiller and to the advice given her by Gilbert, is regarded as responsible for her attitude.

In her last known interview Miss Garbo said, "I don't like to talk to people because I can't express myself satisfactorily. I am misunderstood. I don't say the things I mean to say. This makes me keep to myself. Instead of having close associates, I prefer to walk alone on the beach. I like it when it rains because when I walk in the rain I am separated from the world."

Quaker Spark-Plug

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Marc A. Rose

RUFUS M. JONES, leader of the Quakers, is an optimist, an enthusiast; he lives with gusto. His friends are the best friends in the world. This is the greatest day ever. Yesterday's was the finest of meetings. And he means every word of it.

Such bubbling exaggerations make soberer Quakers smile. Nevertheless they appreciate that it is this indomitable optimism in their leader which has inspired the Religious Society of Friends again and again to attempt the impossible — and achieve it.

Founder and chronic chairman of the American Friends' Service Committee, Rufus Jones led the Quakers when, after the last war, they rebuilt 1666 French villages, including the whole Verdun area. He presided when they fed 1,200,000 German children a day after the Armistice, and when they went back to feed another million a day during the horrors of the great inflation. They put Polish refugees back on their farms 20 years ago; they fought famine in Russia; they fed children on both sides of the lines during the Spanish Civil War. They still are feeding Spanish refugee children in southern France, and are trying to resettle exiled Spanish

families in Santo Domingo and Mexico.

Now, at 77 years of age, Rufus M. Jones is preparing to lead the Friends to the relief of Poland, where thousands are suffering in war's aftermath. He has experienced workers ready to go, and supplies actually in warehouses overseas — cod-liver oil for undernourished children, bales of warm clothing, tons of miscellaneous goods. Two veteran commissioners are patiently negotiating with the Nazis. And they may succeed.

There is precedent: After Germany's "day of broken glass," November 10, 1938, which destroyed Jewish property, cut off all Jews from charitable relief and put 35,000 of them in concentration camps, the Quakers wanted to proceed at once on their time-honored mission of help and conciliation. But they got little encouragement from Washington. Their cables to the Reich went unanswered.

Then Rufus Jones, with two associates, D. Robert Yarnall, Philadelphia industrialist, and George Walton, head of a Quaker school, set out upon one of those seemingly hopeless missions so familiar in Quaker annals.

They would go to Berlin, seek

out the Nazi leaders and personally plead for permission to send relief workers into Germany.

By a kind of quiet persistence, typical of the Quaker plagued with a "concern," the three Friends finally gained an audience with the chief of the dread Gestapo. They were questioned all day. What were the Quakers really after? Didn't they intend to spy on Germany and then concoct tales of atrocities to tell the world? Utter benevolence was incredible.

The Quakers presented a remarkable statement. In part it read: "We represent no governments, no international organizations, no sects, and we have no interest in propaganda in any form. We came to Germany at the close of the World War and directed the feeding of German children. We were the first to arrive in Vienna after the war, where we brought in 800 cows and supplied the children in the hospitals with milk, and brought in coal for the hospital fires. We do not ask who is to blame for the trouble which may exist; we do not come to judge or to criticize, but to inquire whether there is anything we can do to promote human welfare and to relieve suffering."

At long last the Nazis were persuaded. An order telegraphed to every police station in Germany gave them permission to go anywhere, talk with anyone, distribute relief without discrimination. Thereafter, Quaker commissioners were

in Germany until the outbreak of war; some are still there, distributing supplies, guiding refugees through the maze of red tape that tangles all roads to the frontiers, and offering friendly counsel to harassed victims — Jewish, Catholic and Protestant — who sometimes suffer from ostracism more keenly than from physical privation. This is the type of work they are now waiting to start in Poland in addition to direct relief on a big scale.

But most Quaker work is less romantic: such routine as operating the Center in Amsterdam where refugees come with their depressing stories; looking after the health of children in the dead coal-mining towns of West Virginia; operating an agricultural school for refugees in Cuba and a hostel for refugees in rural Iowa.

During the last war the Quakers were eager to demonstrate that while they would not accept military service they were ready to accept danger and hardship. This was the origin of the American Friends' Service Committee. Rufus Jones organized it, and fought a long, discouraging, but eventually successful battle in Washington to have service with the Friends' units overseas accepted as an alternative to service under arms. It was not a soft way out. Many of the villages they rebuilt were destroyed again when a new wave of German advance rolled in, and the volunteers were often enough under fire as

they helped evacuate peasant families.

Quaker idealism is strongly reinforced by thrift and business acumen. The Armistice caught America's army with great dumps of miscellaneous stores — tools, machines, building materials. The Quakers offered a price for them which looked ridiculous, but since the army couldn't take the stuff back home, it was fair enough. The army accepted. The Quakers proceeded to sell off the materials. The well-to-do Frenchman had to pay market prices. The poor bought cheap. As laborers to handle these materials and to help on the rebuilding job, the Quakers asked for German prisoners, rotting in the idleness of camps. The French agreed, stipulating that none should be allowed to escape and none should be paid wages. Each was photographed and asked for his home address. In due course, a Quaker sought out in Germany the family of each man. "Hans is well; see, here is his recent photograph. And here is a note from him. And here are the wages he would have received if we had been allowed to pay him." Profits on the sale of the surplus army stores financed the rehabilitation work, paid the prisoners' families and, after all this was done, put up a new building for the maternity hospital at Châlons, a gift from the Quakers to France.

The Service Committee, founded to meet war problems, has lived on

to become the agency through which the Quakers, traditionally stout individualists and one-man crusaders, have learned to pool their efforts. Rufus Jones' leadership has contributed largely to this evolution.

But the picture of Rufus Jones as an international figure, recognized in England, before his stature was appreciated at home, a familiar name in China and South Africa, is incomplete. He is also a noted scholar. Educated at Haverford, Harvard, Oxford and Heidelberg, he was professor of philosophy at Haverford for 41 years. Thirteen times colleges have honored him with degrees. He is one of America's most sought-after preachers in colleges and churches of many denominations. He writes a book a year, and has for 40 years.

At 77, Jones stands so erect that he looks taller than his six feet. He walks with enormous strides and at a pace that wears down unpracticed juniors. He beams benignly through rimmed spectacles that give him a little the air of a Chinese sage. His principal recreation, now that doctors won't let him swing an axe, is swimming, a sport enjoyed with loud whoops that startle his native Maine woods, where he spends every summer.

When Dean Inge, the "Gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's, last visited America, he was Rufus Jones' guest for a week-end. Trustingly he set his shoes outside his bedroom door.

Jones spied them — and shined them. He repeated the job each night.

When the Dean was leaving, he said, "Dr. Jones, I've forgotten someone. Will you give this dollar to the boy who shined my shoes?"

"Surely. And he'll be glad to get it," said the distinguished Quaker, gravely pocketing the bill.

Rufus Jones told this story because he thought it amusing. I doubt if it ever occurred to him that it is a homily on hospitality, humility and tact.

Last year Rufus Jones was awarded, jointly with Clarence E. Pickett of the Service Committee, Philadelphia's \$10,000 award as that city's outstanding citizen. But he isn't much impressed with himself. He likes to tell of the Middle Western woman who, driving through Portland, Me., commented pungently

to the natives: "Such a nice town! But such a shore line! Mud, mud, mud! I should think you'd do something to make it more attractive."

She came back through Portland at the end of summer. "I'm delighted," she said, "to see that my words did some good. The waterfront looks real nice, now, with all that mud gone and the shore line brought in close to the road."

Many of us, says Rufus Jones, take credit to ourselves for improving the world's shore line, when it was really the tide that did it.

Which is Quaker humility. There are millions of men, women and children in Germany, France, Spain and America who know full well it was no inevitable sweep of the tide of circumstances which saved their lives and made them bearable.

It was the Quakers.



Pied Piper of Mons

DURING the retreat from Mons in the last war, one British regiment, worn out by weeks of constant fighting, collapsed in the square of St.-Quentin, too exhausted to care if they were captured. Lieut.-General Sir Tom Bridges knew the advancing German army was just behind them: yet it seemed impossible to rally men practically unconscious from fatigue.

Facing the square was a deserted toy shop. In a few minutes Sir Tom appeared, a toy drum slung about his neck and a shrill penny whistle clamped in his teeth. Playing the *British Grenadiers* and *Tipperary*, with flourishes, he marched around the square. Weary heads began to lift inquiringly from the cobblestones. As the soldiers sat up, Sir Tom's trumpeter dealt out the shop's supply of mouth organs. In ten minutes the regiment, weariness forgotten, was tootling *Tipperary* for dear life and marching behind Sir Tom's penny whistle to safety.

B O O K S E C T I O N

Land Below the Wind

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

AGNES NEWTON KEITH

Land Below the Wind relates the experiences and impressions of an American woman who has spent more than four years in North Borneo as the wife of a British official. Mrs. Keith's keen perception and sensitive writing won for her book the *Atlantic Monthly's* \$5000 non-fiction prize and a continuing high place on the list of best sellers.

Copyright 1939, Agnes Newton Keith, and published
at \$3 by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.



LAND BELOW THE WIND

FOR MORE THAN four years now I have drunk the toast to "Absent Ones" with people whose hearts turn back to a different land from mine. We have spoken of "home," and home to them meant England, while to me it meant the United States.

As an Englishman's wife I think too much has been written on the question of Understanding the English. When my husband removes his pipe I can understand him almost perfectly. If, then, I call your attention to the Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture of North Borneo, it is because my only business in Borneo is as his wife.

My husband has been in government service here for 14 years. In addition to being an official, he is collector of strange beasts for distant scientists, patron of pauperized natives, and repository for unwanted animals. He writes papers on scientific subjects, and speaks Malay well enough to be distressed by mine.

Harry attended school in the United States, and my brother and I had known him many years when he came to visit us in our home in

California while on leave from Borneo in 1934. Several times in the past Harry and I had almost married each other, and this time we did. Consequently, three months later, I found myself sailing with him for Borneo.

As the land dropped out of sight behind us, I turned to my husband and said, "I will never forget this moment. I am doing what I would rather be doing than anything else in the world, with the person I want to do it with. Some people may live a lifetime and never have a perfect moment like this."

"I hope you still feel that way after four years in Borneo," Harry said soberly.

That was almost five years ago, and I still feel that way today.

NORTH BORNEO is a British Protectorate with a population of 270,000. It covers the northern tip of the island of Borneo, which lies southwest of the Philippines, and it takes about six weeks to come here by ship from the United States.

Day in and day out the temperature averages about 88 degrees. The humidity is very high and the annual rainfall is 100 inches. It is

not a distressing climate, but it makes one too content to sit and do nothing. There is never anything in the air to make you throw out your chest and say briskly, "How invigorating!" One may say, "How delicious, how fragrant . . ." but one sits down and relaxes even while saying it.

Our home is in Sandakan, the capital, which is on the east coast and is the largest town in the state, with a population of 14,000. About 75 are Europeans, and the rest are natives of Borneo, Philippine Islanders, Malays, East Indians and Javanese.

Around-the-world journalists often pass through Sandakan. They seldom stop, because everything in the town that interests them can be seen in an afternoon. There are only 17 miles of paved road and this may be driven around in three quarters of an hour, with a passing glimpse of the golf club, the wireless station and the agricultural station. At one end of the road is the jungle, and a more sensational description of the jungle may be given by those who do not travel in it. At the other end of the road is the Sandakan Club, and bachelors may be located there who tell good elephant stories, both in size and in subject.

These galloping writers have told many bold tales of the Borneo wilds, but they have passed over the most melodramatic scene of all. Here is a jungle background almost

as wild as our chroniclers picture it. Here are the aborigines, as fierce or as mild as they seem. Here is the tangled green of the jungle creepers which have constantly to be beaten back, and the wild which awaits to engulf again the clearing we call Sandakan. And here, living in astounding peace and security, following a social pattern as inflexible as the design on a set of teacups, are the European households of Sandakan.

A few miles out elephants may be seen upon the road, orangutans are one jump away in the jungle, and crocodiles are caught off the customs wharf, but at four o'clock in the afternoon we are drinking our afternoon tea.

WHEN we arrived in Sandakan I was given my choice between the well-preserved bungalow my husband had lived in and an aged, enfeebled house on a hilltop. From the latter I looked down on Sandakan Bay. It was morning, and the water was motionless and flat and chromo blue as on a postcard. The roofs of the Chinese town were very red in the sun, and the tree-covered cliffs of the coast very green, and in the distance the mass of jungle was a deeper, duller green. The coconut trees, where they fringed the shore, were drawn in with meticulous attention to detail. It seemed as if I could capture the whole scene and send it home with "Greetings from Borneo."

Native boats took the wind and leaned with it, their colored sails abandoning themselves to it; launches cut pale scallops on the flat blue surface, and Chinese junks rocked restlessly.

I knew then that this was where I wanted to live. And thus we came to live in a house with an amiable disposition but negligent manners. When the northeast monsoon blows from the Sulu Sea it comes to us over five miles of jungle, sweeping up the damp breath of the trees and hurling it on us till the skirts of the house fly upwards, and she braces herself and screams. And when the southwest monsoon drives the black clouds up from the bay and the wet sheets fold over us, there's not a garment the poor house wears that isn't soaked in the rain.

But when the sun comes, how she stretches and relaxes. Then the sides of our house, the doors and windows, lie open all day to let the beauty in, to embrace and absorb the fecund warmth, the deep strong scent, and the lazy, lovely languor. And then I think with fright of the well-disciplined houses at home, with double doors and well-fitting windows, and no cracks for the wind and sun.

Royal Sulu sarongs hang at our doors, chrome yellow, cerise and purple. They blow out into the color of the garden, and suck it in again with them in a deep, exciting breath — yellow grapes of the *Cassia fistula*, lipstick lips of the African

tulip, crimson petals of flame-of-the-forest, and the stealthy scents of frangipani.

The outdoors is our only adornment, the only one that can stand against the insects, the sun, and the rain. Once we took the bed apart and it disintegrated into predigested termite food. And once, between the hours of 8 p.m. and 8 a.m., the white ants came up through the floor and ate, digested and excreted a very nice woven-grass Shanghai mat which had covered the living-room floor.

When the rain comes, everything that will close is closed, but it is impossible to control the ventilation space between the top of the wall and the roof, and the rain blows in. Charcoal braziers are lit in the bedroom to dry the bedding. My shoes in the wardrobe are wet, coughdrops melt in the corked bottle, and the envelopes in the desk all seal themselves.

We have one place to go then for comfort: a book room built inside an extra bedroom, with sealed walls and screened doors and windows. After the lights are lit in the evening this is the only place where flying ants, beetles, mosquitoes and cicadas do not make fun of you.

The bedroom is the next place of importance. Like a ship beached by a high tide, our bed stands in the middle of the floor. All the other pieces of furniture are around the outer edges of the room, where they will not intercept any breeze.

In the bathroom there is one faucet in the side of the wall, and a small zinc tub for bathing. The accepted manner of bathing is to stand on the floor and dip water over yourself from the tub. The small closet off the bathroom is the toilet, or w.c. as it is known in Borneo. It is well to speak about it because a w.c. is not to be taken for granted. It has a mentionable luxury value, like air conditioning or a swimming pool. Even Government House, where His Excellency the Governor lives, had no w.c. when I first arrived.

Our household consists of two Chinese amahs, the cook and the housekeeper; Arusap, our native Murut houseboy; a Javanese gardener; and three to a dozen semi-Siamese cats, two gibbon apes, an orangutan, various other jungle animals as they come and go, and my husband and myself.

The food for us all is prepared in the cookhouse, which stands slightly apart from our bungalow. Half the floor is occupied by a huge cement, wood-burning stove. Here fish heads, buffalo stomach, pickling octopus, gamey wild pig and barking-deer stew simmer in amity beside less gustful kettles which provide food for Harry and me.

Scrambling down the hill 50 yards distant from the house are the servants' quarters. On the wall of Arusap's room is a large photograph of himself, posed in a store suit. One would not know, to look at this

stylish Arusap with the broad lapels and the striped tie, that he is the brother of Mensaring, the Murut chief, whose naked likeness is on the picture postcards that tourists send to folks at home to show them wildest Borneo.

Our furniture is of Borneo timber and made after our own design. There is something peculiarly your own about a piece of furniture which was first a tree in your forest, then a log in a timber mill that you saw every day, then a piece of smoothed timber that you told the Chinese workman what to do about, and now is the shining, flawless top of the long dining-room table.

The day relaxes into evening, with a warm deep breath. The grinding of an anchor chain at sea, the striking of a clock in town, the tap of wooden clogs upon the road sound faintly. The tall emerald goblets sparkle on the table, the rose hibiscus float in the celadon bowl, the candles burn like topaz eyes in the fat brass fish that hold them, and the tall Malay lamps flicker behind my husband's head. All that is uncouth is hidden in dusk, and now in the gentle evening the glowing candles tell the truth.

BACHELORS say that bringing a wife out here is not even a gamble — the chances are ten to one against success. The men have their jobs, but the wives have to make theirs for themselves. There

is little to do, and it is too easy to do it. If a woman has children their care is taken over by Chinese amahs. And at the age of four or five they must be sent home, as there are no European schools in North Borneo and the tropical climate is unhealthy.

There are seldom more than 20 European women here, and the only unmarried woman is the Hospital Nurse Matron. The rest of us belong in one group, So-and-Sos' wives. Being one twentieth of the white female population, each one of us comes in for considerable comment.

As men in tropical service are not eligible to marry until after eight years of duty, our husbands have had opportunity to observe the indiscreet and obtuse actions which So-and-Sos' wives always commit. Being kind men, they are anxious that their wives shall not make these mistakes, and they carefully chart a course for the wife to follow:

"Don't play morning bridge — it's nothing but gossip. Don't visit the women in the morning — there's too much scandal talked. Don't be motherly to young cadets or you'll be talked about. Don't go in the Club on Saturday or Sunday — the men don't like it. Don't play games in shorts; Mrs. So-and-So looks ridiculous in them."

In the beginning I found the pattern of Sandakan social life difficult to follow; the significance attached

to doing and saying the right thing irked me. Whether a man should wear tails or a dinner coat was not one of the major problems in America when I left. The men here also dislike wearing dinner coats, tails, mess jackets, but nothing except death will prevent their being found in them at the proper time.

Women rely exclusively on wash dresses for daytime wear, as materials demanding dry cleaning must be sent to Singapore, an expedition requiring three weeks' time. For evening wear we preserve from the cockroaches, the moths, the mildew and the rot several silk gowns. Styles of the season are nothing to us; by the time we have read in the magazines what the smart women are wearing, the smart women are not wearing it.

In Sandakan there is a game played with visiting cards. Every married woman has a small card box planted at the entrance to her garden path. Spiders and lizards live in this box, and at intervals, if you remember to open it, various cards will appear. You then take your own and your husband's cards, stealthily approach the friend's card box, and offer a return sacrifice to his lizards. The rule as to who drops the first card I have never understood; it has something to do with the sex and length of domicile of the parties involved. The really important rule is that when first calling on a person you should not meet him in the flesh.

BORNEO is frequently visited by expeditions. The expeditionaries fall into two groups — those who take care of themselves and those whom we take care of. Osa and Martin Johnson were shining examples of the former.

In 1935 the Johnsons built Abai Camp, 50 miles from Sandakan, as a headquarters for the moving pictures they made of the Borneo jungle. They created a small village, with its own electric light plant, and vegetable and flower gardens planted by Osa. There the Johnsons, half the unemployed of Sandakan, and all the animals obtainable by capture or purchase in North Borneo or Malaya spent almost a year.

The animals were everywhere, either in cages or loose, according to their supposed state of amiability. Osa was always being chewed up because she would embrace them without paying any attention to their moods. She was completely without fear, and sometimes, I thought, without discretion. However, she was the one to get bitten, and she never complained.

Osa did things with a magnificent gesture. Her camp pantry put my home kitchen to shame, and I have never forgotten the size of the soda biscuits from which we ate caviar, sitting on campstools in the jungle at Abai. She introduced the Muruts to ice cream, which she made in her big kerosene-burning refrigerator; and she gave the refrigerator to us when she left.

Martin's words were, "My time is money; I pay for speed," which is an iconoclastic idea in the tropics. Naturally they upset all Borneo standards for the treatment of servants and helpers. Martin would swear at them one moment and write gift checks for them the next. When in Sandakan, Osa showered clothing on the female servants; she let the amah iron in the living room and hang the washing on the front verandah; she wore a zebra-striped silk dress to Government House and stood in the middle of the drawing room there and brayed like a zebra, and everybody liked it.

They were two rare and real human beings.

One day some months after the Johnsons had left, Arusap came in to tell me that a Murut friend of his named Saudin had returned from my country with news of its strange doings. Saudin, a native from the tiny village of Kampong Ambual, had been employed by the Johnsons to take care of their captured animals, and had accompanied the expedition back to the United States. We called him in, and Harry and I listened to his comments about what he had seen. I tell the story, as nearly as possible, in Saudin's words:

Saudin speaks: When I went from Sandakan to Singapore, I thought Singapore was the biggest place in the world. So I asked men, was America as great as this? And men answered me that it was even

greater. And now that I return from America I think that Sandakan is only as big as the end of my little finger.

After Singapore the waves became very tall, and the boat threw itself from side to side for many days. I was very sick, and the animals were very sick, and nine small monkeys died, and the orangutan died, but I did not.

In Capetown Mr. Johnson bought me shirts and trousers, and a long black coat which hung down to my feet, and a hat and nine neckties. After Capetown we were on the ship many days, and then we came to America. Here we went to a very great village with a thousand thousand lights. It was night, but the sky was so bright that I said, "Is this morning?" And they said, "No, this is New York!"

We put the animals in Central Park Zoo, but I was so astonished by New York that I just wanted to look and look at it, and I forgot about feeding the animals and my work. Every night men had their names put in the sky with bright lights so that they would not be forgotten, because there are so many people in New York that it would be easy to forget some of them. All the time there was a great noise made by motorcars and trains. There were trains above me and more trains below me. Always the trains were very full of people. I think if all the trains stopped and the people got off them there would

be no space in New York for all the people. So the people take turns living in the trains.

The buildings were very tall. Sometimes I had to go up and down in a little room that you get into. Very suddenly it goes up. And when it stops your stomach does not stop. But when it goes down you feel that everything has gone out of you.

Often I was cold although I wore my handsome coat. All men wore heavy clothes. But truly I was astonished at the women! They did not wear many clothes except around their necks, where they wore the skins of animals. They wore very little under this, because the wind would show me. Their stockings were just like nothing. Truly I was astonished they did not feel the cold.

One day newspapermen came to me, and they said, "Do you like New York? What do you like best?" And I said, "Yes, I like New York, and I like best the red signs that run like streams of fire, and the lights that chase each other around like small animals."

One day I was out walking and I came to a large place with many horses in it. I said to a man with a uniform, "Can I enter?" And he said, "You must buy a ticket." So I bought a ticket and saw many large and wonderful horses. They played music and the horses danced to the music. So I struck my hands together the way people did, with

astonishment and joy. When the playing was finished, all the people wanted to leave at once in a great hurry, and everybody pushed everybody and I fell down. A man picked me up, and I said, "Thank you very much," and went home.

I went also to see boxing and wrestling. Boxing is all right, but wrestling is too rough. In my country we do not act like that unless we wish to kill men.

Mr. Johnson took me to eat at a place where you put money in a hole and take out a plate of food. I think this place was very cunning indeed, because the hole to receive a ten-cent piece was so small that you could not put in a five-cent piece, and the hole for the five-cent piece did not answer if you put in a one-cent piece.

But I was ashamed to eat with all those people because I did not know how to eat the food cleverly as they did. All my life in my country I was accustomed to eat with my fingers. It is difficult to carry the food to the mouth with those small weapons. So I pretended I was not very hungry.

One day Mr. Johnson said he must put me on a ship to return to Borneo. I was very sad because he was very good to me and America was so astonishing. I cried like a child and I couldn't eat anything. Mr. Johnson took my hand and said "*Selamat belayar*" in Malay, and I said "Good-bye" in English, which I think was polite. I felt so

sad to leave that I forgot to take my two blankets and my rubber shoes, but I remembered my nine neckties and my black coat.

Now I will go back to my village and see my people. I will buy bufaloes and plant rice. When the harvest season comes I will harvest my rice and drink rice beer and take a wife. But although I will live as all men do here, never will I forget America.

THROUGH the wild grass of the gully, under the whispering bamboos, between the fiery canna beds — thus ran the trail that led from the jungle up to our cook shed. And there in the sun by our kitchen stood the chipped bowls of fish, rice and meat that fed the animals. At any hour of the day some animal stood nosing in them. Those bowls were known from the garden's edge deep into the shade of the jungle. By a shake of the tail, a snap of the jaws, the word had passed. Rice and fish for all, a soft corner of the godown to sleep in, and the next thing you knew you were one of the family. A soft life, and freedom to leave when bored.

Only they seldom did leave. Perhaps with animals, as with people, easy living dulls the desire for freedom. We were always happy when they came and happy when they stayed — the apes, orangutans, otters, lorises, *simpalilis*, musangs, and stray dogs and cats.

That love may be experienced

only between human beings was once my pedantic conviction, but Jojo changed my mind. Jojo was my first ape in Borneo, and his capacity for affection was such that not to have given it to him would have been as brutal as to have beaten him. He lived in freedom in and out of our house, spending his lesser moments in the tops of mango trees. But when I called "Ooooooh? Ooooooh?" he would come from far trees, swinging and dropping from mango to jack fruit to *chiku*, and then through the burning crest of the flame-of-the-forest, his black face pushing through the crimson flowers like a goliwogg lost in the garden of Proserpine. As he neared me he would make small answering noises of infinite delight until, in that last moment before he flung himself into my arms, he was the very soul of ecstasy embodied in the fur coat of an ape.

There was also Anjibi, a large female gibbon ape, beautiful, fey, and frightening. People did not attempt to embrace Anjibi; they stood back and asked if she would bite. But she didn't bite her friends. Sometimes she would come silently up the stairs, and drift like a gray simian shadow through my bedroom door. I would look up and see her, our eyes meeting, and hers so melancholy. Then she would put her great arms around me, place her brooding face gently by mine, and sing the yearning jungle *wab wab* (ape) song. The haunting cry

would echo so deeply it seemed to come from the lungs of us both. It was our song, the only one either of us could sing, and when the clear strong notes ceased she was ready to go.

Then there was Herman, the baby gibbon whose beaming face tempted us to baby talk. My husband has always been as severe about my talking baby talk to the animals as if he did not do so himself. But Herman's loving personality pleaded for an affectionate diminutive, so we called him the Little Lamb Chop.

Sometimes, however, we called him Herman the Vermin. He used the whole house for a circus, while I followed after him picking up and sadly throwing away the broken remnants of lamps and bowls and vases. And one day a young doctor of science from Harvard who had come to Borneo to study the behavior of apes held Herman in his lap; when he arose he had received his first lesson in the behavior of apes. But Herman was worth it. He always aroused the same emotions in visitors: they wanted either to cuddle him or send him to Hollywood.

Georgie the Musang was only four inches long when he came to live with us. He had a catlike face, a long, almost prehensile tail, and a vigorous, not unpleasant scent of mouse-shampooed-with-fish-oil. His daytime habitats were small desk drawers and behind the books on

shelves. There he would sleep the sunlight out, emerging with the dark to have a bowl of milk, a raw egg, and a wee-wee.

That was the time for play and he was good at it, though it was difficult to guess whether we were giving Georgie a good time or he was giving us one. When my red toenails charged across the floor like a platoon of dragons Georgie attacked them like a Giant Killer. His teeth were piercing sharp, but the tiny jaw behind them could only tickle me. While Harry and I dressed for dinner he would rush madly back and forth, nibbling and tickling our bare toes until we were frantic. He moved with lightning speed, and there was no way to catch him.

But Georgie grew longer and strengthened, and in the monsoon season he grew so fast that when he stretched along the rafters where he now lived he measured three full feet from nose to tail. He no longer wanted milk or egg, but lived on snakes and small prey which he stalked in the jungle at night. And one night when I saw Georgie on his rafter and stood on a chair and reached my hand up for him, he recoiled with bristling defiance, spat out and clawed at me, just as Harry called, "Don't touch him! He's dangerous!"

He came often after that to look down at us from the rafters, but I never attempted to touch him again. Georgie the Musang had now joined the society of outlaws from men.

When too many of Harry's stiff shirts have grown limp over tropical dinner tables, and too many polite phrases have melted from our lips over the port, we find a Spartan antidote. We remember then that the jungle is awaiting, that long rivers flow down from the forests where the pagans hunt. We pack our bedding, our bully beef and rice. The only echo of words in our ears then is the soft voice of Malay and Murut, and the only sound that follows us is the solid pad of the bare feet of our *kulis*.

Adventure for me has three stages. There is the first unshackled interval before starting when my dreams are bounded by nothing, north, south, east or west. There is the second interval when, footsore and insect-bitten, aching-backed and broken-spirited, I wish I had never come. And then comes the third interval — when I know that such adventures are the caviar of my existence, and that it is right they are not free, but must be paid for in discomfort and weariness.

From the time my husband said, "Are you coming to the upper Kwamut River with me?" and I answered "Yes," I was both hot with expectation and cold with premonition. I wasn't afraid of possible dangers, for if I were as dependent as a baby he would still bring me back alive. But I knew that nothing could insure me against the discomforts of jungle travel with which I was so familiar.

Our journey began when a launch took us up the river to a point where four small *perabus*, with their Murut boatmen, were waiting. The *perabus* were native-made boats with rounded bottoms, about 20 feet in length and just wide enough for one person, of unstable equilibrium, and obviously pervious to water. When overloaded with luggage, as they were when our kit was aboard, they looked perilous. The luggage had to be stowed in a way to balance the boats, and quite without regard for comfort; we squatted in the bottom with our loins aching and our buttocks wet from the water always awash there.

Now we were ready, and each man ploughed his paddle. The water pushed against the *perabus* as the river opposed us. But the native headman spoke truly when he said, "My men are strong."

My men are strong!

The white man builds the roads and follows the coast-ways, speaks the laws and rules the land. But the native knows the strength of his own arms, the endurance of his legs, the fortitude of his naked body, and the wit of his leaking *perabu* — an old patched, swaying and water-logged *perabu*, but a *perabu* which travels to the heart of the country to make river and jungle his alone.

That afternoon the rain came before we could make camp. When we crawled into our cots for the night everything was soaking. We had only a tent fly for protection, and

that leaked badly until it became thoroughly wet. Even then it leaked wherever I accidentally touched it; and the rain blew in from both the open ends. I rolled back the ends of my mattress and sat up all night.

But when Harry called me at five the next morning, coffee and dry socks did wonders. By the time we were in the boats, the first sunlight brought such a lovely warmth through my jersey that I felt like the coming to life of a cold clay statue.

For a week we made our way slowly up the Kalabakang and Tiagau Rivers. Travel became one long fight up a succession of swift rapids, with the men hauling the boats up the side of the river while we crawled and climbed over slippery rocks.

In the stretches between the white rapids I squatted in the bottom of the boat and looked up at the pale sky through a fresco of *mengaris* trees. The river was walled by the forest. I did not see trunks and limbs and branches of trees, but one solid mass of green. The vines hung down from the trees like skeins of matted silk in a woman's sewing basket.

Each night in camp there arose the difficult problem of sanitary engineering arrangements. I could write a treatise on the toilet difficulties to be faced by one woman who travels with a party of men through the jungle. If I went into dense jungle, by the time I was out of sight of camp I was also lost.

Every day Harry would have the men blaze a trail away from camp for me. That was my path then and supposed to be avoided by the others. But walking down that path in the dark, in the pouring rain, with leeches and insects and possible snakes, was no fun.

At the *pengkalan*, or landing place for the jungle carry-over, we left our boats and started on foot across the watershed. It was a bad day for me. Everything in the jungle united in a malevolent effort to defeat me. The pace set by Harry and Arusap was always a little too fast for me, and when I hurried I slid and stumbled and got behind; then I hurried more and slid more and was more behind, until the man in front of me would be lost to sight. He might be only ten yards distant, but he would be lost to sight, so dense was the jungle. I wouldn't know which way to go, and the green crepe of the jungle would drop over me like a mildewed mourner's veil, and I would stand still, defeated. Then I would sit down gloomily and wait for the *kulis* carrying the luggage to overtake me, and pretend that I was waiting on purpose and not lost from the men in front, and they would pretend that too, but they knew.

My bare legs were covered with scratches and bites of insects and leeches. The leeches were bad. Like the waving tendrils of the vines they reached out from every leaf. When I pulled them off they fas-

tened on my hands, and then I rolled and squeezed and pinched them until they burst. A hundred times I told myself, "Never again," pulling myself out of the mud, spitting bugs out of my mouth, pulling off the leeches, "never again will I go on a jungle trip!"

I find in my journal brief entries as follows, each one marking a day:

"Made camp three o'clock. Rain all day. Dead tired.

"Well, if our matrimony can stand this trip it can stand anything!

"What a day! Too tired to write and too wet to care!

"*How I hate jungle travel!*"

Each day seemed worse than the one before. I felt an almost physical nausea when I fell in the jungle mud. Again and again I lost sight of the person ahead of me, and fought the trees, and missed the blazes. Once I rolled down a riverbank and ended with my face in the mud. The *kulis* fell back in a discerning way, and pretended that it was a clever acrobatic stunt. But I was past pretense, and the tears rolled down my cheeks from anger at myself.

One night, when our jungle trip was almost finished, I was sitting on the edge of the damp camp bed, rubbing alcohol on my bare legs. "I wish this leech bite would stop bleeding," I said.

"It will never clot," said Harry, "unless you stop pulling the dried blood away from it."

"The sand flies are awful to-

night," I mourned. "I hate them more than the leeches."

"I sometimes wonder why you come on these trips," Harry said. "I go because it's my job to look for forest preserves, but what's the sense of your coming when you're not comfortable?"

"But I don't want to be just comfortable all my life!"

"Oh? What do you want?"

I stopped picking at the leech bite and thought. In my mind I saw a shelf of women's faces that all wore the same expression. The bodies that went with the faces wore soft rubber corsets, and the minds that went with the bodies had sagging muscles.

"I guess I'm afraid of too easy living. That's part of it."

"Oh?"

I wanted to say: "Can't you see that I admire you, and want to see the things you see, and do the things you tell me about?"

I wanted to say: "I don't want to be a parasite on this country, I want to be a living part of it. I want to talk the language, and know the natives, and laugh with their jokes as you do. I want to come down its rivers and go through its jungles. I want the mud and the rain and the leeches, and everything that this trip is . . . except sometimes my body doesn't do it very well."

And I wanted to say: "But even if my body doesn't do it well, I will beat it in the end with my

spirit. Only please, please, don't hate me when my body stumbles, and whines, and complains, because it's doing the best it can."

But people don't say things like that. Decently reticent people don't talk about their spirits. And proper-minded persons are uncomfortable when confronted with such confessions.

"Oh? What do you want?" came Harry's question.

"I don't know, but I guess that spirits aren't as reliable as guts, Harry, and you've got guts."

He began to hum, but the hum was amiable. Perhaps he was going to be fond of me again. I knew I had been very aggravating on this trip, and I didn't blame him for being annoyed with me. When the tent leaked, I huddled on the cot and looked dejected, while he lay serenely quiet and read a book. When it rained all day, I was obviously wet and miserable, and he always smiled.

A *kuli* came up then with a sore foot; he had driven a stake through it between two toes. The boy was uncomplaining and laughed about the accident, and he trusted Harry to make it right. Harry cleaned the hole and soaked it in disinfectant.

The boy sat on the ground fomenting his foot in his rice bowl. With great amusement he called to our attention the absence of one toe, which had been lost years before in the overthrust of his chopping knife. I thought that such an

accident to myself would have been no laughing matter. But with the natives, catastrophe held amusement, which it was only polite to share.

I looked at Harry and thought, I wish you would look at me like that — with approval and admiration. But then, I couldn't do that — run a stake through my toes and laugh about it.

I crawled into my small camp bed, and Harry crawled into his — the older one, with the tippy legs and the thinner mattress and the less warm blankets.

"Are you warm now? You can have one of my blankets," he said.

"No, I'm fine."

"How's the old body? Ready to push on tomorrow?"

"*Yab-lab!*"

"Tomorrow will not be very hard. We did our last day in the jungle today."

"I don't really mind jungle travel, Harry."

"Good old thing!"

So he had stayed fond of me! Even when I was aggravating and puny and dejected!

I lay under the blankets and listened, while the rain and the trees talked to themselves, and the river paid no attention to any of us.

I looked toward my sleeping husband. I reached out and touched the hardness of his bones, and the touch pleased me. That strength was mine also. And then I saw that it was part of being husband and

wife, that, in the same way his strength was mine, my weakness was his, and hurt him. If I had been somebody else's wife, he might have thought I was pretty good in the jungle.

Tomorrow I'll not even look dejected, I whispered. And when I get home I will be just a woman again for a while. I'll use rouge and lipstick again, and wear my prettiest dresses. At home he shall think well of me, because as a woman I'm all right. But as a man, or an adventurer, or a pioneer, I'm just a washout. . . .

But anyway, I did it. Nothing can take from me what there is in me of this trip. . . .

Then I saw, as clearly as though those weeks of travel had been thrown on a screen, I saw, and went to sleep still seeing. . . .

I saw again a long river breaking often into white rapids, and I saw 12 people on it. The people were so small compared to the river that you scarcely noticed the difference between the people, which were white and which were brown. You scarcely noticed the difference between the two white people, the one that was Harry and strong, and the one that was Agnes and weak, because the difference was between the big river and the little people.

I saw the boats nearing the white rapids, and the noise of the fighting water was great. The *perabus* were like joyful fanatics rushing to be

sacrificed in it. Naked figures arose like priests, for the boatmen stood to greet it. The figures shouted, and it was only a little noise lost in the roaring sound of the rapids.

Then the rapids were past, and the *perabus* drifted slowly, the men kneeling humbly in them. The golden fur of a frightened stoat flashed against the leaves of the jungle wall. The white tail and the blue wattles of a pheasant showed. A Tengara woman stood in the sunlight on the river's bank, with naked breasts and shining shoulders.

And there I stopped, because it seemed to me that all my life I had been waiting to know just these things.

I went happily to sleep, and left the little people still coming down the big river.

Two days later we sighted our launch, waiting for us in the Kinabatangan River. I forgot that this was the moment I had been longing for. Suddenly I found myself standing on the deck of the launch and knowing that the exciting part of the trip was over. And it was already like having eaten something strange and full-flavored; while it is in your mouth you do not know whether you like it or not, but the minute it is down you know it is delicious.

I went below, bathed, and came back on deck. I was clean, I was dry, I was comfortable. But I wanted to cry. Perhaps I was tired.

I lay down on the deck and slept for eight solid hours.

I OFTEN CLIMBED the hills in Sandakan in the early morning. The nearest hill was a Chinese burial ground, covered with crumbling graves, the bones of some of the dead disintegrating in open jars by the headstones. Paper money lay on the headstones, small bowls with rice in them stood close, and nearby were seats upon which the departed spirits might rest.

I often paused there, and with the wind of the monsoon in my face I would look across the jungle to the Sulu Sea. The sea both isolates and connects our island of Borneo. If I should travel far enough, for days and weeks, my home shore would come in sight. Then the mass in the distance would become places and people, and the people would be persons with dear faces, met once again. When I left home those faces smiled bravely, but when we meet again it may be permissible for us to cry.

Such were my thoughts as our first tour in the East came to an end, and we prepared to go to the United States on leave.

The day of departure we went on board the steamer at dusk. From the bay I looked back to where our hill rolled up to the sky, behind the lights of Sandakan. There was a light in our house where, now, my husband's relief was living. Up there

on that hill other ears than ours would be hearing the night birds call in the jungle; other voices would call for drinks and food in the hot, sweet, tropical night. And in the mornings the *wab wabs* would sing and no one would stop to listen.

We looked up at the light on our hill. We wanted our leave, and knew we needed it. But we felt that night when we sailed from Borneo that we were not going home on leave, but were leaving our home.

PEOPLE ask me if I wish to return to Borneo, if I like our life out there. The answer is that I like our life as we live it better than I like anybody else's life of which I know.

I like the black nights of Borneo when the air smells of tree buds and wet leaves, and the only company is our own, and the only words are

ours. I like the quiet days at home alone, days in which I am not ambitious, energetic, or noteworthy, but just am. It takes time and solitude to exist, and we have those in Borneo.

I like our coming home on leave. We hurry through space, over oceans, across continents, and pass through all conditions of climates, manners, and morals. One time my dress is too daring and the next time it's dowdy; in one place I am being careful not to shock people, and in the next place they are shocking me.

When we sail back to Borneo I shall feel the same deep happiness from which I spoke five years ago. But my lips will not need to utter the words this time when I turn to my husband, for we both know now without speaking that to journey together is happiness.



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

GENUINE as a thumbprint
(Time) . . . As irresponsible as
a streak of lightning (David
Garth) . . . Words long enough
to run as serials (Irvin S. Cobb)
. . . With all a baby's mis-
directed zeal (C. S. Forester)
. . . A young man sunny with freckles

(Carl Sandburg)

*How Else
Would
You
Say It?*

She approached with the
slow dignity of a ferry com-
ing into dock (Helen D. Boylston)
. . . He seized the captain's
hand, crushed it to a pulp,
and returned it to the chief
mourner (Joseph C. Lincoln)

HIS FACE flashed into the mirror of
her mind (Rita Weiman) . . . The tip of
his tongue considered where his two
front teeth had been (Archie Binns) . . .

THE SLOW punctuation of fireflies in
the garden (Christopher Morley) . . . The
wind had fallen to an occasional rum-
ble in the throat of the night (Howard
Spring) . . . The million skipping feet
of rain (Thomas Wolfe)

Among Those Present

Julien Bryan (p. 27), Princeton graduate, photographer and lecturer, has spent each summer for several years in making documentary motion pictures of strange places and peoples. In September 1939, having just completed films of peasant life in Holland and Switzerland, he decided on a quick dash to Warsaw to make a few behind-the-lines photographs before war struck. *Siege*, his extraordinary film record of Warsaw's destruction, is now being shown in American theaters.

Vardis Fisher (p. 137) was born of Mormon parents in Idaho in 1895. He began writing at an early age, served in the World War, married, and in 1920 was graduated from the University of Utah. He won a reputation in 1928 with his first novel; his third, *In Tragic Life*, was brought out in Idaho, after half a dozen New York publishers had rejected it as "too strong meat." Since 1935, Fisher has been director of the Idaho Federal Writers Project.

Archibald MacLeish (p. 33) in 1923 threw over his successful law practice in Boston because, he said, "I am a poet." Since then he has been an editor-writer for *Fortune*, lecturer at Princeton, curator of the Nieman Collection of Contemporary Journalism at Harvard and, now, at 48, Librarian of Congress. He has demonstrated his ability as an executive, his excellence as a writer of prose, and above all has become the poet he wanted to be, one of America's best. Before writing *Conquistador*, which received the Pulitzer Prize in 1933, he covered by pack mule every foot of Cortez' triumphant march through Mexico.

Grand Duchess Marie (p. 105) was born in 1890, granddaughter of the Russian Emperor Alexander II. Her father, Grand Duke Paul, was executed — with 21 other members of her family — by the Bolsheviks in 1918. Only she and her brother, Grand Duke Dimitri, who later figured prominently in stories of the assassination of Rasputin, escaped. The Grand Duchess came to the United States in 1929, working first as a dress designer and later as a writer. Her best-known book, *Education of a Princess*, sold some 250,000 copies.

Michael Scully (p. 87) started his writing career in conventionally romantic fashion by running away to sea at 17. After newspaper work in many American and European cities, he did a six-year stand in New York, and then returned to his native Texas. He has traveled widely in Latin-American countries and for the past several years has lived in Mexico.

Son of a laborer, **Howard Spring** (p. 109) had a Dickensian childhood, which he describes in *Heaven Lies about Us*. Obligated to quit school at 12, he landed by chance a job as messenger in a newspaper office; he mastered shorthand, put on a frenzied drive for learning and eventually matriculated at London University. Shortly before he went to war in 1915, he joined the staff of the *Manchester Guardian*, and is now, at 51, book editor of the *London Evening Standard*. He has written several novels, the best known in America being *My Son, My Son!*, the story of a life as remarkable as his own.



Children of God, an epic of the Mormons, recently won the Harper Fiction Prize of \$7500. "One of the most extraordinarily interesting stories I have ever read," says Clifton Fadiman. "It has everything: violence, mass migrations, grotesque humor, breathtaking alternations between success and failure. Also two heroes: the prophet Joseph Smith and the organizer Brigham Young."

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VISIONS

IN THE frontierland of western New York, Palmyra was only a small town, but more itinerant evangelists had come to it than the pious Smiths could remember. Here, and in the thinly settled wilderness roundabout, there had been in the early years of the 19th century one religious revival after another, with crusaders invoking all the terrors of hell upon unbelievers.

In Palmyra young Joe Smith had seen whole groups converted after two hours of castigation and prophecy; and a week or a month later, he had seen another preacher convert the same group to another sect. One month the Followers of Christ had the only road to salvation; next month it was the Methodists; and young Joseph, seeing priest fight against priest, each claiming for himself alone an intimate fellowship with God, often knelt in prayer and asked for a sign of the true church.

Though only 14 in the spring of 1820, he was a tall and handsome youth. He wore patched trousers, a calico shirt, a ragged hat through the holes of which his uncombed flaxen hair thrust up in tiny golden sheaves, and shoes so worn that

they barely kept to his feet. His blue eyes were humorless. He never laughed, and his smile was rare.

On this particular afternoon he had listened to the most violent exhortation that had ever come to his ears, to the most impassioned plea for repentance. One statement stood in his mind italicized in words of flame: "Does it not say in the Epistle of James that if any of you lack wisdom you are to ask God who giveth unto all men liberally?"

That was the message Joe was saying over and over to himself as he walked into the woods back of his home. Spring was upon the earth again and the violets were out.

Many a time he had prayed in this cathedral of red oaks, but to-day he did not kneel at once. He lay on his back in a pool of sunlight and reached out to the violets and thought of his sins. Unless he found the right way to salvation, he was lost, like his parents, his friends — like all the bewildered persons around him who had fled from one faith to another. He thought of his mother, Lucy. She was a faithful reader of the Bible, but often she asked, "How is a person to know which Church is the right one?"

His father, too, was overcome by tormenting doubts. He gazed at all evangelists with unhappy eyes, and his anxieties sometimes impelled him to strange visions.

Over and over Joe murmured that golden verse from the Epistle of James. . . .

An hour later he had not moved. His hands still reached out to green leaf and blue flower, and his eyes still looked at the glory of the afternoon sun. For several minutes he had been feeling strange and lost. Then softly, with his eyes on the blue vault above him, he moved to his knees. For a long moment he hardly realized that he was praying. He was obscurely aware of his trembling body and the strange deep passion of his voice; but his prayer, filled with biblical phrases and archaic terms, seemed not to be his at all. He listened as if to another voice and was moved to deep astonishment. He seemed almost to be standing apart and looking at himself, kneeling here in leaf-dépth. After a little, he was still, his senses swimming. He sank slowly to the earth, and his eyelids closed upon the awful terror in his eyes. . . .

He saw first an intimation of brightness far out in the universe: it grew and fell downward in a broad beam of terrible splendor. Then, with startling swift-ness, two persons appeared in this stupendous shaft of light, the Father and the Son; and they were alike in the incandescence of their glory.

The Son spoke. He declared in the voice of a great organ that all the creeds of earth were an abomination in his sight, and that those who professed them wore an aspect of godliness but were corrupt; that a new church would be established under a new prophet. The voice died away in echoes of solemn music, and the light slowly faded.

When Joe came to his senses he strove to move but was so weak that for a moment he could not stir. He was amazed to find himself here, with birds singing around him and a fragrant breeze coming from the western hills. Remembering his vision of God and the Son, he wondered about them and himself and tried to understand. Then he rose, weak and unnerved, and turned toward the log house which his father had built in a clearing.

His mother sensed that all was not well with her son. "What is the trouble, my boy?" she asked.

He resented her. Both God and the Son had talked to him, but as likely as not she would say, with the Baptist preacher, that nobody had visions in these days.

"Never mind me," he answered.

"But what has happened?"

Choosing his words slowly, he said: "I have learned that Presbyterianism is not true. I have just talked with God."

"You have . . . what is this you're saying!"

"I have had a vision. I have talked with the Son. But you," he

said, staring at her with reproachful blue eyes, "would never believe that. A sinful world will never believe. But I swear it is true."

"My boy, of course I believe." She was trembling and gazing at him with anxious eyes. "The blessed Lord Himself talked to you?"

"Yes, He spoke to me," said Joseph, and he trembled also. "I went out to pray and to ask advice." He considered a moment and then fell into the Biblical manner of speaking which, since early childhood, he had used when alone. "It says in the Epistle of James that whoso lacketh vision, he shall seek of God. I prayed, and lo, I did behold God and the Son in a great light, and the Son spake unto me, saying, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, my servant Joseph, that a new church will be established in these latter days and you will be my prophet.'" He stopped again, not knowing with certainty whether the Lord had said that.

"My boy, my boy!" she cried, touching him reverently.

"I warn you," he said solemnly, "that scoffers will say I lie."

"But you don't lie! Oh, it is true, true! God has made Himself manifest with a sign."

Beside herself with joy, she went to find her husband; and Joseph left the house, walking with new pride in his dirty ragged clothes. He wanted to be alone again, to examine his heart. He wondered if his father would doubt.

Joseph Smith, the elder, did not doubt. He also had had visions, and saw no reason to question the tale of his son. He was thoughtful a long while. At last he said: "When are you to start this new church?"

"I don't know. I'm to wait until the Lord speaks again."

Joseph's older brothers, Sam and Hyrum, gazed at him with earnest belief; his sister Sophronia trembled and bit her lip.

"What size was God?" asked Sam.

"The size of man," said Joseph. "God is like us, only He is pure and glorified."

"Did the Lord," asked Lucy, "say when He would come again?"

"No. He told me to prepare myself."

TWO AND A HALF years passed before his next vision, but Joseph was not idle. He labored on his father's farm, cutting cordwood, gathering materials for baskets, and sap for maple syrup. Oftentimes he struggled with doubts and despair, until the thought came suddenly that he was being tempted, as prophets had been tempted of old. He resolved to cleanse his heart of all evil. He spent days in solitary walks and meditation, reading the Bible, and preparing himself for the stern duties of a prophet. His doubt of himself diminished as word of his vision got about and persecutions began. After a group of men and boys set upon him and

drubbed him soundly, he felt that he did not doubt at all; for had not evil jeers been the lot of every prophet? No matter where he went, he ran into abuse and rebukes.

"Hi, Joe! Has God Almighty been showun hisself to you lately?"

"Why, by gum, there's the new prophet again! Hey, you and God trading chin music these days?"

"For shame, boy! To go a-tellun you seen the blessed Jesus! You'll roast in hell for that."

Even the Methodist minister, in whom Joseph confided, admonished him furiously: "My boy, you go

home and take a physic! This is the worst blasphemy I ever heard!"

Yet not everyone on this frontier regarded him with amusement or scorn. The Rockwells and Whitmers — and other families too — came to the Smith home and talked of the vision and stared at Joseph with awe; and one day Porter Rockwell, a rugged boy with a scowling face, gazed at him gravely and said: "When I get big I'll help you. I'll jounce your enemies to hell and across lots."

Joe little realized with what zeal that promise would be fulfilled.



THE GOLDEN PLATES



JOSEPH did not allow spite and hatred to deflect him. Before God would

speak again, he told himself, he must understand what was intended; and he thought often of Moses, of the ancient Joseph, of other prophets whom religion had impelled to phenomenal deeds.

Another matter, too, occupied his thought. He had heard speculation on the origin of Indians; and there came to him the notion that God would reveal the origin to him. From this conviction sprang the idea that he must write a book, and often as he walked in the woods, he phrased sentences, wondering again and again if God was speaking through him. "If I purify my heart," he said, "the Lord will speak again."

But casting evil thoughts from



him was not easy. When, on Palmyra or Manchester streets, he saw lovely girls, his

mind turned to them in conjecture, his hunger seeking their youth; and he was abashed and saddened, and groaned under the temptings. A sweet voice or laugh, a trim ankle, would scatter his pious phrases to the four winds.

One night, after an hour of anguished prayer, he fell asleep and saw a vision. The world around him was flooded with brilliant light, and in the splendor was a person in a gown as white as snow. Joseph saw that the naked feet did not touch the floor but stood in the light. He knew next that the visitor had been speaking: never in his life had a voice come with sharper clarity, yet gently, like the far mellow

sound of a great church bell. The voice said to him that God had work for him to do; but, lo, it would require vast courage and boldness, for the name of him, the new Joseph and the last of the prophets, would be called evil among all nations. Then, to his happy amazement, the voice declared that the Indians were from the Twelve Tribes of Israel and had left upon golden plates a record of their past; and that these plates contained also the fullness of the everlasting gospel, soon to be made known to men. . . . And suddenly the vision was gone, and Joseph was sitting up in bed, staring into darkness.

Deeply shaken, he lay down and reflected on what he had heard; and after a long while he slept and dreamed. Again, as before, he was awakened as if a bugle had sounded his name. He beheld an awful unearthly brilliance and saw in its depth the image of a hill, and a cave like an oval of still fire; and in the cave the paler glow of gold. Out of the far darkness of the room came a voice. "Verily, these are the plates of gold upon which is recorded the everlasting gospel." He, Joseph, the voice said, would go to the Hill of Cumorah and there look upon the plates; but the time for bringing them forth was four years hence. And, as before, the light faded. Joseph put a hand to his brow. He was shaking as with chills. He buried his face in a pillow and trembled in terrified prayer.

"Our Father," he whispered, "I will do Thy bidding!"

His parents and their friends had been impatient for another vision. Well, he could tell them now. He knew now what he was to do. In four years he would begin to translate the everlasting gospel. Meanwhile . . .

"You say," asked his father, "there's a history of the Indians?"

"Yes," said Joseph, for he already knew the answers to many questions. "The Indians are the Lamanites, descendants of the Children of Israel. Laman was one of the sons of Lehi, the leader who brought them to South America."

For a long moment there was silence while father and mother looked at their son. Then Hyrum, his brother, asked: "And you really saw golden plates? With your mortal eyes?"

Joseph hesitated. The incredulity in his brother's voice impelled him to make one of the gravest mistakes of his life. He knew well that he had seen the plates only in a vision, but he felt nobody would trust that.

"With your own eyes?" Hyrum asked again.

"Yes."

"How big are the plates?"

"Not very big. About like this."

Joseph measured with his hands.

"And they're out in a hill?"

"Yes, in the Hill of Cumorah."

"I don't think," said the cautious father, "I'd tell anyone. Someone might dig them up. It would be a

nice mess if the records was stolen."

Joseph soon realized that scoffers would demand to see the plates. Whether he could match his cunning against incredulity, he did not know; perhaps he could find some objects that would be accepted as the holy ones. In many of the hills in this area, there had been digging for ancient treasure which legends declared the Spaniards had buried. He could do a little exploring, and possibly God would direct his search. Perhaps, indeed, the plates *were* real; for in this, as in many other matters, he was still uncertain. But that he was now a prophet, he no longer doubted, and he began to prepare for his task.

In Palmyra was a debating club for younger persons, and this he joined. As he became more confident of his power and destiny, he developed a fluency of speech, of homely metaphor, of mystic elusiveness that astonished those who heard him. Soon he began to preach boldly of the matter nearest his heart. One Sunday he shook a clenched

hand at 200 persons and cried: "Behold, I say unto you, all churches today are an abomination! Ye worship with your lips, yea, verily, but your hearts are far from Him!"

"Hey, Joe, where do you get all those yea verilies?"

"Silence!" Joseph thundered. "Ye are speaking to a prophet. Purify yourselves, lest God smite ye! Lo . . ."

"I tell ye, cut out all that lo-ing at us!"

"You back there, Silas Cashart, with carnal lusts in your heart! I do tell you I am a prophet sent by God to show the way to salvation."

His fame spread far beyond these hills of his home. Some said a new prophet had risen; and some with an oath cried that he was a hellhound and a dowser, and ought to be taken out and hanged. A few gathered to his leadership while hundreds plotted his ruin. Those who threatened him did not know that young Joe Smith, for all his dirt and rags and quaint stories, had the soul of a poet and the heart of a lion.

EMMA HALE



JOSEPH spent two more years in lonely meditation and grew to manhood. Standing over six feet and weighing almost 200 pounds, he was the handsomest young giant

in western New York. Matured by reflection and public speaking, he had his plans clearly in mind but he refused to divulge them. On the contrary, he withdrew to solitude in the woods, taking the family Bible with him, and read aloud to himself the magnificent prose, memorizing much that he had not already learned and cultivating a biblical manner

of speaking. He felt now that he was so receptive to the will of God that God was with him at all times. One question he had forever settled in his mind: he was a direct descendant of the great Joseph of Israel, and he now frowned with displeasure when his family called him Joe.

Believing that God might guide him to a treasure trove, he hired himself out as a laborer to a man seeking a legendary mine near Harmony, Pennsylvania. But his soft white hands were not for a pick and shovel, and one day he left the work and wandered far afield. He came to a tiny lake between two green hills and espied upon the water a bed of beautiful water chinquapin. Removing his clothes, he waded out and stood waist deep in the garden upon the water. He was admiring the pale yellow flowers when, looking shoreward, he saw a young woman.

"Hello!" she called. "Bring me a bouquet."

"I'm naked!" he cried, feeling very foolish. "My clothes are there on the bank. You run and hide, and I'll dress."

She lost no time in fleeing. He gathered a handful of flowers, waded out, and hastily clothed himself.

"All right!" he called. "Where are you?"

Very slowly she came in sight. She was tall and queenly, with black hair and black searching eyes; a stately and austere and lovely madonna in a calico dress. She came

up and looked at him and smiled.

"Did you bring my flowers?"

"Here," he said. "Who are you?"

"I'm Emma Hale."

"Is your home nearby?"

"Just yonder — about half a mile. Who are you?"

"I'm Joseph Smith."

"What!" she cried. She could not have shown more alarm if he had said he was the Devil. Slowly she backed away, her frightened eyes on his face. "Are you the Joe Smith who talks with God?"

"I'm Joseph Smith, the prophet. But you need not be afraid of me."

Her voice was scornful. "You're the man who looks into peepstones!"

"I know not," he said with dignity, "what you mean by peepstones. You have been listening to evil tongues."

"I must go now. Here . . . here are your flowers." And she tossed the yellow handful toward him.

Swiftly he moved around her and stood in the path. "Not yet. Tell me: does your father take in boarders?"

"As to that," she said severely, "you'd better ask him." She fled down the path; Joseph strode after her, smiling to see such haste.

Isaac Hale, her father, was a huge man, a titan of iron and blasphemy.

"You say you want a-board with me? Who are you?"

"I'm Joseph Smith."

"That peepstone spoops who talks with God?" Isaac's bronzed face broke into a grin.

"I'm no spoops. I'm a prophet."

"Well, you see the missus. If she'n stand to have a prophet around, I guess I can."

Mrs. Hale said it would be all right; but Emma, standing by a window in pensive scorn, turned angrily and said no. "He thinks he's a prophet, and I don't like pretenders."

"Daughter, for shame." Mrs. Hale smiled at Joseph. He was handsome and she liked him. "I think it will be all right. We'll have supper about seven."

The supper was cold venison and milk and wild fruits. Isaac looked from time to time at his strange visitor; and at last he said:

"A prophet, you say. What by the tarred and blackened face of the Devil do you mean?"

"God has called me to establish the true gospel on earth."

"I thought that old fool Peter was supposed to a-done that." Isaac grunted. "You mean the Almighty has got His dander up and wants to try it again?"

"All churches today," said Joseph quietly, "are an abomination in His sight."

"Well, I don't blame Him. They're a 'bomination in my sight too. What new fancy sickle-hammed doctrine you got in your mind?"

"Just the simple honest principles necessary to salvation."

Isaac grunted again. Emma's black eyes were full of contempt.

But Joseph did not mind. He had

set his heart on winning her and he was not a man who set his heart lightly. For several days she would not speak to him. Then one morning Mrs. Hale, perplexed and ill at ease, followed Joseph to the yard and touched his arm.

"I think Emma likes you some now. She's got so she watches you."

He smiled. "Maybe she'll walk with me this evening."

She walked with him that evening and many evenings thereafter. He told her, with overwhelming pride, that he was a prophet of God; that he received visions . . . which he graphically described; and that many sinful persons were vilifying him and speaking evil of his name. Her incredulity softened a little. That he believed in his divine gift, she could not doubt. And he was both handsome and eloquent; men of his kingly bearing were not common in this backwoods area.

One beautiful evening he spoke of love. "It is best for us to be married soon," he declared, as if the matter had been settled.

"Married!" she cried, her black eyes full of amazement. "What makes you think I'd marry you?"

"You must. God has ordained it."

"I can't see that it's God's business."

"Everything is God's business. It is His will for us to marry soon. Not later than this fall."

"But I don't love you."

"Yes, Emma, you do. It is in the plan of things for you to be my wife

and assist me. I must establish the true church . . ."

"You seem to take me for granted," said Emma, amused by his solemn presumption. For a moment he was annoyed by the laughter in her eyes; then he grasped her arms and moved to kiss her.

When she strove to free herself, his hands closed on her flesh until she cried with pain and fought against him, kicking at his legs. Crushing her resistance, he drew her close and sought her lips. When she felt his warm eager mouth, she stopped fighting and yielded with a sigh to his strength; and he kissed her mouth and cheeks and throat, till she cried, "Don't, Joe! No more now!"

"You see you do love me," he said, drawing away to look at her. "It is God's will that you shall not resist me."

But Isaac Hale could not see that God had anything to do with this affair. "Marry my daughter?" he said. "No! You think I'd let my

girl marry a lollygag who squints at peepstones?"

"But I love your daughter."

"I don't give a tinker's dam. I still say no. And I don't want you in my home any longer. Pack up and hit the grit."

Joseph was as unrelenting as the man who opposed him.

"It is the Lord's will for me to marry Emma and I will marry her."

"If you do I'll break your neck. And now, get out of my sight."

"All right, I'll go. But I must speak with Emma first." Emma came at his call. "Emma, your father says no. But I'll come back and you're to marry me. Do you understand that?"

"Yes," she said, her voice low.

"Here!" Isaac roared. "Get out — and don't come back!"

"I'll come back," said Joseph, undaunted by this man's contempt. He left, with a small pack on his shoulder. But he would return and Isaac Hale would meet his superior.

THE ELOPEMENT

JOSEPH found Palmyra and its countryside on the warpath against him. Everywhere in the Manchester Hills, men had dug for the plates of gold, believing them to be part of an old Spanish treasure. Failing to find them, they had gone to his home and threatened to hang the whole Smith family.



"Your life isn't safe!" cried his anxious mother. "You must go back to Pennsylvania."

"No," said Joseph calmly. "The Lord will watch over me."

When Joseph withdrew to the forest to meditate now, he was often followed by spies. He saw skulking men hiding in underbrush and peer-

ing, but he gave little heed to them. The spirit of revelation was upon him, and part by part he saw the outlines of the book he was to write.

On a Saturday afternoon, after hours of praying, he knew he was to receive another vision; gazing at the sun until he had induced a trance-like state, he saw an angel appear. He heard a divine voice that said he must now translate the ancient records but ought first to find an able assistant, a man of learning and of great fortitude. After recovering and going his way, Joseph thought it a little strange that the angel should have urged what had already been in his own mind; for he had been wondering if he did not need scholarly aid.

To Oliver Cowdery, a young school-teacher in Palmyra, he went with his mission. Oliver was not only formally educated; he was a sensitive person, a dreamer — and Joseph needed dreamers and poets.

The two young men sat under a tree to talk. "The God of Israel," Joseph said, going straight to the point, "is going to establish the true gospel and I am His prophet. You have been chosen to help me. You are to leave family and friends, as the apostles did of old, and follow me."

"But what," asked the astonished Oliver, "am I to do?"

"I have a task. The angel Moroni has commanded me to translate the records of the people of the new world and the gospel of the new dis-

persation. I need you to act as scribe and to set down what I say when God speaks through me."

"You say the Lord has commanded me? How do you know that?"

"I had a vision yesterday. You are to write as I dictate. Our book will be the new bible."

Oliver looked far away at a scarf of cloud. "If I assist you, I will be persecuted too."

"Yes. But verily, if ye are faithful, great will be your reward in glory. Do you accept the command of God?"

"If it is God's command, I must." Oliver had turned a little pale. "Am I to see the records also?"

"If it is God's will."

After a long moment Oliver asked his strange companion: "Do you know Martin Harris? He beats his wife, but he is wealthy, and he might be of service in getting the — the bible printed."

"Yes, I had him in mind," said the wise Joseph. "He is a vain man. He would spend a lot of money to be famous." Joseph placed his hands on Oliver's thin shoulders. "Do you believe in me as a prophet?"

"If God speaks to you, you must be a prophet. When I hear the new bible I will know."

"I am not educated like you," said Joseph. "What God says to me I will say to you, but it will be your task to put it in good English. I will go to Harmony, over in Pennsylvania, and you must follow soon, Oliver."

Joseph's return to Harmony was not welcomed. Blunt old Isaac Hale had spread the peepstone story and before Joseph had been in the neighborhood a week he was approached by two ruffians who found him alone in the woods.

"You ain't wanted in these-here parts," said one. "Take my advice and skin out."

"I take my orders," said Joseph quietly, "from God."

"Oh, hear him! You're in partnership with God! Well, listen, you peepstone loonytick. You come back here to marry Emma Hale but she is my woman."

"It is true. I do intend to marry Emma Hale."

The bearded giant burst into profane laughter. "Listen to him Bill! He plans to marry my woman!"

Bill's face was sober. "Jess, here," he said gravely to Joseph, "is as tough as a buck's horn. I wouldn't make him mad."

"I know," said Jess. "We'll fight for the gal, best man to take all, including the hide and taller. What do you say to that?"

"We'll let Emma decide it."

"No, we won't. I don't let a woman decide things for Jess Miller. So get yourself ready for I aim to make you roll like a wagon wheel."

Joseph withdrew a few steps. He was not afraid; he knew that the Lord would give him great strength, but he did not want to engage in a vulgar fight. "I think —" he began, but without further ado, Jess plowed

forward, his fists mowing the air. He misjudged the strength and nimbleness of his foe. Joseph was a powerful man. In a moment like this, feeling that God was with him, his might drew not only from every great muscle in his body but also from the calm singleness of purpose in his mind. Ducking under the wild fists, he seized his enemy and brought him down with crushing power. Then he waited until Jess rose to his feet, slobbering with profanity and blind with rage. Like a maddened bull Jess advanced but Joseph stepped quickly to the right and swung with all his strength. The blow fell on the man's jaw and he went down like an ox under a maul. He kicked and rolled over, his eyes staring up in bloodshot astonishment. Bill, who had taken no part in the fight, backed away.

Jess was trying to sit up now but his wits had left him and after an effort he fell back and groaned. Joseph went over and looked down at him.

"I like peace," he said.

"By God," said Bill, "it's the first time I ever see him knocked flat."

"I'm a peaceful man," said Joseph. "I'll go now."

A legend went abroad that Joseph Smith, for all his peepstone gazing, was the mightiest man in the western hills. No other bully came seeking a fight. He was still shadowed but he did not mind: persecution was part of his destiny.

He lived in an abandoned miner's cabin, across the single room of which he built a crude partition; and after Oliver came, he sat on one side of the cabin, with Oliver hidden beyond him, and "translated" from the ancient records. When translating, as when receiving revelations, he was awful to behold; for he was aware of nothing except a voice, his voice, that spoke for God. All blood left his face until its pallor was ghastly; all consciousness of the world left his eyes. For Oliver, sitting at a crude table, there was only a voice in the cabin, the sound of which chilled and shook him as he wrote down the lines. Day after day in a wild windy autumn, the two men labored here; and page by page the new bible came to life. After Joseph's voice had died away in the sound of wind outside, he would come forth, so white and terrible of mien that Oliver was afraid to speak to him; and later, after he had eaten a simple meal which Oliver prepared, he would prowl in the woods, hoping to see Emma.

Twice he had gone to her home but Isaac had threatened to blow him to pieces with powder and ball. Thereafter, he lingered in the woodlands near the house. It was not until a cold clear day in January that he saw her, fleeing like a specter among the frozen trees.

"Emma!" he cried, and leapt to overtake her.

"Oh!" she cried, turning. "Joseph, it's you!"

"I told you I'd come back."

"But you must go," she said, looking around anxiously. "Father will kill you."

"I'm not afraid of him or any man. I've come to marry you." He took her resisting body to his breast. "Emma, we must elope." He raised her alarmed face and pressed his mouth to her cold lips.

"Joseph, please go." She struggled to free herself; with a sigh she yielded to his arms and mouth.

"Emma, you do love me?"

"Yes."

"Will you elope with me? . . . Will you?"

"No, no. My father . . ."

"You must have faith, for faith conquers all things. You will go with me now — tonight."

"No, not tonight!"

"Tomorrow," he said, crushing the breath out of her. "We'll elope tomorrow and then come back and live with your father. I'm translating the records now and no mortal hand can stop my labors. Emma, tomorrow meet me here and do not fail."

"No, I don't dare."

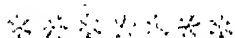
"I dare for both of us. Promise me."

"Yes."

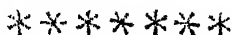
"Tomorrow noon, Emma. God help you if you fail."

Emma came at noon. She was pale and anxious, but when his arms closed around her and she felt the mighty will of the man, she sighed like a child. He led her to a waiting

sleigh and introduced her to Oliver they set off for Palmyra over the Cowdery; and in a few moments cold white landscape.



THE NEW BIBLE



MARTIN HARRIS, the wealthy wife-beater, had decided that he could make a fortune and also help his chances of heaven by printing "Joe Smith's golden bible."



do! God will punish me for this!"

When he learned that Joseph had come to Palmyra with a wife and then returned to Harmony, Martin set out to follow. Along the way he heard only vilification of Joseph, and this argued in his mind that he was on no fool's errand; for it seemed to him, if his memory served, that all prophets had been kicked from pillar to post.

He was surprised to find Joseph living right in the home of an unbelieving father-in-law — for Isaac Hale had grudgingly accepted the situation after the elopement.

"I have come over to help you," said Martin bluntly. "Is that there new bible about ready to print?"

Although Joseph had at this time completed only a small part of his revelations, Martin begged so insistently to be allowed to study them that at last Joseph consented. Martin carried the first 116 pages away to Palmyra, promising to return promptly. When he failed to do so, Joseph followed him there and found, to his horror, that Martin had lost the manuscript.

"My God, my God," cried Joseph, beside himself. "What can I

For weeks he was in an agony of grief and remorse. He dared not "translate" the 116 pages again for fear that they might yet be discovered, and that the two versions might not in all matters agree. No, he would now have to begin where page 116 stopped.

At last he went, with Emma and Oliver, to the home of the Whitmers in Fayette village. The Whitmers had embraced the faith, and their loyal belief in him gradually restored his own shaken confidence.

Again he began to translate. The vast story had taken shape in his mind and he dictated rapidly to Oliver hour after hour. . . .

Six hundred years before Christ, 20 men and women left Jerusalem, led by Lehi, and by Nephi, his fourth son. After eight years of wandering in a great wilderness, they built a boat and set sail, and landed after a heroic voyage on the shore of South America. A thousand years earlier, the Jaredites from the neighborhood of the Tower of Babel, had also sailed and landed in this far country and built a kingdom; but these adventurers were almost exterminated by a bloody war soon after the Lehiters arrived.

The colony under Lehi prospered;

but upon his death, it split into two factions, led by his sons, Nephi and Laman. The Nephites pushed into the huge forests of the region, taking with them on plates the record of Hebrew scripture down to Jeremiah. The Lamanites, forebears of the Indians, had no literature to quiet their savage natures, and so degenerated, becoming a wild and nomadic clan. Outstanding among the Nephites had been a military prophet named Mormon who wrote on plates of gold a history of his people, and then gave the plates into the care of his son Moroni, asking him to add to the record during his lifetime and bury the plates before his death. . . .

Such was the story which Joseph translated.

But not in every day was Joseph able to translate, for domestic difficulties were already besetting him. Emma had taken the loss of the first manuscript as evidence that Joseph's work was uninspired — or at least as a sign that he should give up his visions and take a farm like other men. Now she was growing more and more restive, with her pride suffering under the charity of the Whitmer home. One morning her tongue lashed out.

"I'm sick of living this way! What we eat, other folks give us. We live in their houses, just like bilkers."

"I have the Lord's work to do," he said, speaking with a patience that maddened her. "The food we eat here is a small matter."

"Oh, the Lord's work! I guess the Lord wouldn't mind if you got out and earned a dollar now and then."

"Silence!" he cried. "There's a devil in you."

"And we have a child coming," she persisted; "I guess someone is going to support it, too."

"The Lord will provide," he said.

THE 26TH OF MARCH, 1830, was a day that seemed to foretell the crack of doom: a dismal rain soaked the earth, deep ominous thunder shook the windows of houses, and clouds hung in a black and unbroken pall from horizon to zenith. Persons in Palmyra and in hamlets roundabout expected something to happen; and when, within the shuttered gloom of their homes, they read that the Book of Mormon had been published and was on sale, they gave way to rage as dark as the storm. Several men in a gang rode to the Smith farm, intent on violence, and only old Joe Smith's raised rifle prevented their entering the house.

Two miles away, Martin Harris had worked himself into a fine frenzy. Having invested a part of his earnings in the new bible, he was eager to sell it, and began by approaching one of his neighbors. "Bill," he said, "here is the new religion I told you about."

"What?" asked Bill.

"The new bible! Here it is all down in black and white. How many you want a-buy?"

"Take it away," Bill said.

"You've always been a wicked man, Bill. Lo, I say to you —"

"Martin, leave me be. I don't want none of your new bible. The old one is good enough."

"Bill Jessup, you'll be damned with hellfire and brimstone without you buy this book. It's two dollars and a half. . . ."

"To hell with it!" Bill roared. "Take the dodgasted thing out of my sight."

With a sigh, Martin went into town and saw a crowd gathered on a corner. He mounted a cart, believing it was time to learn whether or not he was a public speaker. His statements, if not his eloquence, made some of his listeners gape with astonishment.

"Verily, I say unto ye, the government of the United States will come to an end mighty soon now, and the new religion of Joe Smith will rule the world. That's a fact. And I'll tell you something else. Joe Smith has an unmarried sister, hasn't he? She's big with child, ain't she? But here's something you don't know. The father of that child is God Almighty up in heaven. Verily, and do you think that is so strange? No, and this book, this new bible, tells you why. It's two dollars and fifty cents. . . ."

Oliver Cowdery, standing in the crowd, listened with a sinking heart. He went to Joseph and said: "Martin Harris is a fool. He's doing you a lot of harm. He's telling a crowd your sister is with child by God."

"What!" cried Joseph. "Is that what the madman is saying?"

"That and much more. He is predicting the downfall of our government."

"The fool! Oliver, I'll have to ask God what to do with him. He brings me nothing but trouble."

"There's something else," said Oliver. "Hy Page over in Fayette says he's having revelations."

"He's a fraud," said Joseph angrily.

"Yes, of course. Still, he has a stone and he peeps into it and he says he's going to translate a book. Joseph," he said earnestly, "it seems to me there will be false prophets everywhere. If a lot of your disciples begin to have visions — or pretend to — then after a while nobody will take you seriously."

Sensing the danger of false prophets all around him, Joseph called a few of his followers to the Whitmer home. He asked those assembled if they were willing for him to be the first elder, and Oliver the second, in the organization; and when they said yes, he and Oliver ordained one another, with wafers and wine.

"Today," Joseph announced, looking around him, "we are organizing the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It's a mistake to say there are no saints today. There are, just as there were in olden times. Do you have any questions?"

"Then," said his brother Hyrum, "we are all saints who belong to this church?"

"As long as you keep the Lord's commandments."

Hyrum swallowed with difficulty and looked at his mother. "Am I a saint now?"

"You are."

"One thing I don't like," said Oliver, speaking with the boldness of the one second in power. "Our new bible says on the title page

that it is by Joseph Smith, Jr., author and proprietor. It seems to me God is the author."

"You're right, Oliver," said Joseph, frowning. "I authorize you to correct that in the next printing. Are there any more questions? . . . Then I command my disciples to preach the new gospel and make converts."

THE EAGER disciples went forth to preach, and into Palmyra from all directions poured converts, as well as persons who came to jeer. Among them was a tall and sickly man named Newel Knight. Newel had been troubled in his soul; and when he sought the prophet's advice, he was told to go off alone and pray. He tried, but was unable to make a sound. During a whole afternoon he knelt in the woods, and when he returned, his wife, alarmed at his ghastly face, sent a messenger for Joseph.

The prophet was amazed by what he saw. Newel was on the floor, rolling in agony and twisting his limbs; kicking out at imaginary foes and smiting with both frenzied hands. Word had gone out that Newel was in a fit, and neighbors had gathered.

In a stricken voice a woman whispered: "There's a devil in him!"

This notion was taken up and whispered from tongue to tongue until it came to Joseph. A voice said:



FAITH HEALING

"You're a prophet. Let's see you cast the devil out."

Joseph was distressed. He saw an opportunity here if God would assist him but he was reluctant to rest the whole future of his church upon this one effort. For if he failed . . .

"Hurry!" a woman cried.

Newel fell into a more extreme convulsion and slobbered. Joseph gazed at him and hesitated. Then suddenly he bent over the tortured man and grasped one of his arms. In a loud voice he said: "Newel Knight, there is a devil in you! In the name of the power invested in me by the Almighty God, I cast the devil out of you! Arise and walk!"

The crowd fell back as from a leper. Newel lay for a moment, with shudders running through him; and then slowly, quietly, he rose to his feet. The convulsions in his body ceased. His face, though yellow in its pallor, looked untroubled and serene. He stood for a moment as if experimentally finding his legs;

whereupon, in a voice that electrified everyone who heard him, he cried: "Glory be to God!"

His wife came forward and assisted him to bed. He lay there looking very exhausted but also very calm. Smiling faintly at Joseph, he said: "It was a devil all right. I saw him leave."

"I saw him too!" cried a woman, her voice almost screaming. She seized one of Joseph's hands and kissed it again and again. "Glory be! God be praised! I want to be baptized."

"And me," said a man, coming forward.

Word of this miracle spread like fire under a wind. Scores of persons, some bringing all their belongings with them, came to Palmyra, seeking the new prophet.

Joseph was deeply pleased, but the fury of his enemies was growing. He was suddenly haled to court on charges of setting the country in an uproar, abducting a girl and marrying her against her will, hunting for treasure on private lands, and blasphemy against God. Although he was acquitted, he was arrested again at once and taken to Coleville. This time the charges were rabble-rousing, witch-baiting and consorting with the Devil.

Again, after a trial marked by bitterness and false evidence, he was released. But the court advised him to leave the community if he was to escape mob violence.

Joseph knew his life was no longer

safe in New York. The two trials had advertised him far and wide, and from friends came stories of organized mobs determined to lynch him, and to tar and feather his family and every disciple he had. He did not know where to go. He needed men of iron in his church instead of so many like Newel Knight and Oliver Cowdery. While hiding in his father's house, he prayed to God for courageous leaders. As if in answer to his prayer, a stranger appeared at his door — a powerful young man, high of forehead and strong of jaw.

"I'm Parley Pratt," he said. "I'm a member of your church and I'm ready to go to work." He had been, he added, a Campbellite preacher but he had doubted that faith; and after a missionary had shown him the new bible and told of the new prophet, he read the book and decided that God was again speaking to the hearts of men.

Joseph had been studying the man. He liked the directness of Pratt's gaze. "Brother Parley, the Lord needs men like you. I'm glad you came."

"How are things going?"

"Not very well. Mobsters are after my life."

"Why don't you go westward?"

"I've thought of that. But where?"

"Ohio. It's a fine country with rich soil and plenty of water and timber. We can build a church there."

Joseph pondered and said: "I'd like you to go and preach to the Lamanites."

"You mean the Indians?"

"We must carry the gospel to those wild people. If we can convert all of them . . ."

"They'll be tough," said Parley, frowning.

"Nothing is impossible with the Lord's help."

"Nothing," Parley agreed, and squared his heavy shoulders. "When shall I go?"

"Soon, but not alone. I'll send Brother Oliver Cowdery with you."

Oliver Cowdery was by no means pleased at the orders, but he obeyed. With knapsacks on their shoulders, the two men turned their faces toward the great wilderness. They would enter Ohio first, where towns stood on the lake shore, and small settlements inland looked like villages hewn out of a great forest. Beyond Illinois, they would enter a vast territory of Indians and beasts and a few trappers who had pushed adventurously westward. But Parley was singing as they went, afoot, and side by side, down the road and over a hill.

Joseph wished he had a thousand disciples like Parley. But he had only one, and his mind was full of anxiety. In Colesville, one of his missionaries had been flogged within an inch of his life; south of Fayette, another had been soaked with tar and thrown into a thicket to die. Excited men still searched the hills

for the golden plates. Mobs posted runners in all directions from the prophet's home with instructions to kidnap him. Joseph knew he would have to flee soon but he did not know where to go and day by day he waited. In December two men knocked at his door.

One of them, huge of frame, had a stern ministerial face that shone in yellowish pallor out of a heavy beard. He had a great nose, bushy brows, and a wide drooping mouth full of cunning and cruelty. The other, also middle-aged, was of a different sort: his eyes were sad.

"I'm Sidney Rigdon," said the big man. "This is Edward Partridge."

"Come in," said Joseph, knowing he would never like this bearded giant. The man was pompous and oracular.

"We have come from Ohio to join your church."

"Ohio? Has word of me traveled so far?"

"My friend, Parley Pratt, stopped at my house and told us about you. I have been a minister in the Church of the Disciples. But I judge you have the only true religion."

"I have," Joseph said. "Did Oliver and Parley make many converts?"

"A few. I intend to go back and convert every person in Ohio." His cold eyes studied Joseph's face. "How are things going here?"

"Not very well. The persecution is bitter."

"Then why," asked Rigdon, "don't you move to Ohio? It's a good country and I can convert every last man, woman and child there."

"Such matters," said Joseph, gently rebuking the man, "God decides. I've been told that Zion will be established in this nation — but I don't know where."

After the two men had left, Joseph remembered them unhappily. "I don't like Rigdon," he told his wife. "I think he will cause me a lot of trouble."

"Why?" asked Emma, looking with tired eyes at her husband.

"He's too ambitious. He'll want to run everything."

"Joseph, do you realize you never pay me any attention? Are you tired of me?"

"For shame!"

"I think you are. Ever since our child died, I think you've wanted another wife."

"Silence," he said.

"It's true. I noticed yesterday how you looked at another woman. You once looked at me that way."

"Some women are beautiful. I like to look at them. But every time I look at one I pray for grace."

"I should think so! Your thoughts about them would make you pray for something. Joseph, when are we leaving this awful place?"

"When God commands me."

Rigdon returned early the next morning, eager to learn what the

Lord had in store for him. Joseph said he would ask for a revelation; and in a grove of magnificent trees, his temple and cathedral in these weeks, he looked at the sky and prayed silently. Rigdon watched him with a skeptical stare. But when he saw the pallor in Joseph's face and the far-seeing hypnotic brightness of his eyes, he was convinced, and listened attentively when the prophet spoke.

"Listen to the voice of the Lord your God. I am Jesus Christ, who was crucified for the sins of the world. Verily, I say unto my servant Sidney, I have heard thy prayers and prepared thee for a greater work. Behold thou wast sent forth, even as John, to prepare the way before me. . . ."

It was a long revelation, but Rigdon did not for a moment take his gaze off Joseph's face. He had, indeed, turned pale, for he did not doubt at all that the voice of the Almighty was speaking to him. When Joseph finished and said simply, "You have heard the commandment of God," Rigdon was almost overcome.

"Yes," he said. "I am to baptize in the spirit of the Holy Ghost."

"It is so."

"And I am commanded to preach your gospel."

"The Lord's gospel," said Joseph severely.

"Yes. Well, I'm a good orator. I'll make a lot of converts."

For two weeks Joseph pondered.

His enemies were still plotting to kidnap him and he remained in hiding, with his father and brothers and the Whitmers guarding him, their rifles always within reach. Then, fearing schisms in his leaderless church, he decided to hasten his departure and take the faithful

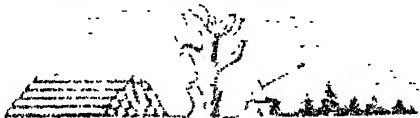
with him; and in January, messengers carried his call through the countryside. Like Paul Reveres they rode from home to home, crying, "Assemble together at the Ohio!" And 300 followers prepared to go as if God himself had thundered the message from heaven.

OHIO — THE NEW ZION?

IN MIDWINTER Joseph set out in a sleigh with Emma, Rigdon and Partridge for the frontiers of Ohio. Partridge drove and Rigdon talked endlessly of his ability as an orator and a leader; but Joseph was lost in thought. He was busy planning his kingdom, and during this long ride he settled many matters that had been troubling him.

There would be no odious priesthood in his church. Every man would be his own priest and would spend part of his life declaring the new gospel. There would be no trained and paid ministers, no useless sermons on obscure biblical verses. Soon he must have, it seemed to him, 12 apostles, as Jesus had; for the church needed to be restored to the simple pattern of 18 centuries ago. Missionaries would travel two by two, because in the mouth of two witnesses, Jesus said, every word could be established.

Another dream, more important than those, he considered during the journey. He resolved that his new community would be an ex-



periment in socialism. There would be a vast empire without avarice, without the empty distinctions of social position, and without the disintegrations which private fortunes introduced. This was God's will, as he understood it; this was his dream.

Each night he spent at the home of a new disciple; for Oliver and Parley had converted nearly every person along the road. Some of the settlers wept with joy to see the prophet; all of them said they would follow him to Ohio. They urged upon him the juiciest portions of venison, the choicest of wild fruits, beaded jackets and buckskin gloves.

In early February the sleigh drew up in the village of Kirtland. This, Rigdon said, was the place they sought and they stopped at the home of Newel Whitney, who welcomed them warmly.

"Parley said you looked like a prophet," he remarked. "By heaven, he's right."

"How are things going here?"

"Awful," said Newel, and lost his sunny smile.

The story he had to tell did not please Joseph at all. Nearly all the persons in this town and countryside had been converted, with one baptizing a second, the second a third, until half the men fancied themselves as John the Baptist, and several of the unmarried women dreamed of giving birth to a Son of God. Matters had gone so far, indeed, that there had been drunken revelry and sexual orgies. "But only," said Newel, a kindly man, "because they're so dadburned happy." Just the same, it was shameful.

Joseph was troubled. He suggested that they make some calls at once. News of the prophet's coming had spread through the village, and persons had gathered to stare. They had not gone far when a woman dashed screaming out of a building and clutched Joseph's arm. Her eyes were insane.

"God gives me revelations!" she howled. "He said you wasn't to come here. I'm the prophet in Ohio!"

"Silence!" Joseph said.

"God told me that!" She stepped back and spit at him. "I'm the prophet out here!"

"She's full of the buffetings of Satan," said Joseph. "Where are these sinful women who think they are going to have a Son of God?"

They went to the Alden home.

When Newel introduced the prophet, the whole family rose and stared as if they were looking at God; and Mary came timidly forward. She was a tall unlovely girl with a dull red birthmark across her left cheek. Slowly, as if acting a part, she clasped her hands upon her flat bosom and advanced step by step until she stood before Joseph.

"Sister Mary, what is the trouble?"

"I'm happy," she said. "I'm very happy."

"Mary, are you with child?"

"I'm with child by the Holy Ghost," she said, and smiled.

Joseph shuddered. For a moment he had the horrible thought that all his followers were madmen or fools. He looked at her sternly and asked: "Who is the father of your child?"

"God," she said.

"That is blasphemy!" he thundered. "Newel, let's go."

The next day Joseph knelt in prayer with Rigdon and Partridge and asked for wisdom and comfort; and God delivered a rebuke so violent that Rigdon was amazed. This, he reflected, writing down the words, was the thunderous wrath of Jehovah of old. Rigdon made known what he had heard, and the sinners shook with fear. The woman who believed herself to be a prophet locked herself in her cabin and wept endlessly; and Mary Alden confessed in wild grief that she had lain with a man in a grog shop.

Revelation followed revelation

in the next few days. In one, God commanded the saints to build Joseph a house and to provide for him whatever he needed; and men at once entered the forests with axe and ox team to gather the logs. Persons came bearing food and money and gifts. A second revelation commanded others to go forth and preach. Joseph himself went from outpost to outpost, seeking men who were bold and fearless.

In March, Parley Pratt returned and told a tale of incredible hardship. He and Cowdery had traveled a thousand miles afoot in the dead of winter.

"The Lord is pleased with you," said Joseph. "How many Lamanites did you convert?"

"Not many. You can't argue with an Indian. While I preached the gospel, they looked at their knives and thought how nice it would be to scalp me." Parley grinned. He was windbeaten and bronzed to the color of an Indian and looked cheerfully invincible. "There are millions of acres of fine land in Missouri. I think we should go there."

"I don't know," said Joseph. "We are to build Zion somewhere but the Lord has not told me the place. Where is Oliver?"

"I left him in Missouri. He's going to look the country over. Besides, he was plumb tuckered out."

The notion of a great and beautiful city took hold of Joseph's imagination. He dreamed much of the

future, and often interpreted church doctrine to his followers. Some of these were so fired with religious zeal that they saw visions or were possessed of the gift of tongues.

In a meeting one afternoon, an excited woman leapt to her feet and cried: "Mela, meli, melee!" For a long moment there was silence as all eyes turned to Joseph. He was still too astonished to speak when a boysprang up like a jack-in-the-box.

"I know what she said!" he cried. "She said, 'My leg, my thigh, my knee!'"

Joseph frowned at that. But before he could speak, another woman rose.

"That interpretation," she said gravely, "was false. The words mean, 'Blessed be God, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.'"

Joseph marched over to the boy and led him outside. "My son," he said sternly, "don't you realize that God doesn't talk about a woman's leg?"

"But that's what the words meant," said the lad stoutly. "I knew just as quick as a fiddle."

"You were confused. After this, don't interrupt our meetings."

These confusions, these dark and malicious betrayals by Satan, distressed the prophet, as did the skeptics.

Many came to the house where Joseph lived to spy on him. They peered through a window and saw him in one hour setting down his revelations, and in another they

saw him on the floor, playing like a child with a neighbor's children. There was, they declared, no sense in such grotesque conduct.

Joseph was learning that the role of prophethood was an almost intolerable burden. He wondered if it would not be best to move to

a wild frontier where his followers would have to spend their energy conquering Indians and beasts, clearing forests and breaking the sod. But he was a dreamer, and day by day he put the matter off while the forces of ruin gathered at his door.

TRIAL BY TORTURE

EVER since Emma's infant had died in New York, she had brooded over the loss and become increasingly bitter. When Joseph was with her she nagged him, and when he was away she wept. Seeing how distressed she was, Joseph prayed for another child; but the months passed and Emma was still barren. "It's strange," she had said, "that you talk with God and yet I cannot have another child!" He was gravely concerned; and when, some time after they arrived in Ohio, a woman died giving birth to twins, he at once adopted them. Children, he told his wife, were precious; and if they could have no more of their own, they would love and cherish another's. Emma was happier then, even though the infants were sickly and a great burden. By turns Joseph and Emma sat by the babes and nursed them through the long nights. After a week of such vigilant care, they were ill too, and very tired.

By many of his new neighbors



Joseph was regarded as a blasphemous impostor, and it was just at this time that matters came to a violent issue. One night a mob of men burst into the house, and Joseph found himself in a desperate struggle. With all his strength he broke free and knocked one of the men down.

"God damn you!" a man howled. "Stop that or we'll kill you!"

"No," said another, who seemed to be the leader. "Listen, Joe Smith, we know about your blasphemy. We know they tried you back home and now you come out here. Well, we don't want any devils around here. So come along or your life won't be worth a hoot."

"Never!" said Joseph. "Get out of my house!"

The mob howled again and surged forward; and though Joseph fought like a wild beast, there were too many hands at his throat. Battered, stripped of his clothing and half-stunned, he was dragged outside and across the frozen earth to a

small meadow. Lying there was Sidney Rigdon, stark naked, bloody and unconscious.

A man came up out of the darkness and peered at Joseph. "Well," he said impatiently, "we going to kill him or ain't we? Let's get it over with."

"They can't decide if to hang him or tar and feather him," said another.

• "If we tar him, he'll wash it off and preach louder than ever! Let's fill his belly with it."

A man stepped forward and tried to force a liquid down Joseph's throat. The glass of the bottle broke against his teeth and the liquid spilled. "Look, he bit it in two!"

A man now burst through the inner circle and threw himself on Joseph's body and dug with his nails like a madman. Other men fell to their knees and prodded with sharp sticks.

"Make him bleed all over," said the leader, "and then fill the wounds with tar. . . ."

Joseph was so nearly unconscious when the men left him that he did not hear them go; and for an hour he lay as if dead. After a while he strove to sit up but fell back, groaning; later, realizing dimly what had happened, he tried to scrape the tar away from his mouth and eyes. When he freed his lips he could breathe more deeply and regained part of his strength.

Getting to his feet, and feeling as if sheathed in heavy rubber, he

staggered homeward, and leaned, numb and frozen and weak, against the door. When at last he knocked, an excited woman looked once at this appalling black giant and screamed and slammed the door in his face. When a man answered the knocking, he, too, was aghast.

"Fetch a blanket," Joseph whispered.

After learning of his abduction, several persons had gathered in Joseph's home; and now, when he staggered into the room, they all fell back in horror. His torso, covered with blood-stained tar, seemed to be all wounds.

Four men spent the remainder of the night trying to remove the tar. If Joseph groaned in agony, the busy hands ceased; whereupon he cried: "Go on! I must be ready to preach tomorrow."

And he did preach on the morrow (a Sunday) to the largest audience he had ever faced. Though his body was lacerated and bandaged, he was still the undaunted prophet with divine wrath in his soul. When in the audience he recognized three of his brutal tormentors, he summoned all his strength and delivered a rebuke so thunderous that it abashed even his enemies.

"Our forebears," he cried, "left the shores of Europe to escape persecution, to worship God according to their own conscience. I say to my friends here today, and to my enemies, that we are unworthy of the sacrifices of our forefathers if

we allow mobs to beat free men. Only cowards break like thieves into a peaceful home!

"And I say to you who are for me and to you who are against me, the Almighty God will not long tolerate such brutal treatment of His children. I and those with me came to Ohio to live in peace; but the time may come when we will take up arms like free men and fight for our constitutional rights."

In the next few days, Joseph was sick at heart. Rigdon had been so savagely abused that he was still delirious. One of the adopted babies had died. Emma, beside herself with despair, wept incessantly, and Joseph had to be nurse and mother to the sick child that lived. A score of persons left the new church, declaring that no real prophet would allow himself to be tarred and feathered. A few disciples came under cover of darkness to offer comfort and advice, but only Porter Rockwell came boldly, in broad daylight.

"Joseph," he said, "I guess you need me now. Remember when we was kids? I said I'd fight your enemies for you. I'm ready."

"But I want peace, Porter."

"By God, the best way to get peace is to fight for it. Any man is peaceable after he's licked. We need a secret order. Let me take care of your enemies. You ain't going to establish no church if you let them pour tar all over you."

"I don't want fighting."

"Then what are we to do?" asked Porter impatiently. "Set around till we're all skinned alive?"

"We'll have to move again."

"Where to?"

"Missouri."

"The worst hellhounds in creation live there."

"We'll go," said Joseph wearily, "where nobody lives. We'll settle a new region."

"No matter where you go," said Porter, shaking his head, "you'll be persecuted. It's human nature."

When Joseph said in meeting that the saints would move again, the excitement was unbounded. Some packed their belongings and set out at once; and others, no less eager, gathered to talk of the beautiful city that was to be built on the frontier, with a great temple, with broad streets flanked by lawns and flowers.

Joseph told his disciples to go in pairs and to preach on the way; and in June he chose three leaders and set forth to explore the new land. It was a long and difficult journey by wagon, by canal boat and afoot. From St. Louis to Independence, he and his disciples walked, and Joseph studied the soil and the flora of the rolling prairie.

Joseph liked the country but not the people. They seemed to him to be spiritually impoverished, ferocious of heart, and in some instances degraded. It seemed to be true that Missouri was a refuge for escaped robbers and murderers. But he felt

better after he had met his people here — those who had left Ohio earlier. When he met Oliver Cowdery he wept, and Oliver's eyes filled with tears. "I have suffered since you saw me," he said. "Every day here I expect to be mobbed. We should settle somewhere else."

"No. God has chosen this spot."

"But I tell you these people are the dregs of earth: cutthroats and brigands and niggers."

"We'll see," Joseph said.

In his first Sunday meeting, Joseph gazed at the strange audience and reflected that before him were nearly all the families of earth: the Negro, the Indian, and the white man. The unbelievers in the audience scowled and fingered their guns but they did not jeer, for they were uncertain of the purpose of these invaders. Joseph spoke quietly and briefly, saying that he and his people wished to live as neighbors and friends.

In the afternoon he chose a temple site on a hill a few miles west of Independence. To this spot he led the saints; behind them, on horse or afoot, came the crowd of unbelievers, solemnly armed and implacably curious. It was a strange caravan across the hills. Hatless, with his flaxen hair shining, Joseph strode like a conquering giant at the head of his people; and his dirty bearded enemies marched gravely over the miles, determined not to let him out of their sight. On the hill he had chosen, Joseph faced

the crowd, and his voice boomed through the 87th Psalm:

His foundation is the holy mountains! The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God! . . .

Overcome by curiosity, one of the bolder men now pressed forward. "What," he asked, "do you kallate you're doing here? Has your dod-rotted mind gone dickey?"

"The true church of God," said Joseph quietly, "is to be established here in Missouri. I am dedicating the site for a temple. This is holy land."

"Holy hell! Listen, you better build your temple somewheres else. This is our country down here. We don't want no long-faced temple builders puttering around."

Nevertheless, the saints were permitted to settle, and for a time all went well. Joseph himself, with Rigdon, Cowdery and a few others, returned to Ohio to find what was happening to the church there.

The situation in Kirtland, he found, was bad but not hopeless. In spite of the tar-and-feathering he had suffered there, and the subsequent exodus of many saints to Missouri, a strong nucleus of the church still survived and drew support from new converts won throughout Ohio by the Mormon missionaries. Joseph set himself to the task of rebuilding the church in Kirtland, and prayed to God for strong leaders to help him.



BRIGHAM YOUNG



BRIGHAM YOUNG's early life had been much like that of the prophet. His parents had been poor farm folk in western New York. Brigham had spent only 12 days in school: during the remainder of his boyhood, he had chopped wood, plowed and planted and reaped, going barefoot most of the time and in rags, but keeping his will unbroken and his mind serene. By turn he had been joiner, painter, glazier, typesetter, carpenter and farmhand. When 23 he married, and soon found himself with two daughters to support. He was still without anchor or goal when he fell upon a copy of Joseph's new bible.

At first he had looked at it curiously and then hurled it at a wall. "To hell with it," he said. "It's like all the other damned religions." But later he had read it again, and again; and at last had resolved to go with his good friend Heber Kimball to see the new church in action.

But he did not act in haste. Instead of concerning himself with revelations and doctrine, he went to outlying church communities and watched what was actually being done by the members. There was none of the mystic in Brigham: he was a hardheaded man of 30 with shrewd knowledge of men. The new religion, it seemed to him, would probably get a man to heaven as quickly as any other; and it would

offer greater opportunity to leadership. The saints told him that out in Ohio and Missouri, persons were being converted by hundreds; that a great city was to be built in the land of Zion and all the peoples of earth were to be gathered into this church. That, Brigham reflected, was something a practical man could get hold of.

"Heber," he said, "let's go to Ohio and meet the prophet."

In Kirtland they asked for Joseph and were told that he had gone to a forest to chop wood.

"To chop wood!" cried Brigham, astounded. "He can't expect to build a church if he acts like a farmhand! By God, he needs men like us. . . ."

They found Joseph in shirt sleeves, wielding an axe with powerful blows. Brigham noted his size and strength, his fair skin and flaxen hair. The men offered their hands.

"I'm Brigham Young. This is my friend, Heber Kimball."

"I'm glad to meet you," said Joseph. Brigham, he observed, was perhaps two inches under six feet, but he had a deep and powerful frame and the most unwavering gray eyes Joseph had ever seen. Here, he realized, was a natural leader looking for a job. He took the men to his home for a talk.

"How are things going here?" asked Brigham.

"The persecution is bitter."

"I heard you got tarred and feathered."

"Yes. I was almost murdered."

"Why don't you build up an army?"

"I want to live at peace with all men."

"Nobody can live at peace with all men," said Brigham, and Heber nodded approval. "The earlier you fight, the better."

Joseph did not like such bold words. He explained church doctrine to the newcomers: the three degrees of glory in the next life; the commandment to send missionaries over the world; and then came to a matter that was close to his heart. God had revealed to him the principles of a huge United Order to govern His people. There would be storehouses of the Lord; and in these large granaries, supplies would be kept for the poor, the sick and the old; for in Zion, no saint was to suffer want. There would be great community enterprises. Nobody, he said, growing a little uneasy under Brigham's gaze, would be allowed to accumulate wealth as an instrument of power over his fellows.

Brigham's dubiety was clear in his face. "If the Lord says it's to be that way, then it must be that way, but I don't see how it will work. There'll always be lazy people and ambitious people. Some will have a lot and some won't have anything."

"What I tell you is a revelation from God," said Joseph quietly.

"Yes, I understand that. And anything is possible with the Lord's help."

Joseph appreciated Brigham's strength, yet he was ill at ease. To Emma he said, "I have a feeling that Brigham will rule the church."

It seemed wisest to send Brigham to report on the progress of the colony in Missouri. When, months later, Brigham returned from this mission, he told Joseph that something must be done or every saint in Missouri would be murdered.

"They're living in sin," said Joseph impatiently. "If they repent, God will protect them."

"Sin isn't the real reason, Joseph. Remember that the early settlers in Missouri are from the south and hate the Negro. You told your missionaries to baptize the Negro and accept him as an equal, but the old settlers won't stand for that. And then, some of the saints have boasted that God will give the whole of Missouri to us. Those are the real reasons — boasting about Zion, and the question of slavery —"

"It's the transgressions," said Joseph, unshaken in his belief.

For a long moment Brigham looked at Joseph; and again he reflected that the prophet's eyes had a faraway dreaminess that boded no good for Zion. He needed to come to his senses and look around him.

"What they need," said Brigham quietly, "is not repentance. My guess is that they need a few more guns."

IN OHIO the church continued to grow in numbers and in wealth. Joseph received a revelation commanding the saints to build a great temple in Kirtland, and it was begun at once. When, in the midst of the building, more messengers from Missouri came to tell of horsewhipping and arson, rape and murder, of wholesale expulsions from the country, Joseph sent word to appeal the matter to the courts.

"Why don't you raise an army and go fight it out?" asked Emma.

"An army!" he cried, appalled. "We believe in peace."

"Just the same, it's like Brigham says. The only way to make a man peaceable is to wale the living daylight out of him."

"No," he said, but the notion took hold of him. He went off alone and prayed. God told him the wealthy men of the church should go to Missouri and buy land, and that Joseph was to raise an army to march upon Missouri.

"Is this," asked Brigham, amazed at the plan, "a commandment from God? It seems like suicide." Marching an untrained body of men against a state seemed to him unprecedented stupidity. Nevertheless, he set to work, assisted by others, to recruit men and buy guns; and Joseph went to New York to enlist volunteers.

When word went abroad that the saints were to march upon Missouri and restore Zion to its people, the rejoicing was great. But the

news spread to Missouri; and a saint came in haste to say that, in retaliation, 200 homes had been burned.

"How many armed men does Missouri have?" asked Brigham.

"I don't know — hundreds in the mobs, and hundreds of soldiers."

"And Joseph is going against them with 200 greenhorns! I'm afraid Missouri will be red with the blood of the saints. Still, I guess we can win if God wants us to."

In May of 1834, Joseph's "army" of 205 men left for Missouri. He was eager to prove himself a great general and he set out with colors, flying and triumph in his heart. . .

Some of the men, even from the first, were unwilling to leave their homes. "Why," demanded one, "should I risk my neck for people in Missouri?"

"It is God's will," Joseph said.

"How do I know that? I have a wife and babies back home. Is it God's will for me to desert them and get murdered?"

"Your faith is weak. Go back to your wagon."

This amazing journey was enough to make any man weaken. With insufficient provisions, with overburdened beasts, the caravan dragged slowly along, making 15 or 20 miles a day. One campsite was infested with rattlesnakes, which crawled into the very beds of the men. Joseph said it was presumption to provoke a snake, but if a man was unwittingly bitten and had faith, he would be healed. In spite of this

pronouncement, the whole camp was terrified.

As hardships increased, there was mutinous talk. When Joseph heard it, he solemnly announced that a plague would overtake the men and they would die like sheep with rot. If this were so, Brigham reflected, they ought to turn back.

It was in June when the weary, weakened men were camped in Missouri between two branches of Fishing River, that cholera struck. Such wild deliriums and heart-rending agonies Brigham had never before seen. Without doctor or dose or medicine, and with only a few brave men to give aid, the weary sufferers lay sprawled on the earth. At first Joseph tried to cure his sick brethren by prayer, but soon he was sick also.

"God is angry," he said. "He is punishing us."

Brigham had another notion. It was a damned fool undertaking, he said, and they would all die like poisoned mice in a stone crock.

Although only 16 of the men actually died of the plague, the survivors were left weak and unnerved. Joseph, himself bewildered

and shaken, sent scouts to Independence to learn the purpose and number of the enemy. They reported that it would be madness to continue. The saints had all been driven out of Jackson County, their homes had been burned, and mobs were waiting to attack Joseph's army. All hope of success, as Joseph now saw, was utterly dead; his army must turn back.

"Brothers," he said, looking at their emaciated faces, "we are disbanding. You are to go back to Ohio — but go in pairs and preach the gospel on the way. Zion will be returned to us but God is not yet ready. Be on your way now. God bless and protect you!"

Three months ago, Joseph had set out at the head of an army. Now, with a few of his leaders, he retraced the thousand miles to Kirtland. Barefooted and in rags, the men came two by two back to their homes. The defeat was deeply galling to Joseph; but for one thing he was happy: he could now return to his translations and his dreams. Missouri would have to take care of itself while he strengthened the church in Ohio.

THE TEMPLE AND THE MARKET PLACE



JOSEPH had planned for a long while to have 12 apostles, and to these high offices he called his strongest men, Brigham Young foremost among them. While these

men went on missions to gain additional converts, Joseph pressed the work on the imposing temple.

At last it was completed, a large stone structure that had cost



\$40,000 and excited a great deal of wonder. It had drawn editorials from eastern papers and visitors from far away. Joseph called it the Lord's House, and was ready for the dedication. It had been built with donations and free labor, all the best masons and carpenters among the saints having worked like men driven until the temple was done. With its tower rising 110 feet into the sky, it was the most impressive building in a vast area.

On the day of dedication Joseph looked very handsome in his black coat and frilled lawn shirt. His trousers, loose at the hips but snugly fitting the legs, vanished into polished boots. His light hair was done in a high pompadour.

The glories attending the dedication were greater than the prophet had hoped for. Many of his more spiritual brethren had visions and revelations; and Joseph himself beheld the splendor of the celestial kingdom. Jesus appeared and said He accepted the temple as a House of the Lord, and the saints as His people.

After the visions there were various rites in the upper chambers. Women, denied entrance to these rooms, sputtered with anger and said the whole matter was very strange indeed. But there was nothing strange. There was anointing with oil and washing of feet — the latter, Joseph explained, to show that they were all servants and not masters.

There was also sacramental wine, and some of the saints imbibed too freely. Joseph himself, whose taste for the stuff he had always regarded as one of his worst vices, drank until he was dizzy, though he did not know whether his senses swam from wine or joy. The dedication of the temple was the supreme triumph of his 31 years; but he remembered that Emma was waiting for him, and this thought was more sobering than cold water.

Emma was indeed very angry. Joseph had hardly entered his home before she was at him like a great hornet. "You're drunk!" she cried. "You make poor people dig up money to build a temple so you'll get slewed in it!"

"I'm full of the spirit of the Lord," he said. "I'm dizzy with joy."

"You're dizzy with wine, you woman-chaser!"

He knelt by the bed and bowed his head in prayer. In a low deep voice, he thanked God that a House of the Lord could now serve as the core of a vast spiritual organization. When he looked up, Emma was startled, as she had been many times, by the intense faraway expression in his eyes. She peered at him sharply, reflecting that after all he probably had been drunk with visions instead of wine.

BRIGHAM said the church needed money if it was ever to be powerful; and he persuaded Joseph to establish a bank in Kirtland. "We can buy

land around here," he argued, "for little or nothing. As converts come in from all over the world, we can sell it at a higher price. We can make the church wealthy — and money is power."

The bank was founded. It was called the Kirtland Safety Society, and the saints were told that it was their duty to invest in it.

The founding of a bank, capitalized at four millions of dollars, was a reckless undertaking for a man as cautious as Brigham. But he was caught in the spirit of the wild speculation rampant at that time throughout the United States; and he went aggressively ahead, boldly issuing paper money on the new bank, and investing right and left in everything that looked profitable.

Brigham had believed with Joseph that converts would come to Kirtland by the thousands. Crowds did pour in, but many had no more than the clothes they wore. Brigham looked at them and was aghast.

"We'll go broke," he cried to Joseph, "if we don't find some rich converts! Why, these men are as poor as church rats. I advise you to send word to the missionaries in the field to send no more paupers here. A crash is coming. Our paper money soon won't be worth a nickel to the yard of it."

But the warning was too late. Financial panic swept the nation in 1837, and the safety bank went down like a stack of cards.

When the disaster became known

in Kirtland, the town went mad. Leaders accused leaders of malpractice; friend turned against friend; and the gentile enemies looked on and rejoiced. Mobs gathered and plotted lynchings. Even some of the highest officials, including apostles, bitterly denounced Joseph as a swindler. Some, insane with rage, said Joseph and other leaders had been living in luxurious harems. Even Oliver Cowdery, for so many years obedient and faithful, swore that Joseph had seduced an orphan who had been living in his home.

In the temple, Joseph faced a meeting of enraged dissenters. He stood before them boldly: he had come here to fight as a prophet.

"Brothers, you have been told many stories about me. You have heard that I am a seducer, an adulterer, a drunkard. Those stories are lies! This church was established by God through me and I am still its leader and prophet. Without me, there is no church, no salvation."

"What about your bank?" a man shouted. "You said it was God's bank!"

"I made no such statement! I said if the bank was conducted on righteous principles it would not fail —"

"Then you admit it wasn't conducted on righteous principles."

"I do not. There are dishonest persons in all churches. Your leaders are not dishonest —"

A leader of the dissenters now stepped forth. "We have our side

to present. We have lost our money, our homes. We are bankrupt. We —"

Joseph interrupted. "Let me say that the church will first excommunicate those opposing me and hear them afterward." That astounding declaration brought the storm. The audience rose, howling like madmen.

"You take our money and then excommunicate us because we don't like it! I suppose God agrees to that, does He?"

The meeting broke up in disorder. Scores became apostates to their faith and swore they would have vengeance. Kirtland fell under pillage and drunkenness and mob rule, with the more sober gentiles standing aside and marveling at the wild mutiny that had demoralized the new religion.

Joseph and Sidney Rigdon hid among friends, knowing well that mobs were bent on their death.

"Well," said Emma, "what do you think of yourself now as a prophet? Are you going to run away again?"

Joseph did not answer. He was thinking of the inflamed mobs in this, his city, the stronghold of his church and his faith. He had been

driven out of New York, his people had been driven out of eastern Missouri, and now it looked as if he would have to run for his life.

"Where did Brigham hit off to?" asked the caustic Emma.

"I don't know."

"That sly old fox hit the grit when he heard the first yell. Well, what are you going to do?"

"I'll have to go to Missouri."

Joseph did not leave at once. He hoped that God would intervene and rebuke the sinners; but matters went from bad to worse until all the property was foreclosed and the church was completely bankrupt. A mob burned the printing shop. A mob controlled the temple.

On a cold, dark night in January, Joseph and Sidney slipped out of hiding, mounted horses and set out for Missouri. Their enemies pursued them furiously for 200 miles, and once approached so close as to sleep in the very house where they were hiding. But Joseph and Sidney were able to leave the house unobserved, and at last entered Missouri, where Joseph felt safe and sang hymns as they rode day by day.

"We'll build the Lord's kingdom down here," he said.

THE SAINTS IN MISSOURI

IN MISSOURI, the saints who had been driven out of Jackson and Clay Counties had now pushed on westward, and there had built homes and villages. But once more



trouble was brewing. Some of the Mormons had again boasted that Zion would be established in Missouri and that no power under heaven could wrest the land

from them. The pioneers under an energetic leader named Lyman Wight were the boldest of those who had been expelled: the weaklings and those of little faith had fled. Among the saints now were desperate and dangerous men.

A hundred and twenty miles from Far West, the chief Mormon settlement, Joseph was met by a delegation who greeted him with wild joy and led him to the new home. Besides Far West, Joseph learned, the Mormons had thriving settlements in Diahman, Gallatin, DeWitt and Haun's Mill. Converts had poured in from all parts of the nation.

"How many saints are there here?" asked Joseph.

"At least 10,000."

"In that case," said Rigdon, "we can protect ourselves."

"And by God, we will," said one of the men.

Soon after arriving, Sidney preached a sermon that was cheered by a thousand men. "Our cheeks," he shouted, "have been given to the smiters. But from this day we will suffer it no more. We take God to witness that if a mob comes on us, it shall be between us and them a war of extermination!"

Joseph, too, was emphatic.

"Brother Sidney's speech is a declaration of independence from all mobs and persecutions. We will not act on the offensive; but our rights and our liberties shall not be taken from us. . . ."

Men threw their hats into the air and yelled, and women wept for joy. This, they said, was a fighting prophet, and they would follow him to the ends of earth. Joseph's heart was lifted to his throat by their cheers. He had been driven like a thief out of Kirtland, he had been trailed by lynchers, he had been deserted by many of his leaders; but here, more than a thousand miles away, were bold men ready to die for him. Here were Lyman Wight and Parley Pratt, Orson Hyde and Brigham Young: a prophet could build a kingdom out of material like that. He was overjoyed upon learning that 500 saints in Ohio had set out in a body for Far West, and that his own family was on the way.

Joseph did not know that the gentiles were secretly organizing mobs. They had heard that the prophet had come. A few had seen him and had heard his fiery speech. They had heard Sidney declare: "We will follow our enemies until the last drop of their blood is spilled." That was a challenge. It drew privately from Brigham an angry retort.

"The damn fool! If he doesn't keep his mouth shut there'll be civil war. Sidney is a bigger problem than our enemies."

The storm broke in a settlement named Gallatin. There was an election, and when the saints went to vote they found themselves facing a mob. In the savage fight that re-

sulted, the saints were temporarily victorious. The gentiles, bruised and bleeding, withdrew from the scene, but not without threats.

"You Mormons, we'll finish you yet!"

"All we want is to vote."

"You'll never vote! We'll be back with our guns."

Fortunately, further bloodshed in Gallatin was avoided, but soon Joseph learned that a mob had laid DeWitt under siege and cut off the food supply. When he appealed to members of the legislature for protection, he was amazed by Governor Boggs' declaration that the quarrel was between armed mobs and the Mormons, and that the two factions could fight it out. Joseph could not believe that a governor in a free land could have so little regard for civil rights.

Some of his leaders wanted peace and some wanted war, and between the two groups Joseph was helpless. He could not make up his mind to definite action even when he heard that the saints had been driven out of DeWitt, or when he learned that Millport had been sacked and burned, or when he was told of a battle on Crooked River.

But his indecision did not matter. The feud was beyond his control now: Governor Boggs had spoken and the war was on.

Early one morning, riders came to tell Joseph that large bodies of armed men under Generals Lucas and Doniphan were marching on

Far West; other scouts reported butcheries and rape of Mormon women at Haun's Mill. Joseph withdrew to pray, but Lyman and Parley got their indomitable heads together.

"Now we have to fight," said Lyman. "By the holy God, we should have fought months ago!"

"Yes," Parley said. "Lyman, what's your plan?"

"Fortify the town. I want every able-bodied man to work with me all night getting our defense up. You see to the guns and ammunition."

And all night the saints labored with feverish energy, building crude fortifications. Lyman went from spot to spot, encouraging, commanding, and working with the men; but he was worried about a saint named Hinkle. Hinkle, taking the title of colonel, had organized a small army and was marching toward Far West. Lyman did not like the man. He had the cowardly alertness of a coyote. But when he suggested to Parley that Hinkle might betray them, Parley laughed.

"He's a fine man, Lyman. He'll be here in the morning to help us."

"I wouldn't trust him as far as I'n see the leg of a gnat. Do we have enough ammunition?"

"I think so."

When morning came, gray and cool and ominous, the saints were behind their breastworks, ready for attack. Lyman stood on a lookout spot; and when he saw Hinkle rid-

ing in alone, he called to Parley and Joseph and went out to meet him.

"General Lucas sends word he wants to meet the leaders and see what is to be done," said Hinkle.

"Meet us?" Lyman was suspicious. "You mean it's a truce?"

"Yes. He says everything can be settled peaceably."

"Who brought this about?"

"I did," said Hinkle proudly. "I talked him into it."

Lyman turned to Parley and Joseph. "Do you believe him?"

"I do," said Parley; and Joseph said: "God be praised!"

Lyman was still unconvinced. "Shall we go?" he asked Joseph.

"Yes, Brother Lyman. God is protecting us this day."

The three men rode with Hinkle out to Goose Creek. As soon as Lyman observed the way General Lucas and his men sat their horses, he had an impulse to turn and flee; but he rode up and said: "General, we understand you wish to confer with us." He had hardly finished before Hinkle cut in:

"General Lucas, here are the prisoners I agreed to deliver to you."

Astounded by the perfidy, Lyman wheeled his horse, but he saw a hundred rifles aimed at his head.

"That was a trap," said Hinkle blandly. "You walked right into it."

"You scurvy Judas!" cried Lyman. "You dog of a Benedict Arnold!"

They were taken to open ground

and guarded by a dozen armed men. Rigdon had been captured too and now was thrust among them; and all night they sat or stood in a drizzling rain, with the guards jeering and telling foul stories, or boasting how they would rape the women in Far West.

Joseph gazed straight ahead at the dark sky. He had not spoken since the betrayal. Hour after hour he sat like a man of stone, even when guards prodded him with a long stick to make him speak.

Next morning the four men were taken away in a wagon to jail. After they were gone, the extent of the treachery was made manifest: another officer, General Clark, entered the leaderless town with his forces, arrested those who remained in command, and then addressed the saints in the public square.

"Colonel Hinkle, your military leader," he said, "agreed to four terms to save you from destruction. The first was that you surrender your leaders and this you have done. The second was that you give up your arms. The third was that you sign over your property to pay for the cost of this war." Clark paused and turned on his horse to look around him.

"Another article yet remains for you to comply with, and that is that you leave the state forthwith; and whatever may be your feelings concerning this, it is nothing to me. I am here to see that the terms of the treaty are fulfilled. You will

appoint a committee of 12 to make arrangements for your removal. And now, though your leaders have surrendered their arms, it is necessary to search your homes for hidden weapons." He turned to his soldiers. "Search every home."

Suddenly the air was split by blood-curdling yells; for a thousand mobsters painted like savages were

riding down upon the village. At once there was complete pandemonium. Everywhere the Mormons fled, with horsemen in mad pursuit. Some vanished into homes, and others poured out of homes and fled, carrying infants or a few household goods or nothing at all. Night fell upon a holocaust of looting and flogging and raping.



PARLEY PRATT was put in jail in Richmond. Joseph, Sidney Rigdon and Lyman Wight, together with Joseph's brother Hyrum and a man named McRae — both of whom had been seized by General Clark in Far West — were taken to the Liberty Jail in Clay County to await trial for treason. This small stone building, with two tiny windows set high in the thick wall, seemed to Joseph more like a tomb than a prison; and he smiled bitterly when he looked around him and remembered its name.

Before many weeks had passed, Rigdon was allowed to escape. Since his arrest, he had often been violently insane, and had wasted to skin and bone. His escape was apparently winked at to prevent his dying in jail.

Joseph still believed God would deliver them all; and though he weakened day by day under the foul air, the stone he slept on, the

unclean food he ate, he gave his mind, nevertheless, to plans for rebuilding his church.

Visions of a more mystical nature also occupied his mind. Millions of unborn souls, he believed, awaited release into earthly life. He hated to think that many women without husbands were childless, and that others through selfishness wanted only one or two children; such wicked barrenness delayed the flow of life and hampered the growth of the church. The pilgrimage of spirits through birth and their earthly journey, and then through death and resurrection, needed quickening, needed larger families. He knew that, in many communities of his church, women far outnumbered the men. Was it right that they should have to choose between barrenness and adultery? He thought of Abraham and other ancients with their many wives and numerous children and wondered how

long it would be until he received a revelation on this matter.

That a revelation would come he did not doubt. It was absurd for a man of his vitality and health and genius to have only one wife, or to have only a few children when there could be a hundred bearing his name. . . .

"Brother Lyman," he said unexpectedly one day, "we shall soon be free."

"How do you know that?"

"God is making His will known."

"I wish the Almighty would hurry. We're wasting time."

"We're certainly a bunch of fine patriarchs," said McRae, fingering his long dirty beard.

A week later the time came, but not in the way Joseph had expected. The men were removed from the dungeon and told that they were to be brought to trial in Richmond. The time was early April. All winter they had lain on a floor of stone. Their hair and beards were full of lice; their clothes hung on them in foul rags; their bodies were wasted. Yet Joseph looked around him at the beauty of earth, at the birds and wild flowers, the limpid loveliness of streams, and felt so happy that he began to sing.

In court at Richmond, they were granted a change of venue. With a sheriff and three guards, they set out on horseback for the Boone County seat. Lyman now resolved that there would be no trial for him: he would escape or be shot.

The sheriff and his assistants had several flasks of whisky with them and drank freely and sang as they took their way over the rolling hills. One of the guards, a red-faced be-whiskered man named John Hogarth, seemed very friendly. While encamped at noon, Hogarth took Lyman aside. "Why," he asked, "don't you fellows escape?"

"How?" asked Lyman suspiciously.

"Well, tonight we might all get as slewed as owls."

"You mean you want us to run so you'n have an excuse to shoot us."

"By God, no. I think you've been punished enough."

"Maybe you're another damned Judas like Hinkle."

"I don't know Hinkle from Adam. Well, you do as you like. I'm just saying what I'd do if I was in your shoes."

John Hogarth was not a Judas. During this evening, he encouraged the sheriff and the other two guards to drink lustily. He told the prisoners to pretend to drink also and to act as drunk as lords. The plan worked, and before long the sheriff and guards fell into a drunken sleep.

"Now's your chance," whispered Hogarth.

"Can we take their guns?"

"Sure. You'll need them."

When the prisoners were mounted and armed, Hogarth turned up to them his red and friendly face.

"Good luck. Mebbe I'll see you again some day."

Joseph leaned down to clasp his hand. "God will bless you," he said.

"I don't know about that. I just figured you'd suffered enough."

"Come," said Joseph, and the men rode into the night.

GALLAND'S BOG



UPON THAT DAY in Far West when Joseph and the others were marched off to jail, Brigham Young was in hiding. During the weeks that followed, he outsmarted his enemies at every turn. Stealthily, swiftly, he moved over the frozen prairies, rebuking the apostates, instructing and cheering the faithful, and preparing for a great migration to another land. Only his energy and resourcefulness saved the church from ruin.

The saints were scattered in a thousand places, some hiding in abandoned shacks, some in hazel or cottonwood thickets, and some in tents far out in the wilderness. Day after day Brigham rode over the huge area around Far West, seeking the refugees; commanding them to find wagons fit for a journey; telling them where to go for clothes and food.

"Cheer up!" he would say. "Damn it, we're not whipped yet. Get ready to move to Illinois." He was first among the 12 apostles now. With Joseph in prison, with Rigdon terrified or insane by turns, he was the leader of the scattered people.

"By the living God of Israel,"

he roared to a multitude he had collected, "We're not licked yet! God is

on our side. This is no time for whining and puling! Let your beards grow, get dirt under your fingernails, get calluses on you as big as hoecakes; but never say you're whipped. Let the cowards flee: we don't want them. . . ."

Nobody could resist a leader like that. One by one or family by family, the saints prepared for a long journey to another home. Brigham appointed men to assist him with the exodus; sent agents to store granaries of corn along the route; and made contracts for ferrying the thousands across the Mississippi near Quincy, Illinois. In December the first train of wagons set out, and from then until early spring there was a continuous caravan of emigrants. Many fell sick and some died of hunger or cold, but Brigham kept the ragged line moving across the frozen earth. And though he himself was constantly hunted, he avoided capture.

In Quincy he was an honored stranger. The citizens of Illinois, outraged by the treatment of the Mormons in Missouri, had ap-

pointed committees to relieve the destitute and homeless. The Democratic Association recommended to the residents of Quincy that they should be careful not to wound the feelings of the strangers, or "in any way reflect upon those who, by every law of humanity, are entitled to our sympathy."

The rebuke to a neighboring state was vigorous. "The inhabitants of western Missouri, in their late persecution of the Mormons, have violated the sacred rights of conscience and every law of justice. The governor of Missouri, with orders encouraging the extermination of their people, has brought a lasting disgrace upon his state."

So it was with sympathy and aid that the saints were met as they poured into Quincy. A few who had means purchased small farms; others sought employment in the town. But hundreds lived in shacks and tents on the outskirts, awaiting the next move. The wise Brigham knew there was trouble ahead.

He was appalled when he saw how his hordes had given to an attractive city the aspect of a migratory camp. The homes of generous citizens had been filled to overflowing. The edges of the town looked as if beggars and nomads had laid siege; for there were shacks or tents on every vacant lot, and livestock was breaking into every field. Here was a situation that demanded the utmost of tact.

"By God," said Brigham to an

assistant, "we must move in a hurry."

"Yes," the assistant replied. "I suggest you see Dr. Galland. He has a lot of land up north for sale cheap."

"Is it good land?"

"No, it's a swamp, but we could drain it."

Galland's bog dismayed Brigham almost as much as the condition of his people in Quincy. It was a timbered swamp on the bank of the Mississippi — a sunken area of mosquitoes and fever; and when Brigham set out to explore it, he fell headlong into a quagmire and thought he had reached his end. After threshing around like a mired ox, he crawled out, dripping with stinking slime and mud.

"No wonder," he said, after returning to Quincy, "Galland wants to sell it. Neither land nor water animal could get across his damned property. You can't walk, wade or swim."

Brigham missed the spiritual leadership of Joseph: that indefinable power in the man that could arouse a multitude to feverish industry. So when, two days later, he learned that Joseph had escaped, he was overjoyed. A messenger came through to declare that half the state of Missouri was chasing the prophet to the Mississippi River, but that Joseph was far in the lead and was safe.

When Joseph suddenly appeared one afternoon, bearded and pale

and dirty, and looking like a John the Baptist just emerged from the wilderness, even the hard-headed Brigham wept. He gave him a mighty hug, and then turned away to hide tears. Everyone wept. Everyone rejoiced, including the astonished gentiles who had never seen him before.

Brigham marveled at the power of this man to arouse wild enthusiasm. For nearly six months he had been chained in a dungeon; and now he was here, walking like a ragged king, and greeted by the most thunderous welcome Brigham was ever to hear.

Joseph, the prophet, was again with his people. His heart was a bugle within him. There had been times when he doubted himself but those times were gone: God had delivered him from his enemies and he was never to doubt again that he could be as mighty as he wished to be. His confidence was so great that it overwhelmed those who looked into his blue eyes. His first act was so dramatic that it left Brigham speechless.

For Joseph went to look at the Galland bog; and while standing on an eminence, gazing over the area of fevers and pestilence, he extended an arm and spoke.

"Right on this spot we will build a great and beautiful city. We will call it 'Nauvoo' — a beautiful place."

"We'll all die of fever," Brigham said. "Or fall into bogs and disappear."

Joseph smiled. A man who had escaped from chains and a dungeon was not to be afraid of a swamp. Besides, he liked to think of doing what no other man would dare undertake. He stooped and pointed to a magnificent wild calla in the grass. "If," he said, "God chooses such a spot for such loveliness, we can build a city here. In three years Nauvoo will be the largest city in Illinois."

The land was purchased and the hardier saints began to move in and build. So great was their energy and eagerness that the gentiles were astounded. Hundreds of families loaded their belongings on wagons and moved to the new site; and within a week there was the sound of axes in the adjacent forest, the smell of lumber and sawdust. Emma had come west to join her husband, and together she and Joseph shared the hardships of the new endeavor.

Almost overnight the swamp was drained, to become a settlement of tents, and then one by one houses appeared and the city began to grow. Some families bought land across the river in Montrose, a village in Iowa, and others pushed westward from there. The whole country in all directions was alive with the industry of thousands; and saints in other states, hearing of this new and mighty effort, packed up and moved to the new Zion. Brigham had been the Moses who led the hordes out of Egypt, but

Joseph was the prophet and king who directed their labor now.

So matters went for two months, but suddenly malaria swept the encampment. In cabins, in tents, or upon the sand along the river bank, persons lay by scores. Remembering the scourge of cholera in Zion's Camp, Joseph was frightened. He could get no doctors upon this frontier. One evening in the tent where he lived with Emma he bowed his head in discouragement.

Emma had been dragged from place to place so long, had suffered so many indignities, had hated and despaired and hoped so often that she now looked like a gaunt spinster of 50. Her mind was full of malice and her tongue was sharp.

"A fine mess you got us into this time! You dragged us off to Missouri where bandits chased us, and now you take us into a bog to die."

"The Almighty is angry with His people."

"Looks more like mosquitoes and stinking water to me."

"Silence!" said Joseph sharply. "I'll make that swamp the most beautiful city in the world."

"It will be the biggest graveyard, unless you can heal the sick."

For a long moment he gazed at her. "I can," he said.

He went away and called some of the leaders and told them of his purpose. "Come," he said, his face gray with determination. "We'll go to Montrose first."

They crossed the river in canoes;

of the first man he met Joseph asked: "What saint over here is nearest death?"

"Why — well, by gum, I guess Elijah Fordham is."

"Take me to his house."

On the way, Joseph silently prayed for strength. When he looked at Elijah he was dismayed. The man was very ill. His face had a leprous pallor, and his eyes were yellow. Joseph stooped and laid a hand on the moist brow.

"Brother Elijah, do you know me? Do you understand that I have come to heal you?"

Elijah nodded.

Joseph rose to his fullest height, took one of Elijah's hands, and gazed at the man with hypnotic directness; then he thundered: "Brother Elijah, in the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to rise and walk!"

A tremor ran through Elijah's gaunt body; he stiffened, as from shock; and then, slowly, deliberately, he rose from the bed and stood erect.

"Bring me food!" he cried. "I'm hungry as a horned owl."

His wife brought a bowl of bread and milk; and Elijah sat at a table and ate as if starved. "Just as soon as I dress," he said, "I'll go with you. I am a well man."

He did go, and other persons too; and word of the healing spread. All day Joseph marched up and down healing the sick. Over some he had no power: if a person failed to rise

to his thundering command, Joseph said the sick one had no faith. But many, including children, left their sick beds and followed him. Elijah Fordham looked, it is true, more like a cadaver than a human being; but he walked all afternoon and found himself strengthened when evening came.

Confident now of his power, Joseph sent his leaders forth to heal, and their success was hardly less miraculous than his own. For days they labored in faith and prayer. Some of the saints died; but the magnetism of Joseph had filled the settlement. In two weeks the plague abated and the building of Nauvoo was resumed.

"Do you think now," Joseph asked his wife, "that I am a prophet?"

Emma's black eyes still shone with contempt. "If you are, why did you let so many die? Some people always get well."

"Ye of little faith," he said, and left her, to look at the town and plan its growth.

Certain now of his destiny, Joseph received revelations again. God asked the saints to build a temple here, and a large boardinghouse for Joseph. Some came with tools to work; some came in rags and laid their last dollar at the prophet's feet. "We want gold and silver," Joseph said in meeting. "Sell your watches and guns, and bring us the money. If any of you are hungry, come to me and I will divide my last morsel. But if you

grumble, I will kick your backside."

"You're getting mighty bold," said Emma that evening, "telling persons you'll kick their hinders. You might get your own kicked."

"I?" said Joseph, smiling. "Emma dear, from now on I am a fighting prophet. I'm building a kingdom. In two years I'll control Illinois. Then I'll run for President."

"You'll run, all right, but it will be from the sheriff."

Joseph turned to look at his gaunt and bitter wife. For 15 years he had tolerated her contempt and her scorn. He thought of young and lovely women here, and sighed.

Emma's spinsterish eyes looked at him. "When do I move into this big boardinghouse you're building?"

"Within a year. I have much to do. I'm going to send some of the leaders away on missions to gain more converts."

"You'll send them away so you can sleep with their wives."

"Emma! You're blasphemous!" he cried. "The spirit of God has never been in you."

"I've seen too much of it in you."

"Yes?" he said, wondering what she meant by that.

"I saw you shining up to Orson Pratt's wife."

"For shame," he said, thinking of Abraham and Solomon.

Joseph not only wanted more converts; he wanted some of his headstrong leaders out of the way. He called the 12 apostles to missions in England and ordered them

to go even though some of them were ill. Brigham, for one, was unable to move from his bed.

"Brother Brigham," said Joseph, looking in on him one day, "you must be off."

"Yes," said Brigham.

"You are to go with Heber."

"But Heber's wife and all his children are sick."

"The Lord will watch over them." Joseph laid a hand on Brigham's forehead. "You're not very ill. Your faith is weak."

"By the living God, if I'm not sick I never want to be."

"You are strong enough to go now."

With a great effort Brigham left his bed and sought Heber, and the two men hitched a team to a wagon and set out for the East. A crowd gathered to watch the men depart and to cheer them; and after the wagon had gone 50 yards, Heber rose to his feet, his eyes blind with tears, and looked back.

"Brigham, this is damned tough but let's give them a cheer."

"All right," Brigham said, and staggered to his feet.

Supporting one another, the two sick apostles waved their hats and feebly shouted a hurrah for Israel.

Other men, sick in body and soul, left when Joseph called. They said good-bye to their families and set out in pairs, or three by three, with no money and in ragged clothes, for a strange country 4000 miles away. To those who protested, Joseph always gave the same answer:

"He that loveth father or mother, houses or lands, wives or children more than he loveth me is not worthy of me. Come, you must go."

And such was his strange power that the apostles went.

For Joseph had a mighty dream in his heart and he was now being driven by impassioned eagerness that gave him no rest. While his leaders were gone, he would build a great and beautiful city; and when they returned, they would stare in amazement at what he had done.

CELESTIAL MARRIAGE



A FEW MONTHS later, the Nauvoo house was done — a two-story structure of red brick in the form of an L, with a frontage of 120 feet on two streets. North of it, Joseph planned to build another house in which to live, and some day to use

this big structure chiefly for entertaining and for church offices.

He could stand at the window of his study and gaze at a thriving city. The swamps had been conquered, and upon them stood homes, stores and shops. A temple of white

limestone was rising on a hill in the north, and it was to be much handsomer than the one in Kirtland. In the basement would be a baptismal font, a huge tank with panels upon which would be painted scenes both biblical and Mormon; and the stairway to it would be supported by 12 great oxen, overlaid with gold. Its high steeple would be surrounded by angels and trumpets. Its cost — a million dollars — was a testament to the consecration and self-denial of the saints.

Joseph was happy to think of it, but he was happy for other reasons also. Emma was going to have another child and he hoped she would nag him less after the infant came. The apostles in England soon were converting persons by the hundreds. One of them indeed, a kindly blue-eyed gentleman named Wilford Woodruff, had converted so many that Parliament was alarmed. A few of the English converts were wealthy and had come to Nauvoo.

And there were still other reasons why Joseph was happy. By promising the Mormon vote to the Whigs, he had exacted from the legislature a charter for a university, a military organization, and for his city. Abraham Lincoln had voted for the charters. So had Stephen Douglas. Influential men in Illinois smiled upon him and his people. Soon he would have an army of several thousand well-armed men.

"Then," he thought, gazing out over Nauvoo, "let my enemies dare

come against me!" Suddenly he saw Louisa Bemen and raised a window to smile at her. "Good morning, Sister Louisa."

His gaze roved down her handsome body and then rested on her saucy face. "I want to see you in a few days — when I'm not so busy."

"All right, Brother Joseph."

He liked this girl. She was healthy and vivacious.

He hardly knew why he wished to see her in a few days. Still, he did know. Month by month, as he saw his city grow and his military organization take form, he thought of the advantage in the next life for those who had many offspring. He needed many wives, and many children, if in the next world he was to advance rapidly toward godhood. There were other reasons no less urgent. In Nauvoo were more women than men; if a woman had no husband, she would probably seek a lover and fall into abominable adultery. Another reason, he admitted, with a wry smile for himself, was his appetites: he had never looked at a beautiful woman without wishing to touch her. This he had formerly regarded as a weakness of his flesh; but now he felt that God had planned for him to have many wives.

When he saw Louisa passing his window again, he called her in. "Louisa, you believe I am a prophet, don't you? That what I do is sanctioned by the Lord?"

"Yes, of course, Brother Joseph."

He took her hands and gazed at her fair face. "Louisa, you are to be my wife."

"Your wife!" she cried, astonished. "But you have a wife."

"Yes, but I'm to have another wife. It is God's will."

"I don't understand," she said, but her voice was gentle.

He drew her to him, kissed her soft mouth, and looked at the pleased astonishment in her eyes. "I'm a prophet and not like other men. Besides, in our church, the duty of the sisters is to marry and have children and assist their husbands toward godhood. You must understand one very important thing in salvation: a woman cannot reach glory in the next world if she has no husband."

"But I can get a husband," she said pertly, looking up at him.

"A husband like me?"

"Well, no. But are you sure it's all right with God?"

"Of course. Was He angry with Abraham because he had many wives?"

"Many!" she cried. "How many wives do you want?"

"The more wives I have, the sooner I'll be a god in the next life. You'll be one of my wives there, forever."

That thought pleased her. It would be sweet to be the wife of a prophet in this world, and of a god in the next.

"Who will marry us?"

"Someone I can trust."

"But Emma — you know we're all afraid of her."

"Don't worry about Emma. We must keep it a secret. You'll have a room all your own in this house and you'll eat at our table; but you'll be only a destitute sister I'm providing for. You will treat me like any other brother except when you are alone with me."

Louisa moved into Nauvoo House and was given a room on the second floor. Joseph intended to have more than two wives; but he learned that not all the women of his choice would yield with Louisa's impulsive candor. He had set his heart on several, among whom were Fanny Alger, Lucinda Harris, and the Huntington sisters — as well as the beautiful wife of Orson Pratt who was away on a mission.

He found Fanny one evening out on the river bank, and resolved to make her his third wife. But Fanny was not a sensuous girl like Louisa: when he told her what was on his mind, she was horrified.

"You must be crazy!" she said.

"Sister Fanny, don't offend the Almighty. Sit down."

"I won't sit down!"

"Then," he said, "I'll set you down." He lifted her as he might have a child; without warning, he kissed her throat and held her against him while she fought like a cat. Setting her on the bank, he dropped at her side and smiled. "There's no use opposing a prophet. God will punish you if you do."

"Oh, God! What does He have to do with it? Besides, you have a wife . . ."

"I need many wives. In the next world . . ."

"There won't be any next world for me if I sin in this one!"

"It's not sin," he said sternly. "Do you think I, a prophet of God, would lead women into sin?"

"It looks that way." Her gaze fell to his mouth: she was remembering how he had kissed her; and she was annoyed because she remembered with pleasure.

"Fanny, you must be my wife."

"No!"

"I say yes. It is God's will for you to marry me. If you do not, you will go to hell."

"Oh, will I!" Her mouth was scornful but her eyes were troubled. After all, he was a prophet who wrought miracles; and who was she to say he was wrong! "I'll have to think about it. I must go now."

"Tell no one. If you tell, your punishment will be terrible."

Fanny thought about it for many days and the days grew into weeks. She came to his study and he talked persuasively, eloquently, explaining to her that he was taking wives not to satisfy carnal desires but because God willed it. He reminded her of the ancient prophets who had had many wives. Little by little, week by week, she yielded, until one day she allowed him to kiss her.

"I can't feel right about it," she said, her eyes dark with grief.

"Fanny, if it was sinful, think what my punishment would be."

"All right," she sighed, and let him draw her into his strong arms.

To Lucinda Harris, a buxom and unimaginative lass, Joseph was almost as mighty and infallible as the Lord. She did not protest at all. She came to him willingly, cheerfully, glad to be the wife of so great a man. But before approaching the Huntington sisters, Joseph thought it would be wise to talk with their brother. He summoned Dimmick and walked with him by the river.

Dimmick, astounded at the proposal, rolled his eyes and gasped. "You mean," he gurgled at last, "you want a-marry both my sisters?"

"Yes," Joseph said calmly.

"But you got a wife!"

"I explained all that to you. You see, Dimmick, a long time ago, the prophets had many wives. You have read the Bible?"

"Some," he said.

"Today, we must keep the matter a secret or a sinful world will persecute us again. I need many wives. Besides, your sisters are about 30, aren't they? Are they never to have a husband?"

"That's what they've been wondering. They're too dodgasted homely." He turned his wondering gaze on Joseph. "Why should you want a-marry homely women?"

"It's my duty," said Joseph modestly. "If I married for lust, then

I'd choose young and beautiful wives. I want children."

"I see," said Dimmick, who saw nothing at all. "I'll talk to them."

A week later, Dimmick burst into the study, crying that his sisters had made up their minds. They had prayed and prayed and God had answered them. "But they want to tell you themselves!"

"All right. Have them meet me by the river."

Joseph went without haste, knowing what the answer would be. It did not seem strange to him that he was choosing women less attractive than Louisa. It was a duty to marry these unlovely women and save them from abominable barrenness. He took one of Zina's hands, one of Precinda's, and looked from face to face.

"What is your answer, sisters?"

"We will," said Precinda, feeling that she dreamed.

"Very well." He turned to Dimmick who had followed and now stood gaping. "This is a secret. Watch your tongue and God will reward you."

"If you say it's all right," said Dimmick, wagging his head, "then it must be. But me — could I — would God care if I got me another wife?"

"Brother Dimmick, many wives are only for prophets and high leaders. If you are faithful, if you become a leader — but not now."

Joseph now had six wives, but six, he reflected, were less than a

handful in comparison with Solomon's. There were other women in Nauvoo whom he had his eye on, though he was content for a little while to devote himself to the five he had recently chosen. He strove to be impartial with them and to visit them in turn; but he had to confess to himself that some women were more adorable than others.

One morning Emma said: "Seems to me you're getting a lot of charity cases on your hands. Do you intend to board and room all the women who come here?"

"Charity," he said, "is a part of my service."

"What is it some of them need, that's what I don't understand. If I'm not mistaken I saw you coming out of Fanny Alger's room the other morning. Tuesday, it was."

"Sister Fanny was in trouble and called for me."

Her black eyes were so alive with suspicion that he decided to be more discreet. Nevertheless, the thought of skulking around was distasteful to him; for was he not a descendant of the ancient Joseph and a prophet of God? Why should anyone dare question his motives?

So convinced was he of his godliness in taking many wives that he approached Sarah Pratt, the beautiful and fiery wife of Orson, who had been sent to Jerusalem. He liked her. If she were his wife, she would share a higher glory in the next life. With this in mind he called on her in her cabin.

"Sister Sarah, how are you today?"

"Very well, Brother Joseph. How are you?"

"I think you must get lonely, with your husband so far away."

"Yes, of course. But as long as he is doing the Lord's work I must be content."

"I've been thinking of you," he said. "You are one of the most remarkable women among the saints."

"It is kind of you to say so, Brother Joseph."

"Sister Sarah, in the next world, persons will not be equal in glory. Take women, for instance. To share celestial glory, a woman must be married to a man who will inherit it. That means . . ."

"Yes?" she said, wondering what he was driving at.

"It means that women married to me will enjoy celestial glory."

"Brother Joseph, what in heaven's name are you talking about?"

"Celestial marriage. We saints must marry for time and eternity, as well as for this life. A wife cannot rise above her husband. If you were married to me . . ."

"But you have a wife. And I," she added, "have a husband."

"I know, Sister. But God has made it known that I am to have many wives. In the next world," he added hastily. "I want you to be one of my celestial wives in the life hereafter."

"Brother Joseph, are you mad?"

"No, Sarah." His smile was pa-

tient. "Think of the greater glory if you are my wife hereafter. You can't afford —"

"Nonsense!" she cried angrily. "If I have to be a sinful woman I don't want any glory."

"You are unreasonable, Sister. You had better think it over."

"If I thought about it until the crack of doom, I'd still say no."

"You think it over," he said gently, and left her.

He returned again and again to argue and reason with her. At last, very softly, he threatened her; and beside herself with fury, she ordered him out of her house.

"I'm sick and tired of this talk about celestial glory with you! I don't want to be with you! Get out and never darken my door again! You send my husband clear to Jerusalem and then you sneak in and try to seduce me."

A little pale and shaken, Joseph rose to his feet and gazed at her angry face. "Sarah, you are very unreasonable. I only want to be sealed to you, not to live with you now."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Under the ordinances of our church, a man can marry a woman for the next life but she can be married to someone else in this life. Then in the next world, she would be the wife of the man she was sealed to."

"Oh," she said, flabbergasted.

"I suppose you expect to get sealed — as you call it — to every wife in

Nauvoo so you can have thousands in the next life."

"No, not thousands, Sister — but a great many. If you marry me for the next life, your glory—"

"Oh, shut up about glory! Leave my house!"

Pained by her stubborn spirit, Joseph left the cabin. It seemed to him very stupid of her to imagine she would be content, during all of eternity, in a lower degree of glory than she could have if she became sealed to him.

WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE THINK?

BRIGHAM YOUNG's faith Joseph had never doubted. But when, on his return, Joseph spoke to him of this new doctrine of celestial marriage, Brigham's response was surprising. That practical hard-headed man bowed his head and shook with great dry sobs. When he raised his face, it was haggard with anxiety and doubt.

"Joseph, have you gone crazy?"

"No, Brigham. You have not studied your Bible well or you would know that plural marriage has always been commanded of God's chosen people."

Brigham shook his head. "I'm not a man to shrink from duty. I will do what God wants. But this — damn it, this makes me want to — to be dead! Have you talked to any of the other apostles?"

"Only Hyrum. He humbled himself and God gave him a revelation. He believes now."

Brigham had never doubted Joseph as a prophet. Nevertheless, this was astounding doctrine. "When



the gentiles hear of this," he said, "we'll be run out of here."

"Until God tells me to reveal it to the world," said Joseph, "we must keep it an absolute secret among the leaders."

Joseph had nearly 20 wives now, all living in the big house as his nieces or adopted sisters. One morning Emma, roused by stories that were going about, came like a tigress into her husband's office.

"You lustful devil out of hell!" she said. "Right in my house you have a whole harem."

"If you'll listen to me —"

"Shut up!" she yelled. "You've fooled others, but you never fooled me! I would have put up with it if you hadn't moved your harem right into my house."

"Will you listen to reason?"

"I'll listen to nothing! You get these prostitutes out of here or I'll raise a scandal that will blow you over the moon."

Joseph was angered. "If you try to ruin me, I'll throw you out of

the church. You'll be damned forever."

"I want to be damned forever if I have to live with a houseful of bawds! And don't threaten me, Joe." Her thin lips drew back in mockery. "You threaten others but I'm up to your tricks. Throw me out of the church and I'll publish what I know about you all over the world."

Joseph sank into a chair. This violent woman had been a thorn in his side ever since he married her.

"You were run out of New York," she was saying. "You were chased out of Ohio. You got stuck in a dungeon in Missouri. You'll get worse than that if you don't get these wenches out."

"Don't speak that way of my wives."

"Your wives!" she snorted. "Listen, I don't intend to argue with you. Get them out of here."

"All right," said Joseph, mopping his brow. "But I want to keep those who have no place to go."

Emma thought it over and said that Eliza and Emily could remain if he took the others out at once.

Joseph went to find his wives. Some protested; but they all yielded to his will and gathered their few belongings and went to the homes of relatives or friends. It was absurd, Joseph reflected, to allow the hard-bitten Emma to drive his wives out. But he could not help himself.

He had other worries. Stories of celestial marriage had reached the gentiles; there were angry mutterings throughout Illinois. Even among the saints a few believed the rumors, and some in disgust were leaving the church. Others were furious because the privilege had not been given to all members.

A trouble even more serious, at the moment, was an attempt to assassinate Governor Boggs in Missouri. While sitting by his window one night he was shot by an unknown man outside; and the Missouri newspapers declared in great black headlines that Porter Rockwell had been the skulking would-be assassin, and Joseph Smith had been the instigator. Rewards were placed on the heads of both men, and posses came from Missouri to Nauvoo to capture the prophet.

"Missouri is demanding your extradition!" cried Brigham, bursting into Joseph's study. "You'd better hide."

"Hide, when I have an army?"

"Right now it's better to hide than to fight. If we fight, Illinois will be up in arms too. If we hide, the matter might blow over."

For a month Joseph hid, going stealthily from home to home, under cover of night. It seemed stupid to him for a prophet of God, with a trained army at his call, to sneak around like a thief — and all because bandits from Missouri had come here to get him. He felt great wrath and now and then resolved

to march forth and defy the world; but always one of his leaders slipped in to implore secrecy, and to report what was happening.

Porter Rockwell had escaped from Missouri and had fled to the East. Here in Nauvoo were sheriffs offering money to anyone who would betray Joseph.

"Thank God for the loyalty of the saints," said Joseph. "But why should I hide like a fox? I'd rather march out at the head of my army."

"No." It was Parley speaking. "There'll be trouble soon enough. It's celestial marriage that has brought our enemies down on us. I'm afraid it was a mistake."

"A revelation from God cannot be a mistake."

Unexpectedly, one day, Joseph marched boldly forth and summoned his people in a huge meeting. He had donned his uniform of lieutenant-general in the Nauvoo Legion and looked very regal in



A PROPHET FALLS

JOSEPH did not know that even while he was speaking to his people, the Governor of Illinois was hurrying to Carthage where the prophet's bitterest enemies had gathered. Petitions and committees and threats had driven Governor Ford to action: he dispatched messengers to Nauvoo, demanding Joseph's surrender, as well as the surrender of every other man "who has committed gross outrage upon

glittering braid and tight breeches. He mounted a platform; and those closest to him saw that his eyes were like cold blue flame.

"My people," he said, lifting a hand to still the cheering, "I am tired of arrests and writs and trials and dungeons. If we have to give up our chartered rights, we will do it only at the point of the sword! I tell you before I will bear this unhallowed persecution any longer — before I will be dragged away again among my enemies for trial, I will spill the last drop of blood in my veins. If mobs come upon you here, dung your gardens with them!"

It was the boldest speech they had ever heard from their prophet. Some thought he looked like a larger Napoleon in his brilliant uniform; others compared him with the Caesars or with prophets of old.

"Glory be!" the great throng roared; and for a day and a night the city went mad with joy.

the law and liberties of the people, and violated the Constitution."

When Joseph read that, he took his brother Hyrum aside. "You must escape. I am lost."

"No, I won't leave you."

"Hyrum, you must go. As your leader I command it."

"I'm sorry," said Hyrum stubbornly; "this time I can't obey."

"Do you realize," asked Joseph impatiently, "that I am going to be

murdered? You must live to be my successor."

"I'm sorry," said Hyrum again, "but if you are to die, we will die together."

Joseph picked up a letter from Governor Ford and turned to several of his leaders present. "The Governor pledges his honor and the honor of Illinois to protect me if I will go to Carthage and stand trial for treason. But that," he said bitterly, "is a lie."

"If Brigham were here," said one, "he'd tell you to go west. It's your only chance."

Joseph hesitated. "All right," he said. "I will. Get the horses ready at once." He went to Emma's room. "I'm leaving for the west today."

"That doesn't surprise me. I always thought you'd run away and leave me to be murdered."

"You won't be murdered. It's me and Hyrum the mob wants. If we leave . . ."

"You're a coward," said Emma scornfully.

"You're unfair. I want to lead my army but others think I should leave."

Long after dark, Joseph and Hyrum, with Porter Rockwell to guide them, mounted horses and set out for the Rocky Mountains. All night they rode but in the morning a lone rider came pounding up behind them. Porter swung and raised his rifle, but Joseph cried: "Don't shoot! It's Reynolds Cahoon."

Cahoon came up at a gallop. He

had been riding for hours in desperate chase, and looked red-eyed from fatigue. "

"I have some messages," he said, and dug into a saddlebag. "They want you to come back."

"Who?"

"The saints. Here's a letter from Sister Emma."

Joseph opened it and the men watched him while he read. "She asks me to give myself up for trial."

"Don't go," said Porter.

"You must," said Cahoon. "The Governor has promised to protect you. The saints all say you're sneaking off and leaving them without a leader. If you don't come back, they will always say you were a coward."

"A coward!" said Joseph, in bitter thought. "Well," he said at last, "if my life is of no value to my friends, it is of none to me. I'll go back."

On the long ride back, Joseph did not speak. Quietly they entered the hushed city. Then Joseph said to his companions:

"I'll send a message to the Governor that I'll go to Carthage in the morning. I'll ask him to furnish a bodyguard. I'll ask for a fair trial but I won't get it. I'm a doomed man. Who else does the Governor want?"

"He wants Hyrum, and John Taylor and Willard Richards."

"Very well. We'll set out in the morning."

Very early the next morning the

four men rode out of beautiful Nauvoo. Joseph turned on his horse to look back at the city, shining gloriously in the morning sun. Very few persons were astir. The saints did not know that their prophet was going forth to a town filled with his enemies. Smoke rose from a few chimneys, but Nauvoo was still asleep.

"I'll never see it again," declared Joseph.

Four miles out of Carthage the men were met by 60 soldiers; and when Joseph saw them he rose in his stirrups. "Let us be unafraid. Let us die like brave men."

The soldiers rode up to meet them; and without saying a word they swung around in a cordon and marched in with their prisoners. Encamped in the public square of the town were the Carthage Grays, a company of militia every man of whom, legend declared, had sworn to have the prophet's life. They now laid hands on their guns and pressed forward.

"There he is!"

"Hey, Joe Smith, we got you now!"

"Hey, Joe!" cried a less vindictive Gray. "You got any nice little brunette in your bunch of concubines?"

As the prisoners were marched down the street to the Hamilton Hotel, the Carthage Grays followed, together with scores of angry and cursing men who had heard of Joseph's coming. They raised such

a blasphemous din that Governor Ford pushed up a hotel window and thrust his head out.

"What's the matter with you men out here?"

"We want to see the man with all the concubines!"

"Gentlemen, I know how eager you are to see Mr. Smith. Tomorrow morning I'll have him out on the public square and you can see him. Now behave yourselves."

Early the next morning, when Governor Ford marched Joseph and Hyrum, arm in arm, to the public square for the inspection of the curious, the Carthage Grays closed in, howling like demons. One of the officers drew his sword and yelled: "Listen to him! He's introducing the adulterous hoodlum as a general!"

"That's his title in Nauvoo," said the Governor.

"This isn't Nauvoo. And by God! Nobody can call him a general around real officers."

Flabbergasted by this insubordination, the Governor hustled the men back to the hotel; a short time later a dozen Carthage Grays led them up the street and placed them in the debtors' chamber of the jail. When the door was closed, Joseph said: "We are doomed."

John Taylor went to a window and looked out. Suddenly he cried, "Great God, see!"

The other prisoners ran to the window. A huge mob was coming, a howling horde with cudgels and

knives and guns in their hands. They poured down the street in a great tide. A moment later, there was a sound of profaning men on the stairway outside the cell; and remembering that there was no lock on the door, Joseph sprang to it with the other men, and fought to keep it closed. Joseph drew a small pistol he had hidden in his clothes.

A voice yelled: "Come out of there, you Mormon hellhounds!"

For a moment there was silence. Then a man cried with an oath: "Shoot them through the door!"

Next instant a ball splintered a panel of the door and buried itself in the opposite wall. A second bullet struck Hyrum in the nose. He spun and fell with a cry; and as he fell, a third ball plowed through his flesh. After a swift glance at his brother, Joseph opened the door far enough to thrust the muzzle of his pistol through. He fired blindly at the howling mob; and while he was desperately pulling the trigger,

another bullet crashed through the door and made a gaping wound in Hyrum's throat.

Suddenly, in the midst of the fighting, Joseph felt deep peace. For many years he had known that he must eventually seal his ministry with his blood; now he knew that this was the end. He drew to his fullest height for a moment, no longer expecting to escape, no longer afraid. Then slowly he walked to the window. At the moment when he looked out, two bullets entered his breast. They spun him around and left him reeling over the sill.

"O Lord, my God!" he said. His hands sought something to grasp and found nothing; and in the next instant he pitched headlong. Seeing him fall, a Carthage Gray ran up with fixed bayonet. With the point at Joseph's throat, he leaned forward to look at the face. He stepped back.

There was no need to drive with the bayonet. The prophet was dead.

It was around the masterful figure of Brigham Young that the Mormons rallied after the death of Joseph Smith. Under his amazingly energetic leadership, the saints abandoned Nauvoo in an effort to escape from the United States; made the epic migration across the Rockies to the Utah basin — "a desert of horned toads and crickets" — and founded Salt Lake City. There again the thorny issue of "celestial marriage" arose to puzzle the church leaders and cause bitter enmity between "saints" and "gentiles."

A condensation of this concluding section of "Children of God" will be presented in The Reader's Digest next month.

For more information, contact the National Student Relocation Council, 1000 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004. For a complete list of participating schools, contact the National Student Relocation Council, 1000 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

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Requests will be considered after July 15.

Requests have not pending, we are urged to mail them requests. If a request is received, a notice of award may be sent in time to meet the graduation ceremony.

ALABAMA DIGEST

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The Alabama Bar Association is a voluntary association of lawyers and judges in the State of Alabama. It was organized in 1907 and has since that time been the leading organization for the improvement of the legal profession in Alabama. The Association is composed of all members of the Alabama Bar, and its purpose is to promote the highest standards of the legal profession and to improve the administration of the courts.

The Association is organized into several divisions, including the Judicial Division, the Law Practice Division, the Public Relations Division, and the Education Division. Each division is headed by a committee member, and the Association is governed by a Board of Directors.

The Association is committed to the improvement of the legal profession and the administration of the courts. It is committed to the highest standards of the legal profession and to the improvement of the administration of the courts.

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JUN 1919

The Reader's Digest

"An article a day"
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NINETEENTH YEAR



VOLUME 36, NO. 218

How can we regain for our children that equality of opportunity which is the historic American ideal?

To Keep Our People Free

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

James Bryant Conant
President of Harvard University

THOMAS JEFFERSON deemed it essential to a well-ordered republic to annul hereditary privilege. He proposed instead of an aristocracy of wealth "an aristocracy of virtue and talent." "We hope," he declared in describing his educational scheme for Virginia, "to avail the State of those talents which nature has sown as liberally among the poor as the rich, but which perish without use, if not sought for and cultivated."

This idea of Jefferson's represented only one aspect of a wider social philosophy, a set of ideas which would have been widely recognized as "American ideals" in every period of our national history. It included the following points: a belligerent belief in individual freedom; complete confidence in the

powers of man's intelligence to overcome all obstacles; a differentiation of labors with a corresponding differentiation in the types of education (but no ruling caste, no hereditary educational privileges, everyone to be "as good as everyone else"). Dominating all was the doctrine of the maximum independence of the individual, the minimum of social control by organized society.

Today the contrast between the hopes of our ancestors concerning the behavior of human beings and the realities of the present has shattered many a soul.

In the last 50 years we have seen in America the development of a hereditary aristocracy of wealth. Exploitation of both natural and human resources by a small privi-

leged class has hardened the social strata and threatens to provide explosive material beneath.

Let us not shut our eyes to the realities. The vanishing of the frontier and free lands, the spread of large-scale manufacturing units, the growth of cities and their slums, the multiplication of tenant farmers, despairing migratory laborers and the unemployed, are signs of the passage from one type of social order to another. Have we, indeed, reached a point where the ideal of a peculiar American society, classless and free, must be regarded as of only historical significance?

Our friends on the Left will, I imagine, say yes. Forget the dreams of a pioneer civilization, the early American town or farm, and face the modern capitalistic world, they urge. A class struggle is inevitable, and its outcome will be a classless society, not of the early American type, but on the Russian model.

On the extreme Right we may find a less outspoken but equally clear renunciation. Among such people Jefferson's idea of careers open to all the talented evokes little enthusiasm. Their ideal, influenced by undue admiration for the English educational system, has been education of a ruling caste rather than a selective system of training leaders.

Yet the unique character of the American way of life has been repeatedly emphasized since Jeffer-

son's time. Lincoln declared before Congress that "the leading object of the government is to clear the paths of laudable pursuit for all; to afford an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life." The historian, F. J. Turner, writing at the beginning of the century, summed up the case: "Western democracy through the whole of its earlier period tended to produce a society of which the most distinctive fact was freedom of the individual to rise under conditions of social mobility."

This "social mobility" is the heart of my argument; it is the essence of the American ideal of a classless society. If large numbers of young people can develop their own capacities irrespective of the economic status of their parents, then social mobility is high. But if the future of a young man or woman is determined almost entirely by inherited privilege or the lack of it, social mobility is nonexistent.

The old American adage, "Three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," implies a high degree of social mobility, both up and down. Contrast this with a statement of the aristocratic tradition: that it takes three generations to educate a gentleman. Fifty years ago the contrast between these statements would have been proclaimed by Americans as the epitome of the difference between the

New World and the Old. The possibility that each generation may start life afresh and that hard work and ability would find their just rewards was once an exciting new doctrine. Is it outworn? Can a relatively high degree of social mobility be realized in this modern world?

For my part, I risk an affirmative answer and stand on the hope of our reconstituting a free and classless nation.

Uniform distribution of the world's goods is not necessary. If anyone doubts that, let him examine the social situation in many of our small communities. Continuous perpetuation from generation to generation of even small differences, however, soon produces class consciousness. Extremes of wealth and poverty accelerate the process.

It is not within my province to consider what political measures are in order if we desire to implement the ideal of a free classless society. But if the American ideal is not to be an illusion, the citizens of this republic must not shrink from drastic action. The requirement, however, is not a radical equalization of wealth at any given moment; it is rather a continuous process by which power and privilege may be automatically redistributed at the end of each generation. The aim is a more equitable distribution of opportunity for all the children of the land.

Native American radicalism has

all but disappeared. Our young people now seem forced to choose between potential Bourbons and latent Bolsheviks. To keep society fluid, the honest and sincere radical is an all-important element. Those in positions of power and privilege (including college presidents) need to be under constant vigilant scrutiny and from time to time must be the objects of attack. But if the unique type of American society is to continue, those who would better conditions must look in the direction of the liberal movements of an earlier period. The Left must consider returning to the aim of checking tyranny and restoring social mobility. Reformers must examine every action lest they end by placing in power the greatest tyrant of all — organized society.

There are probably some who feel that I am indulging in nostalgic fancy. You may say that the modern world of large cities and vast industries has made the American of 100 years ago as irrelevant as the Middle Ages. You may contend that soon we shall have to take sides in a bitter class struggle and choose between an American brand of fascism and an American brand of socialism.

I disagree. And here is the reason for my rash dissent. In my opinion, our system of public education has potentialities of which we little dream. In this century we have erected a new type of social instru-

ment. Our secondary school system is a vast engine which we are only beginning to learn how to operate for the public good. And I have hope that it will aid us in recapturing that great gift to each succeeding generation — opportunity, a gift that once was the promise of the frontier.

Let me explain. Today some 6,000,000 boys and girls attend our secondary schools, ten times the number enrolled a half century ago. Today nearly three quarters of those of high school age are enrolled as pupils; 50 years ago schooling at this level was a privilege of less than 10 percent. In rapidly expanding pioneer communities, openings for capabilities of all sorts automatically appeared. Only doctors, lawyers and ministers needed an extensive education. In our highly industrialized, relatively static society, the personal problem of each boy or girl is much more difficult. Abilities must be assessed, talents must be developed, ambitions guided. This is the task for our public schools. All future citizens pass through these institutions. They must be educated as members of a political democracy, but, more important still, they must be equipped to step on to the first rung of whatever ladder of opportunity seems most appropriate. And an appropriate ladder must be found for each one of a diverse group of students. This may seem an overwhelming burden to put upon our

educational system. But is it not possible that our public schools, particularly our high schools, can be reconstructed for this specific purpose?

The changes required to provide adequately for those whose careers depend on aptitude for "book learning" are relatively slight. The real difficulties are with the careers of a different sort. Our schools must be concerned with educating for a useful life not only the able scholar but the artist and the craftsman. They must nourish those whose eye or ear or manual dexterity is their greatest asset. They must educate others whose gifts lie in an ability to understand and lead their fellow men. The school curricula must include programs for developing the capacities of many who possess intuitive judgment on practical affairs but have little or no aptitude for learning through the printed page.

At present we have too much make-believe in our schools and colleges — too many feeble attempts at tasks which are proper only for a restricted type of individual; too many failures to explore talents which fall outside orthodox academic bounds. We must open many new educational channels which lead to a variety of attractive goals; we must envisage the building up of more than one "élite." But again I venture to be optimistic. I see signs everywhere of enormous strides forward in such matters.

In any realistic discussion of these

problems we cannot neglect the social and economic factors. As long as the shadow of unemployment is upon the land, some method of providing food and clothing for the children of many families must be found. For even free schools offer little real opportunity to famished youngsters; public education is only theoretically available to those in rags. Many a talented youth is lost by dropping out of the competition for financial reasons. We must provide more scholarships to aid deserving students in search of higher education. In short, we must explore every method of developing the individual capacity of each future citizen for useful labor based on individual initiative.

Political and economic changes must go hand in hand with educational innovations — the revision of methods of perpetuating control of many large industries, the overthrow of nepotism and patronage wherever possible, the stimulation of small enterprises, the spreading

of private ownership. All this and more is needed if a free classless society is to become once again an ideal which affects our lives.

Is it too late — too late for our schools to revitalize this ideal? I believe not, if we make haste. I look forward to a future America in which social mobility is sufficient to keep the nation in essence casteless — a society which through a system of public education resists the distorting pressures of urbanized, industrial life.

I have faith in the continuation of a republic composed of citizens each prepared to shoulder the responsibility for his own destiny. And if at each step in the educational journey opportunity truly beckons, will not each student rejoice in the struggle to develop his own capacities? Will he not be proud of the continuing American tradition and find in contemplation of our national history ample courage to face those risks and hazards that come to all who would be free?



WHAT is freedom? It consists of two things: to know each his own limitations and to accept them. That is the same thing as to know *oneself*, and to accept oneself as one is, without fear or envy or distaste; and to recognize and accept the conditions under which one lives, also without fear or envy or distaste. When you do this, you shall be free.

—Ann Bridge, *Illyrian Spring* (Little, Brown)

Europe Faces Famine

Condensed from The American Mercury

Henry Albert Phillips

Veteran world traveler and observer; author
of "Germany Today and Tomorrow," etc.

HAVING COVERED most of the continent these past months, I am convinced that Europe faces famine. In the fertile heart of Transylvania, that Rumanian-held part of Hungary, I was the seven-day guest on a once-great estate. "A year ago, I would have sent a car for you," my host apologized, "but all motorcars have been commandeered. They have taken my farm truck and tractor. They hinted that we could use wheelbarrows. 'We?' All the able-bodied men are in the army. A few older men are left to carry on, with the help of women, cripples and children. This time next year, there will be nothing to eat."

Northward, a Russian army was on watch. Trenches had been dug zigzag for miles through the vast wheat fields. Later I traversed the broad valleys of Bukovina, a part of Rumania's granary scheduled to furnish at least 12 percent of Germany's livestock, wheat and barley. The single-track railway was so congested with oil on its way to the Reich that practically no food-stuffs were being moved.

Further, there still remain in Rumania 100,000 Polish refugees, daily devouring tons of rationed food. In the meantime, threatened by an offensive on three sides, Rumania has mobilized an army of nearly two million. Here is one of the principal "feed boxes" of Central Europe, rendered agriculturally impotent. Through Yugoslavia, Turkey, Greece and Bulgaria I observed a similar predicament — soldiers garrisoned in idleness with surrounding fields bare and deserted.

I found Italy taking the problem seriously. Only 20 percent of Italy's land is cultivable, and her colonies contribute little. Her scanty food supplies from the Balkans were being carried off wholesale by the belligerents. Food prices increased 10 percent in a single week. Frightened hoarders began to create havoc with reserves; by February, 33,000 of them had been arrested.

Spain was the starkest spectacle of all. The opposing armies of a year ago had scavenged the country like locusts, leveling olive and orange groves and killing every liv-

ing thing that could be eaten. Replacements of milch herds could not be had at any price. Whole villages were without either milk or bread for days at a time.

Hungary, under the stringency of the bad 1939 corn crop and the influx of 100,000 Polish refugees in February, began regulating the output of bread and fixing two meatless days a week. Here again an agrarian country of nearly a million men, largely farmers, is pinned under arms.

Holland and Belgium, with a million and a half in armies, were looking about hopelessly for ways to keep from actual want.

In the past, fighting nations relied on noncombatant neighbors. What impressed me most deeply as I went through Europe was that this time the neutrals are not only unable to sustain those engaged in killing but uncertain of sustaining themselves. Threatened by war on every side, they must abandon normal life and make ruinous outlays for armaments. The able-bodied man power of the neutrals has become the uniformed "unemployed," just loafing and eating their heads off.

Germany got the jump on all Europe in the organization of a gigantic Food Front seven years ago. The best the drive could do, however, was to make Germany 80 percent self-sufficient in foodstuffs, and every day of their gigantic war effort reduces this percentage. Three

days before the Polish campaign, the government announced that Germany had 8,600,000 tons of grain reserves. But the normal annual consumption exceeds 25,000,000 tons!

Nature dealt the Reich a terrific blow with the worst winter in a decade, when excessive frost spoiled enormous reserves of vegetables. Canned goods reserved for an emergency have already been allotted to the army. The great food-yielding areas of Poland, ravaged by armies, hold only millions of starving Poles. The war has closed the important fishing grounds. Argentina used to be the Reich's major source of wheat. Now Germany must rely on the Balkans, the bulk of whose fields remain unplowed. Only a miracle can rescue the Third Reich from a repetition of the starvation of 1918.

What about Russia? The greatest wheat country in the world, Russia runs a close third to India and China in its record of famines. The winter of 1939 began with a shortage of potatoes and milk, and at the beginning of the year news began to seep out about the worst food shortage since the famine of 1932-33. Peasants were flocking to the cities, always a sinister symptom. Police were searching passengers on trains to stop the drain of food from the cities.

Like Germany, France and England have become increasingly industrial nations. Of the three, the

French are by far the most frugal, growing most of their food supply on thousands of tiny farms. But they cannot reduce their limited diet without almost at once endangering public health. France did not proclaim meatless days until January. Food cards did not appear until March. Meanwhile, 200,000 Spanish and 100,000 German refugees had been gnawing away at her food supplies. On the eve of spring planting, when it was found that few women had been left by the munitions factories for work in the fields, it was decided to bring 70,000 field workers from the colonies. But will they, in their comparative inefficiency, raise much more than enough to feed themselves?

In Britain, after six months of governmental dawdling with food supplies, David Lloyd George warned, "The grim specter of hunger is on the horizon!" He added: "We are dependent for 60 percent of our food supplies upon outside sources! There are five million more mouths to fill than in 1918 and one million tons less of shipping capacity! The enemy is sinking twice as much shipping as in the first six months of 1914. Every man and woman and every acre of soil in England is needed for victory!" His harangue led to 3,000,000 acres of

aristocrats' grassland being plowed under.

In the first four months of the war, commodities in Britain rose 28 percent in price — 70 percent above 1914 levels. By February persons over six were being rationed only a pound of meat a week, four ounces of butter and twelve of sugar. In 1938, Britain imported 12 percent of her foodstuffs, chiefly dairy products and bacon, from Denmark and Norway. Now this is cut off.

Thirty million men are under arms in Europe. It requires the full time of two other workers to keep each man-at-arms supplied with sustenance, clothing and ammunition. Thus ninety million able-bodied are forced out of peaceful production. All normal life is thrown out of adjustment. Above all, the normal planting and production of foodstuffs, their transportation and distribution must suffer. Even under the best conditions European agrarian economy has always been a tight squeeze. Already throughout Europe people are facing breadlines. What will they face a year from now, if a war of extermination really gets going?

Europe faces famine! And because man is born with the instinct of self-preservation, revolution is sure to follow.



One man with courage makes a majority.

—Andrew Jackson

I'm a New Woman

Condensed from The Forum

Enid Griffiths

ONE DAY, along in my middle 30's, I found myself up against a blank wall. I had been making fair headway in a writing career when blows began to fall — illness, professional setbacks, poverty. I was working at a part-time secretarial job which paid a bare living. I saw nothing ahead and was feeling almost hopeless, when a friend told me about Alice Rice Cook's service which diagnoses personality problems, as well as giving vocational guidance.

Miss Cook, I found, had been dean of Briarcliff Junior College and by 1931 had realized from broad experience that many young women were failing to get ahead in business or social life, not because of lack of training or intelligence, but because the impression they created was substandard. Sometimes it was a grating voice; sometimes a hostile attitude, an unpleasant facial expression, or just plain dowdiness. There were "charm" schools, fashion schools, and public-speaking courses, but there was no place which attempted an appraisal of the whole individual. Miss Cook determined to find some

way to give the individual a many-sided picture of himself as others see him.

At Columbia University, while working for her Ph.D. in psychology, she set up an experimental service and proved that personality defects could be diagnosed and in 50 percent of the cases remedied. Interviews with employment agencies and personnel workers revealed a need for this kind of service outside the university walls. So Miss Cook gathered 30 men and women consultants, each a well-rounded, sympathetic human being, and each an expert in a particular field, and went to work.

According to Miss Cook's system, the client "sits" for his picture by visiting as many of the experts as his case requires. Correlating the findings of the specialists, Miss Cook presents the complete picture to the client with a carefully worked-out plan to solve his problem. The average consultation fee is about \$5.

Although I had regarded all personality schools as rackets, I was so desperate that I decided to give the service a try. Miss Cook asked

me about my early life and background, my personal relationships, interests and ambitions. Then she gave me the names of six consultants to visit, and three Appraisal Inventory blanks which covered in detail such matters as appearance, manners, attitudes and interests. One of these I was to fill out myself. The other two were to be given to friends who were to fill them out and mail them to Miss Cook.

My first consultation was with a speech expert, who studied the quality of my voice, my pronunciation and conversational ability. She advised me to become acquainted with the sound of my own voice by having a phonograph record made, and gave me exercises to relax the muscles of neck, throat and body.

The next consultant was a writer. I dreaded this interview more than any other. But I shall never forget the consultant's kindness and understanding. In the report he sent Miss Cook he said that I had writing ability and attributed the collapse of my efforts only to the decline in my health. When I read the report, I could have cried with sheer relief.

At tea in the apartment of my next consultant, I passed a social-acceptability test satisfactorily, but my "general impression" was bad. The report said I fidgeted, exposed my legs unduly, and had no "shine" except on my nose. Not a pleasant view of oneself — but part of the picture I was trying to get.

During my appearance test, Miss S of a famous fashion school examined me from every angle, in repose and in action. She examined my pocketbook, my gloves, my jewelry; analyzed the line and color of my clothes. Her constructive suggestions covered the styling of my hair, the colors, lines and fabrics best suited to my build, features and complexion.

Next the posture consultant showed me how to correct a defect which was throwing my whole figure out of line, gave me a valuable exercise for overcoming my tendency to fidget, and told me that I ought to reduce under the supervision of a doctor.

The last consultant was a vocational director of a large public institution. She subjects clients to tests which measure mental and artistic ability, vocational interests, general health and emotional adjustment. The whole thing takes six hours.

When I received my completed "picture," together with suggestions for making myself over, I had a moment of utter discouragement. "I can't do all these things," I reflected. But there were things in the report that challenged any woman's vanity. So I began, doggedly, to carry out instructions. I gave my skin and hair the attention they required. I counted calories. I went to my doctor and had a thorough overhauling. Instead of spending futile hours stewing over

my typewriter, I spent more time with my friends. I walked more, relaxed more, read more.

A couple of months later Miss Cook telephoned about a writing job she was sure I could handle. I left the telephone, trembling with excitement and fear. The memory of my failures rose to haunt me. But I bolstered my morale with a particularly careful toilet, put on my most becoming outfit, and sallied forth. I got the job, did it to the satisfaction of those concerned — and started life all over again. Today when friends exclaim: "Well, you're certainly a new woman!" I'm inclined to agree with them. I've learned how to make the most of my good points (many of which I had never known about). And I'm having a better time than I've had in years.

Case histories of over 1000 clients show how this service works — if the client accepts the verdict and follows the advice given.

Miss A, for example, despite beauty, intelligence and education, could not find a job. Her chief difficulty was the I-have-a-college-degree-and-good-looks-and-therefore-am-entitled-to-a-job outlook. When the error of her approach was pointed out, her difficulty resolved itself and she now holds a responsible position.

Bob S could always get a job but couldn't keep one. He seemed to "go to pieces" as soon as he encountered a snag. Analysis showed

his trouble was psychological. Dominated by a too devoted mother, he had come to depend entirely on that relationship. When this was made clear, he left home. Hitchhiking to Florida, he found a job as dishwasher in a hotel; hard, uncongenial work. He stuck it out, was promoted to busboy and then to night clerk, and at last report was assistant manager of a good hotel.

Of a totally different kind was the case of Mrs. S who was losing the affection of her husband and children. A Southern belle, she had married early and now, 18 years later, with a daughter 16 and a son 12, she still regarded herself as a young girl, entitled to the adulation and indulgence of youth. When presented with this picture of herself she began to act her age.

The value of Miss Cook's plan has been recognized by many organizations. In addition to staff work at Teachers College, Columbia University, and at New York University, Miss Cook has recently visited 12 other colleges, where her services were sought in consultations lasting from two days to a month. She gives courses at the Y.W.C.A. and lectures before various social and educational groups. She looks forward to the day when the regular personality checkup will be as much a part of the intelligent person's routine as regular medical care is today. It offers no magic transformation, but it does help one to help oneself.

We Get Together — or Else

Condensed from an address to the American Management Council by

William Hard

Noted Washington correspondent; lecturer on economics and politics

Complete employment and a greater prosperity than America ever has known are possible if we choose the right road, William Hard has asserted in a series of articles in The Reader's Digest. The road must start, he maintains, in a new and closer unity among all economic groups. He developed this thought recently — appealing to American businessmen to lead the way — in a notable address to the American Management Council. His remarks aroused wide comment. We invite readers to listen in on this condensation of them.

TO THE BUSINESSMEN OF AMERICA:

I AM ISSUING a call for an American Economic Congress. This congress will be representative of all American private economic elements: business, investment, labor, agriculture, consumers. You businessmen should lead it. You really should be the leaders of our whole economic system. But you offer much less leadership nowadays than you used to.

Almost any group in Washington can beat you nowadays. Farmers can beat you. Labor leaders can beat you. Organized consumers can beat you. What has happened to you?

The thing that has happened to

you, I venture to suggest, is that in your oratory in Washington you are defending a proposition that no longer exists. You make the committee rooms echo with your cries for "individualism." The fact is meanwhile that you do not represent it yourselves.

You operate not as individuals but through corporations. Not content with corporations you have formed trade associations. You now have 7500 of them.

Let me illustrate the result. The federal government buys vast quantities of supplies from you under sealed competitive bids. In the last year of record there were 76,705 occasions on which the bids, when opened, revealed precisely the same prices offered by all competitors. Would you call that individualism?

You have your United States Chamber of Commerce. You have your National Industrial Conference Board. You have your American Management Association. Et cetera. You are very considerably organized.

But when the organized wage-workers or the organized farmers or the organized consumers want something, you do not say to them:

"Look! Let us see how all our organizations can get together."

No. You begin at once to talk all over again about individualism. The wage-worker should be an individual. The farmer should be an individual. The consumer should be an individual. So what happens? They all go to Washington and ask for "relief" and "regulation," and Washington passes another law.

Gentlemen, the fight in the world today is not a fight between totalitarianism and individualism. In all countries today we have individualism *plus*. The real question today is the source of that *plus*. It can come from private coöperative effort. But in all countries today, including the democracies, it is more and more coming from the government.

How can that tendency be kept within bounds? Only by your own leadership. Only by your own recognition of the necessity of individualism *plus*. Not only in your own ranks, but in the ranks of others.

Your critical moment in Washington was reached well before the New Deal came in. It was reached when Hoover was in office. In 1932, Matthew Woll, vice-president of the American Federation of Labor, said:

"With the government now at the point of entering every line of business on the grandest scale ever known, we may well say that Labor Day of 1932 marks a policy of abdication by industry from mastery of its own home, the government tak-

ing its place. This is not America's traditional line of development; but the nation, having found itself in a position where industry (in the main) has failed to meet its obligations, had no other course to pursue. If industry fails to fulfill its mission, then government, to save the people, must act, no matter how far it has to go."

Mr. Woll, in effect, was demanding:

"Private management, why don't you manage?"

I suggest that you begin to do so now. I suggest that you begin to try to deal with the farmers and the wage-workers and the consumers and the investors *before* they go to Washington and not *after*.

Nowadays, our government is an OR ELSE government. It says, "*You* do it, OR ELSE *I* will do it."

You must get on better collective terms with the organized farmers, OR ELSE. Here is an extreme of agricultural "regimentation": the prices paid by New York City milk distributors to farmers are fixed through a federal milk administrator. This was demanded by upstate farmers who, if I may speak in an ascending climax, are (1) propertied, (2) conservative, and (3) Republicans. Why did they go New Dealish? Because the collective bargaining agency of the distributors and the collective bargaining agency of the farmers could not agree. Private collectivism broke down. Public collectivism came in.

There need not be such breakdowns. Certain aggregations of retail-store distributors are buying on a prodigious scale direct from farmers' coöperatives without any governmental price-fixing whatsoever. One of them is buying 50,000 carloads a year of fruits and vegetables from coöperatives. Other private groups of buyers have purchased at decent prices big crops of pears, peaches, oranges, melons, grapes, beets and potatoes that otherwise would have swamped the market.

Now which is better? The fight that brings on public regimentation or private collective action, like this, that establishes peace and coöperation between business and agriculture?

There is in preparation in Washington a bill to oblige distributors to refrain from "unfair practices" in their relations with farm coöperatives. Already in the Wagner Labor Relations Law you have a grand list of "unfair practices" which you must avoid in your relations with your employes. Now you are on your way to another such law in the relations between business and agriculture. You will scream. You will spend endless money fighting that law after it gets passed. Why not establish collective relations with agriculture that will make that law unneeded and unwanted?

Similarly with labor. Suppose that every racketeer were driven from the labor movement. Suppose that the Wagner Labor Relations Law

were totally repealed. Where would we be?

First, labor would still have the constitutional right to organize and to strike, as the Supreme Court has repeatedly decided.

Second, we should still need coöperation between labor and management toward more production of wealth.

So why not try to make progress toward coöperation with labor?

Some of you are. You are getting out frank and revealing annual reports to your employes. Some of you are even talking personally to your employes in mass. The president of the Sunbeam Electric Manufacturing Company in Indiana talks to his 2000 employes all at once at their scattered workplaces through 25 loudspeakers, telling them the company's problems and projects. Some of you are holding classes of instruction for employes in business policies. The Paraffine Companies, Inc., in San Francisco is even operating a Labor Relations College for labor leaders and business leaders alike. We are going to find an American way in this matter that will be better than any European class-cleavage way. But what is the end of that American way? Is it not the creating of a free coöperative loyalty to a common industrial cause?

Glance at the National Cloak and Suit Industry Recovery Board, made up of 1500 manufacturers, and the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. The president of

the union, David Dubinsky, sits in the Board's directorate, not just to discuss labor difficulties, but also to discuss business problems. The symbol of this coöperation is an Industry Label which the Board has now affixed to more than 100,000,000 garments. In other industries Mr. Dubinsky shouts for a Union Label. In the cloak and suit industry he is content with the Board Label, the label of the industry, the label of management and labor together.

Isn't this sort of thing better than lobbying and wrangling about labor in Washington? Of course, a "get-together" between management and labor has its dangers. It can be used — as in the building trades in some cities — to hike prices and plunder the consumers. National economic unity must include the consumers. Some of you are afraid of the organized consumer. But let me ask you:

Who brought those organized consumers into existence? Basically, *you*. You organized. So they organized. And here we are, with a consumers' movement on our hands.

There are some communists and some crackpots in it. But the members of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Association of University Women and the League of Women Voters are mostly mothers and wives and daughters of businessmen. I should hate to think that you were nourishing millions of communists in your homes.

Moreover, you should be touched by the faithful imitation of you. When you yourselves buy supplies, you insist on tests and standards. And all that the organized consumers are demanding is that consumers' goods shall be tested and made to conform to standards in order that they, like you, may know what they are buying.

So why bother about the six or seven communists? Why not go after the loyalty and the business of the millions of organized consumers who are just as much against communism as you are?

The American Gas Association is a solid old organization, in a venerable business. Its members heard of the consumers' movement, and complaints about unreliable gas appliances. They became very busy. Through the American Standards Association they formed a special committee on gas appliances with consumers among the members.

The Gas Association tested all makes of all gas appliances and has arrived at exacting standards for ranges and water heaters and some 25 other appliances. Ninety percent of all the gas appliances sold in the United States today are sold under its label. The housewife can buy gas appliances now with assurance of reliability; her own representatives helped work out the standards.

That's dropping negatives. That's going after positives. And what's the alternative?

In Washington today there is

pending the Boren Bill. It provides that standards for consumers' goods shall be developed and declared by the government Bureau of Standards. At the hearings on this bill the organized consumers were present. Not one manufacturer appeared. The Boren Bill probably will pass some day. How to stop it? Make your own coöperative private standards in conjunction with the organized consumer private groups. OR ELSE.

I trust that by now you catch my drift. I am for you, and I am very sore at you. You have such grand chances, and you don't take them. You men who manage American business — and you alone — can save our private economic system, and you don't.

You are at the very center of it. It is in the form of a square. The four sides are Investment, Agricul-

ture, Labor, the Consumers. You are the central link through which they are united. I mean, you could be. You could be the vitalizing element in our Economic Union.

Why not work toward such a union? Economic society today is a lot of individuals gathered together into a living whole. When its parts start quarreling among themselves, government has to step in and restore order. The only way to prevent the governmental intervention is to be first in preventing the quarrels.

That is why I am imagining an Economic Congress. I am imagining all four sides of the square in attendance. I am hoping that I may imagine you in the center, leading, not resisting. Think this over:

"I get ahead through *me*" is dead. The motto for your walls is "I get ahead through *us*."



Who Wrote This?

"THE INVASION of Finland is an act of violence by a perjurer and by his gang of bandits. Two and a half million Finns certainly cannot think of revolting, but all of us Russian citizens must think of the dishonors which overwhelm us. We are still slaves ourselves to such a degree that we are used to reducing other peoples to slavery. We still tolerate in our country a government which not only crushes with the cruelty of a tyrant every aspiration towards liberty in Russia, but uses more and more Russian soldiers to extinguish the liberty of others."

The author was Lenin, writing in *Iskra* November 20, 1901, and referring to Czar Nicholas II's decision to proceed with the military occupation of Finland.

☛ "That nations may speak together in peace,"
the motto of the British Broadcasting
Corporation, is now but an ironic memory

War as Fought by Radio

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Allan A. Mickie

Journalist, author and foreign correspondent

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS a day, from a hundred stations, and in 43 languages, Germany, France and Britain pour forth radio propaganda. Some of it breeds hate, some of it is warm and friendly. By turns it is smashingly brutal and winningly subtle. The propaganda aimed at the United States is mild stuff, compared with what we get here in Europe.

From 50 stations the Nazis keep up an unending assault on the British. Venom and ridicule color every phrase. Anthony Eden is the man "known for his good tailor and poor speeches." Ronald H. Cross, Minister for Economic Warfare, is "Minister for Starvation," one of the few Nazi admissions that the British blockade hurts. The Prime Minister, of course, is always "War-monger Chamberlain."

Smooth-talking sinister-voiced Hans Fritsche of Berlin harps interminably upon British naval losses. "British people, ask Churchill, your First Lord of the Sea Bottom, what he has done with the battleships *Hood* and *Renown*. You are being fed on lies. . . ."

Fritsche's insinuations, repeated night after night, strike at the hearts of those who have relatives in the navy. He persisted so long with his claim that the *Ark Royal* had been sunk that the Admiralty finally sent her on a personal-appearance tour.

The Germans apparently pick the names of vessels from old registries, for they sink ships that have been retired from service. For a fortnight Fritsche persistently announced that a Nazi submarine had torpedoed H.M.S. *Vernon* — the Navy's School of Mines, which stands on dry land at Portsmouth.

Sometimes it is hard to understand what the Germans hope to accomplish. Much of their broadcasting can only irritate English listeners. For example, after American swing band recordings attract listeners, the commentator cuts in. "Our subject tonight is Germany's enemy and England's misfortune — Winston Churchill! How did Mr. Churchill get into the Cabinet? For years, British prime ministers have found something repulsive about the fellow personally. But

when Britain went to war against the German people, then scruples had to be overcome — because he is a close friend of the American Jew, Barney Baruch! In order that this Jewish international financier might establish complete control over the policy of the British Cabinet, it was necessary that a new position should be held by some gentleman more Jewish than the Jew himself!"

From Berlin persons of all nations broadcast "news" in all languages to every part of the earth. One way the Nazis get some of them is illustrated by the experience of M. Fakousa, an Egyptian who was caught in Germany when the war began. Fakousa was told that he could broadcast propaganda in Arabic or spend the rest of the war in a prison camp. He prefers broadcasting. "Eminent Hindus" describe Britain's bloody colonial methods, but it is noted that they have curiously Prussian accents. An "American doctor," always unnamed, who "has just arrived from Poland," describes that land of milk and honey. Captured British soldiers and airmen — real or pretended — are put on to tell their folks at home that the German prison camps are better than first-class hotels. An American broadcaster recognized one of the "prisoners" as a Nazi frequently seen around the station.

The outstanding personality of the radio war is Lord Haw Haw.

More Britishers listen to this impersonator of a doughty old aristocrat, with his ludicrously affected accent, than listen to all the other foreign broadcasts combined. A London radio editor named him and wrote a burlesque biography of him. A London musical show is named after him; and a music-hall song was written around him. British authorities, at first unconcerned, now are undecided what to do about him, but so far have done nothing, except to broadcast a series on "How to Listen to German Propaganda."

In addition to his "news," Haw Haw plays up the minor inconveniences of the war: rationing ("It is typical of your money-grabbing British government that your meat ration is based on price — one shilling and tenpence worth a week — instead of weight, as in Germany"), and evacuation ("What right has the government got to separate you from your husband? How do you know what your husband is doing now, since you are safely out of town?"). "Don't worry, British workers," he says. "The *Führer* realizes that the British upper classes brought on this war and are using you as cannon fodder." The average British workman gets a big kick out of this; he was ready to fight Hitler long before Chamberlain was.

Haw Haw is William Joyce, an Englishman who broke away from Oswald Mosley to start a Nazi-

fascist party of his own. When there was some trouble about the disappearance of party funds, he kipped to Germany. Now he is the highest-paid man among Germany's "foreign" broadcasters, receiving about \$60 a week. Captain Bailliestewart, a Scotch army officer who was convicted of selling military secrets to Germany, is another of the renegade broadcasters.

Nazi radio playlets are designed to show that contentment reigns in the land of Hitler. A Hamburg butcher will be heard explaining to his customers that there is absolutely no shortage, that they need but name their meat to get it. Inconsistency never troubles the Nazis. An hour later they are likely to include a crying baby and wailing mother to prove that Britain's blockade is inhuman.

Some time ago Lord Haw Haw offered a playlet called "Lloyd's of London." Lloyd's famous Lutine Bell kept ringing to announce to the underwriters that ship after ship had been sunk. Englishmen just laughed. Every Britisher knows that the Lutine Bell is not rung every time a ship is lost, but only to announce news of special importance, such as word that a ship long overdue has been heard from.

For a time the Hamburg station broadcast a series of threats against English factories. Each night one plant would be named, its war products enumerated, its camouflage described, and its air-raid shel-

ters listed. Nazi bombers would soon blow it to bits, said the voice. The raids did not materialize, but the accuracy of the information was demoralizing.

Chief Nazi broadcaster to France is Paul Ferdonnet, whom the French call "The Traitor of Stuttgart." Day after day he reiterated the quip: "Britain will fight to the last Frenchman." "Frenchwomen, where are your men?" he will ask. "All at the front, fighting for the bankers and the British. And where are the British? *Poilus*, tell me, have you ever seen a British soldier at the front? Where are they? I'll tell you. They're back with your wives and daughters!"

One night Ferdonnet introduced a "French prisoner of war," Raymond Hervé, gave details of Hervé's unit, then his home address, and finally allowed him to send his love to his wife. The real Raymond Hervé happened to be spending a week's leave at home and heard the broadcast. He has no idea how the Germans got details of his identity. Ferdonnet's campaign to split the Allies has been a complete failure, and the French don't think he is funny.

So far the Germans are firing five times more broadcasts in English than the B.B.C. sends in German — but the British are scoring more hits. Any German willing to risk listening to a British broadcast is ripe for anti-Nazi programs. And despite severe penalties — several

years' hard labor for listening to foreign broadcasts, possibly death for repeating what you hear — Germans continue to listen. One radio may be blaring the output of a Nazi station, while a concealed set is softly tuned to a foreign broadcast. Various subterfuges are used to spread the information received. One German will ask another what he "dreamt" last night. The second will reply that he had a peculiar dream . . . that, for instance, the *Ark Royal* has not been sunk. "That's odd," the other answers, "I dreamt the same thing!" The ruse is not very subtle but is much used.

The British Broadcasting Corporation stresses the fact that the Nazis forbid listening to foreign stations. "Himmler tells you it would be bad for your nerves to hear foreign broadcasts. But it is not your nerves that he is afraid of, German people. It is your thoughts. You are being lied to. We in England listen to the Nazi broadcasts, with no fear that a policeman eavesdrops at the window."

British news broadcasts in German are extremely matter-of-fact, carefully building up a reputation for accuracy. B.B.C. often plays a few bars of *Ich hatt' einen Kameraden*, the old German Army song of mourning, then reads a list of recently captured German soldiers, sailors and airmen. This is excellent bait for listeners, since the Nazis do not always reveal such news at home.

A woman in East Prussia received official word that her son had been lost in a submarine sinking. A memorial service was arranged in the village church. Then the B.B.C. announced the boy's name as a survivor. Secretly the mother was visited by the town grocer who told her the good news. Four other friends similarly risked their lives to tell her the same story. The memorial service was held, but afterward there was a wine party behind closed shutters.

Broadcasts which deal with shortages of food and material strike home. Sometimes the British announcer will put on a "program for housewives" and casually read off recipes which call for "four eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, and two tablespoons of sugar," which makes Germans think of their own menus.

The British frequently rebroadcast items picked up from the "German Freedom" station, supposedly operating inside Germany, flitting about from place to place in a truck. Radio engineers say that it would take five or six trucks to carry equipment for such a station and that more probably it has been operating from the French border all the time. Wherever it is, it is a constant headache to the Nazis.

French broadcasts to Germany are quite similar to the British — including annotated sections from Hitler's speeches, with emphasis on his broken promises. "Hitler in-

sisted that he was saving Europe from Bolshevism," the announcer will begin, "and now he is a bosom companion of Stalin. Just listen to what he said of Russia on page 346 of *Mein Kampf*."

Chief Nazi broadcaster to the U. S. is Fred Kaltenbach, a former Iowan and veteran of 1918 who went to Berlin four years ago, married a German girl and joined the Nazi propaganda organization.

Once a week Kaltenbach reads a letter to "Dear Harry," a former schoolmate named Harry Hagemann, a Waverly, Iowa, lawyer. "Man, what a picture it is to see Hermann Göring's war birds soaring overhead!" he declaims. "Boy, are they fast! Now, don't let the British drag America into this thing, Harry. Don't pull Britain's chestnuts out of the fire again."

Kaltenbach does little harm, but he continues to embarrass his one-time friends in Iowa.

On the home front, radio is the chief weapon for bolstering German morale. Every effort is made to stir up hate against the British. The British Empire is always "blood-stained." Its navy is manned by "blood-crazed maniacs" and "bloodthirsty pirates." No accident in Germany is allowed to pass without the comment, "A number

of suspicious strangers with English accents were noticed at the scene and are now being sought by the police."

No day is complete without its broadcast of what is apparently a visit to the front. There are broadcasts from airplanes out on reconnaissance work. German raiding parties comment into a handy microphone on their return from No Man's Land. Submarine commanders pop their heads out of their conning towers to describe the scene as their latest victim goes to the bottom.

These broadcasts are written and acted by German "propaganda companies," made up of former newspapermen trained in a school at Potsdam. The reception of the programs has been excellent. Many German families listen to them as enthusiastically as youngsters in America listen to the Lone Ranger.

It may seem strange that neither side tries to jam the other's air waves and thus stop the radio propaganda at its source. But jamming brings retaliation, and to both sides radio has proved its value as an offensive and defensive weapon. The generals are apt to snort their contempt, but historians will not. Radio is the powerful fourth arm of a nation's fighting forces.



Cartoon in Punch (London): "Daddy, is a neutral a country both sides are at war with?"

Harlem God in His Heaven

Condensed from Scribner's Commentator

Ollie Stewart

"THIS IS the beginning of the end for Father Divine — or God — or whatever else he calls himself," exclaimed Angel Rebecca Grace's lawyer last March as the New York Supreme Court handed down a decision ordering the return of \$3937 which she and her husband, Onward Universe, had turned over to God for keeping in his heavenly treasury.

It looked bad for the plump little brown-skinned man who has called himself, successively, The Messenger, Major J. Devine, Father Divine and, finally, God. The decision struck at the heart of his amazing control over millions of colored people, divesting him of the divine, and highly essential, right to keep everything that came into his possession without accounting to any earthly power for it.

But his Angels sent 600 white-robed disciples to picket the courthouse, with banners and placards denouncing the verdict, assuring the leader of the Heaven-Is-Here cult that they had no intention of wrecking his kingdom by clamoring for their money.

Who is this man whom millions

call God? This man who rides in a special \$25,000 automobile, who has seven secretaries and two bodyguards, who daily feeds thousands lavishly and free of charge, who has bought property in New York State alone valued at more than \$1,000,000, yet pays no income tax and swears he has nothing?

Father Divine's personality is so contagious that it sways even his enemies. He admits he is semi-literate, but when he gets warmed up to his favorite subject — himself — he becomes eloquent:

"I cannot get a place large enough to hold the masses when they know I'm there. Wherever I am personally present, people gather. It matters not what kind of lover you may be; if you contact me harmoniously, whether you be male or female, you will love me the best. You may not wish to do it, and you may regret it, but you are obliged to do it."

His political influence could be great, but he refuses to support any party or candidate. He has his own Righteous Government program which he wants sponsored in exchange for his votes: an anti-lynching law; abolition of capital

punishment; a law against specifying an individual's race or creed in newspapers and other publications; prohibition of vaccination and compulsory medical examinations; prohibition of strikes unless labor unions pay full wages to strikers; and the unification of North, South and Central America into the United Countries of America, with one language and one flag.

On a typical day, God's first banquet is served at a Heaven in lower Harlem, from 12 noon to 4, for 75 Angels, half of whom are white. The messiah blesses the food, silver, water and napkins. Then women bring in soup, followed by steak, fried chicken, duck, with all the trimmings. The table linen is spotless, the silver gleaming, the mahogany furniture rich looking. Three deep around the room and out into the hall crowd pilgrims from Heavens in other cities, singing, confessing sins, offering testimonials.

"Father gave me my first chance to be somebody," says Beautiful Faith. "All my life I didn't amount to nothing — just cooking and cleaning for the white folks. But since I come to know Father is God, I'm important. I'm a dietitian in God's kitchen."

Multiply Beautiful Faith by thousands and you get the secret of Father Divine's success. From menial jobs in homes, laundries and factories, from basement rooms in poverty-ridden sections of northern

cities, from lean-to shacks of the deep South, have come hordes of colored folk — poor, uneducated, inarticulate, their drab lives weighted by an overwhelming inferiority complex.

Father Divine lifts them into the spotlight, gives them Angelic names and assures them that they are God's chosen people. Out of a world of constant rebuffs and segregation, they suddenly emerge into a haven where they mingle on equal terms with white people.

An applicant for Heaven must pass a religious-conviction test, with a pretty fair story of having been reborn — and be willing to work at anything. The applicant must renounce the world — vow to smoke no more, drink no more, and forget about sex. This pretty well eliminates the drifters.

Most of Divine's white followers have the same reasons for calling him God as his colored followers. They have been misfits in their world — lonely, neurotic, unhappy. In Father Divine's heaven they feel they are wanted. They have work to do, the world to save. But a second group of white followers is made up of successful, well-to-do people. They are pure religionists, such as an engineer — Devoted Patience — who says that he makes \$1000 a month and visits Heaven regularly in order to "be in God's actual presence and do all I can to help carry his message." The daughter of a wealthy Long Island family

became an expert stenographer in order to serve as one of Divine's secretaries. Two other white girls are members of his staff. White also are Edward Potter, lawyer, and John Lamb, private secretary. They are the powers behind the throne, responsible for all legal and business matters. Their leader's alleged penury seems to be explained by a plan of their devising whereby his most trusted Angels receive all the money, and furnish God with cash only when he needs it.

When God speaks in his Heaven a microphone carries his voice to every room in the building. Wearing high-heeled shoes to make his five feet five seem taller, he intones with a soft, hypnotic voice:

One million blessings, blessings flowing
free,

There are many blessings, flowing free
for you.

He keeps repeating, substituting billion for million, then trillion and on up to the highest figure he can think of — encouraged by shouts, screams and handclaps. There is a refrain, too, that his followers constantly sing, as work-roughened hands clasp and unclasp:

I love to sing the praise of thee, sweet
Father Divine;

I love to sing the praise of thee, practical
all the time.

"It's wonderful," whispers God impressively. "This is the beginning of the re-creation of the creation. I will re-create the whole creation and change the world from

mortality to immortality. Aren't you glad! I am visibilating and tangibilating and personifying your fondest imagination. As a supernatural power, as infinite spirit, as universal substance, I came to redeem the children of men!"

Born 60-odd years ago near Albany, Georgia, Divine claims to remember nothing of his early days, but it has been reasonably established that he is the George Baker who, known as The Messenger, held meetings twice a week in a little church in Valdosta, Georgia. His basic theme was:

"If God dwelleth in me, my body is His body — and I am God. It's truly wonderful. It's *indeed* wonderful!"

Charged by Valdosta's leading colored people with blasphemy, The Messenger headed north, accompanied by three women and two men who believed in him. The women did housework and washing, the men did odd jobs; they pooled funds to buy transportation to the next city. In about a year they reached New York.

Settled in a six-room flat on West 40th Street, The Messenger began holding nightly meetings. His group grew to 15, to all of whom The Messenger's word was law. All his disciples had jobs, and each week he received every cent they earned, some \$150. Out of this he took care of them, buying cheap but substantial food and bargain-counter clothes, spending about \$50 and putting the

rest in his pocket. They lived three or four in a room, with one room reserved for meetings, and every night he lectured on the goodness of God; on Sundays they sang and re-joined all day long and enjoyed a sumptuous banquet.

By 1919 expansion was necessary. Somewhere on the trip to look at a house in Sayville, Long Island, The Messenger was reborn: when he got off the train he was Major J. Devine (note the first *e*, now an *i*), and as such signed the deed for an eight-room house.

There, for almost ten years, progress was slow. To most white residents he was just a soft-spoken little man who ran an employment agency and got their patronage because his workers were industrious and honest. To colored Sayville he was "the Reverend," a man of God who helped anybody in need and never charged for it. He fed people by hundreds each week and paid all bills in cash. It became easy to call him Father Divine, instead of Major Devine.

By 1929 he had 50 workers. His Sunday banquets, still free, became so lavish and prolonged that visitors from Harlem and afar poured in. His house became to them Heaven in very deed, and they themselves his Angels. To newcomers who asked how to become Angels, his answer was: "Surrender to me all your earthly possessions."

The Sunday celebrations at Sayville became so popular, so noisy

with angelic shouts and song that one night the police carted God and 80 Angels — 15 of whom were white — to jail. Convicted of maintaining a public nuisance, Divine was fined \$500 and sentenced to a year in jail.

On hearing his sentence, he warned the judge: "You can't convict God. All who oppose me, I destroy!" Four days later the judge was dead of a heart attack. Loudly the Angels rejoiced at this punishment for opposing God's will. To make the incident more fantastic, the sentence was reversed upon appeal and God went free.

The story catapulted Father Divine from a small-time cult leader to national prominence. He moved his Heaven to Harlem, where he was welcomed by thousands anxious to ride to glory on his chariot. Parades were staged; crowds waited for hours in front of his new Heaven to see him or touch him as he passed.

By 1936 he had a thousand Angels and was collecting \$10,000 weekly. He had shrewdly bought several apartment buildings and private houses, which he packed with some 2000 roomers, whom he called his Children, at weekly rentals starting at \$1 and totaling nearly \$5000. He opened 25 Peace restaurants, serving 10- and 15-cent meals, which would cost twice as much elsewhere. He cut prices because he has farms upstate and trucks in his own vegetables,^a chickens, eggs and beef.

The most notable of his New York State properties is The Promised Land at West Saugerties. Valued at \$250,000, the tract includes 2500 acres of rich truck garden and pasture land. His most talked-about purchase is Krum Elbow, across the Hudson from President Roosevelt's Hyde Park home. These 500 acres, with a mile frontage on the river, are a show place for entertaining important visitors, and a vacation and picnic spot for followers. They arrive in chartered boats in summer, by bus and auto in winter.

He has purchased a dozen mansions in swank residential suburbs. New York City's 22 Heavens and Extensions now include a 100-room hotel; six apartment houses, and two score private homes.

In New Jersey he has some 20 properties, including an auditorium, a 50-room hotel and private beach. Philadelphia has a Heaven and nine Extensions, plus a dozen laundries, dress shops, shoe repair shops and restaurants. Similar expansion has taken place in other cities from Boston to Los Angeles — and Father Divine has much farm land in California, whence oranges and other fruits are sent east. There are two

Extensions in London, five in Australia and seven in Canada. Switzerland has 14 Peace missions, Panama eight, the British West Indies four.

For all these centers there is *The New Day*, from which the presiding Angel reads Divine's messages. This 116-page weekly carries, on the average, 21 of Divine's speeches — and a recent issue had 376 advertisers from 23 states of the Union and four foreign countries.

Father Divine claims 50,000,000 followers. The method of enumeration seems to have been an actual count in the various centers, allegedly totaling about 5,000,000, plus an "unknown number of connections" which Divine estimated to suit his fancy. He says, "I have no organization. Anybody who believes in my Righteous Government program is my follower."

Characteristically he closes his letters with: "I am well, healthy, joyful, peaceful, lively, loving, successful, prosperous and happy in spirit, body and mind, and in every organ, muscle, sinew, joint, limb, vein and bone — and even in every atom, fiber and cell of my bodily form. Rev. M. J. Divine (Better known as Father Divine)."



Herodotus (father of history) said it 2500 years ago: Very few things happen at the right time, and the rest do not happen at all. The conscientious historian will correct these defects.

T.B. Can Happen to Anyone

Condensed from McCall's

Helena Huntington Smith

NO ONE worries much about tuberculosis these days. We know that it is curable, within limits. We are sure it does not concern us personally — until suddenly someone we know is struck down.

The grim fact is that t.b. can happen to anybody, that 70,000 people still die of it in this country every year. A large proportion of them are well fed and well housed. And approximately 60 percent of them are young — between 15 and 45. Those are the years of working and playing too hard; in this early age group tuberculosis takes more lives than any other cause.

T.b. is the enemy, above all, of young women. No one knows why. A few years ago the National Tuberculosis Association studied the histories of 678 girls, aged 15 to 25, who died of tuberculosis in New York City in a single year. Similar studies have been made for Detroit and for the State of Michigan. The girls who died, taken as a group, were from average homes and had average incomes — so their deaths cannot be blamed especially on poverty. Only a normal percentage of them were employed — so the theory that industrialization of young women

is the cause of breakdown has to be heavily discounted. The best scientific guess is that the physical changes of adolescence in girls, with their trying emotional readjustments, make them peculiarly defenseless against the tubercle bacillus.

This much is known about tuberculosis. When the bacillus gets into the lungs, healthy tissue combats it by surrounding it with hard capsules of scar tissue, known as tubercles. Sometimes the tubercles are of pin-point size, sometimes as large as a cherry. One or two may be formed and then, if the vital forces of the body win out, the process stops there.

This mild, unnoticed infection is known as the first or childhood type. Many people have had it at some time — not everybody, as was once believed, but a majority of those living in thickly populated areas. Inside their prison the bacilli live for years. If health continues, calcium is gradually deposited in the tubercles until the process of entombment is complete. But if health is impaired, frequently by prolonged worry or other psychically depressing factor, the tubercle walls may break down; the disease flares up again

and other tubercles develop until a portion of the lung tissue is eaten away. This adult-type t.b. can be caused by a fresh infection from the outside as well as by a reinfection from within.

You can go along with tuberculosis for a year or more, with no hint of anything wrong beyond a vague awareness that you are not feeling as well as you ought. You tire easily, or have indigestion, and are losing weight. Perhaps your last cold has lingered on as a nasty little cough or an irritating hoarseness. After a while you may see a doctor — for a tonic. And then comes the staggering news. You've got t.b. Sometimes, however, a hemorrhage sends you flying to him; and you are lucky if this danger signal appears early. Incredible as it sounds, 80 percent of those who get tuberculosis fail to do anything about it until their case is moderately far advanced.

Because early discovery is so necessary, a new technique of "case-finding" is winning favor. This consists of casting a dragnet among large groups of individuals — in high schools and colleges, business organizations, cities — and fishing up the undiscovered t.b.'s. The subjects are given a tuberculin test, which shows whether they have ever, at any time, harbored a tubercular infection. Those who react positively are given an X ray which tells the final story. The results are impressive: out of

every 1000 seemingly healthy men and women, six cases of active tuberculosis turn up — which are practically certain to be saved.

The first question asked by one who learns that he has t.b. is: "Do I have to go away?"

If the disease is in an early stage, the answer may be, "You do not." Granted favorable conditions, you may continue your normal activities with an artificial pneumothorax: a hollow needle is painlessly inserted between the ribs, air is injected into the cavity between the lung and the chest wall, thus driving the air out of the lung and giving it a chance to rest. Pneumothorax patients by the thousands are working in offices, studying at universities and living comparatively normal lives.

In more advanced cases you may have to go to a sanatorium for six months or more — but not far from home. Today, mountain air is not considered essential. Complete physical and mental rest is the thing. Any kind of air will do as long as it is fresh, and the wisest course is to go where you can be cheered by visits from your family and friends. And in nearly all the states now there are state sanatoriums where patients are taken at low cost.

Once treatment has begun, the only person who can determine the outcome of the siege is — yourself. Anxiety, rebellion, despair, retard the healing; patience, acquiescence

in the limitations placed upon you, and learning to strive toward the goal of cure hasten it. That is why in speaking of t.b. there is still room for such stirring unscientific phrases as "the fighting spirit" and "the will to live."

Sometimes surgery is necessary to extend the principle of rest. Pieces of rib are removed, the chest wall caves in, and the lung is deflated for keeps. This healing process is like putting a broken limb in plints, for otherwise the mere act of breathing might tear the frail, cobwebby filaments with which nature begins to wall off the disease.

No serum which gives immunity to t.b. has yet been discovered, nor any "magic bullet" which wipes out the germ the way 606 attacks syphilis. Consequently, prompt recognition is our best method of attack.

The mortality curve of tubercu-

losis shows three distinct improvements. The first came after Koch discovered the bacillus, in 1882, the death rate falling gradually from 400 to 200 per 100,000. Then when the world became public-health conscious, around 1905, the rate once more began to drop, reaching 100. In the past 20 years it has touched as low as 55 per 100,000.

Three doctors from Cornell University Medical College are now directing the greatest mass tuberculosis survey in history — a test of the 4,000,000 inhabitants of the island of Cuba. The city of Detroit has launched a special campaign, too. And more than 50 colleges have adopted case-finding programs. In more and more of these dragnet surveys lies our greatest hope. For the most important factor in curing tuberculosis is to start treatment before the disease has made too much progress.



The Will and the Way

THE LATE Douglas Fairbanks, famed among his friends as a practical joker, couldn't resist keeping up his reputation even after death. Four of his best friends who had been given to understand that they would be remembered by him in his will were surprised when that document made no mention of them. However, an envelope not to be opened until 60 days later was placed in the custody of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and when the friends had long given up any thought of an inheritance, Douglas had his joke. The envelope contained a supplementary will leaving them \$60,000 apiece.

— Peggy McEvoy

Should Men of 50 Fight Our Wars?

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Colonel William F. Donovan

World War commander of the "Fighting 69th" Infantry

IN THE MIDST of gigantic preparations to protect this country from any threat of aggression, our antiquated draft laws are a blind spot which might cost us our very existence as a nation — despite any military victories that might be won.

If war should come, our manpower would be mobilized by a system that bears as much relation to present national defense needs as a Civil War musket to modern, mechanized warfare. We would exclude from active service all men over 45. The burden would be thrown on youth — from 18 to 30.

This system assumes (1) that the country can better afford to lose a youth than an adult; and (2) that a stripling of 18 is better prepared to defend his country than a vigorous man of 45. Both assumptions are false. We must amend our draft system. A falling birth rate and the cessation of immigration have put on youth the premium of scarcity. We must economize on youth in the next war if we are to survive even victory.

We can never know how many able, talented young men the last war destroyed — nor what the world would be today if they had been spared. The loss of several

hundred thousand more American youths — fathers of the next generation — would be a social and economic tragedy.

It is not a pretty thought that old men make wars and young men fight them. Young men capable of enduring great physical fatigue were needed for the forced marches that characterized war several generations ago. They are still essential for emergencies that will always be the cruxes of war. But nowadays other qualities, possessed in greater degree by men of 40 to 50, are coming to the fore. I have followed the mechanization of war from Château-Thierry to the present and have seen less and less emphasis placed on a soldier's brawn, more and more on his brain. Instead of marching to war, today's soldier rides.

Major George Fielding Eliot illustrates the extent to which war has been mechanized by listing some of the ratings in the Navy: fire-controlman, electrician's mate, machinist's mate, ship fitter, metal-smith, patternmaker, radioman. The Army needs men to operate complex machine guns, anti-aircraft, motor transports, chemical units and communications systems. For these jobs, requiring sound judgment,

ment, steady nerves, experience and habits of independent thinking, men over 45 qualify admirably.

The railroads offer a peacetime parallel. Men in the 50's and 60's pilot our crack railway trains. Railroad work is hard, exacting, and calls for highly skilled experts; yet the roads employ far more middle-aged and older men than youths.

It may be that war-plane pilots and shock troops for frontline action should come principally from younger ranks. But in the World War middle-aged men stood up valiantly under the hardships of trench warfare. A middle-aged army held off the Germans in the first battle of Ypres.

In the third and fourth years of the war, older men outdid the younger formations more often than not. Frequently, in tight spots under fire, I have seen older men become rallying points for young troops on the verge of panic.

Along the fortified lines of Europe today men endure few hardships that would tax the middle-aged. They live in comfortable quarters underground, are moved around on tramways or trucks. Both the French and Germans have manned their defense lines with older troops. For every youthful pilot, aerial bomber, or shock trooper, there are dozens, sometimes hundreds, of men in supporting positions behind the lines. Most of these latter jobs men of 45 or over can handle better than college-age youngsters.

Far from being constant excitement, war is often dull. Shut off from normal diversions, the soldier is likely to brood. Such introspection injures morale. The older man ordinarily can draw on his more patient philosophy of life and can stand dullness better than the young.

I am assured by psychologists — and I have learned from personal experience in the last war — that the courage of youth and of older men strikes a rough balance. Youth is more impulsive, more reckless. But the middle-aged man generally has seen and endured more hardship. His dependents are likely to be grown and self-supporting. He has fewer illusions than youth; fear has less effect on his behavior in a crisis.

Today men of 50, or even 60, are younger than men of 40 were a generation ago. Better living conditions and improved medical technique have multiplied the years of the average man's usefulness. Middle-aged men are, of course, more subject to diseases of the heart and other vital organs. The proportion of unfit would rise steeply over the age of 40. But there is no good reason why healthy oldsters should not be drafted along with healthy youngsters.

In preparing draft laws the first consideration must always be a military one. But victory in battle is not enough. After a war is won the nation's strength will not be measured solely by its military suc-

cesses. We would face disaster greater than any we might fight to avert, if victory has been achieved

by squandering the youth upon which we must rely for greatness in the future.



Mexican Street Scene

Beatrice Washburn in *The Manchester Guardian*

NO ONE in an English-speaking country regards the street as anything but a necessary evil for getting from one place to another, but in Mexico it is the theater of the people, a continuous and entrancing panorama. Tourists stroll in the street to learn the native customs. My cook walks in the street bearing a basket on her head. Her friends sit in the open doorways calling to other friends in other doorways. Babies scuffle in the dust. Dogs lie there comfortably with their paws crossed. Burros with great panniers of corn or calla lilies strapped to the hips must walk around them.

Here comes a bull charging down the road, goaded by enthusiastic onlookers, and a pig hurries squealing by, one leg tied by a rope. A group of young men pause under my window, all with guitars, all handsome, all bowing to the foreign lady. They lean up against the wall and sing, and the naked babies struggle to their fat legs and dance, and little girls with long skirts and quaintly shawled heads join in the chorus and everybody smiles except the man with the bright blue bedstead strapped to his back who inadvertently bumps into the woman selling stone idols.

A man carrying a coffin sets it down

under a flamboyant tree so that he can sing, too. A soldier on a brown horse comes down the road with a great jingling of silver spurs, and is not above buying a meal cooked over a brazier by an old woman under a banyan tree. For you can buy anything in the street, from roast cinnamon to Chihuahua puppies, from carved jade to live goats. You can buy a wedding dress, or a suit of white pajamas embroidered with an eagle in green braid.

We never tire of watching this pageantry of the street from our high grilled windows: a woman carrying her baby wrapped in a shawl across her back; or a funeral, just a plain wood coffin carried on the shoulders of two men and followed by a pitiful little group of barefooted mourners. An aged crone, who is probably only 45 but looks 100, tries to sell us lottery tickets; a parrot, splashed like a daub of emerald on a man's head, swears at us in fluent Aztec. A man with a tray slung in front of him holds up beaten silver necklaces, and a woman pours out raw opals in a glittering stream for us to see.

In Mexico the very language recognizes the street. The Spanish idiom for our own "He is not at home," is simply, "*Está en la calle*" ("He is in the street"). Where better could he be?

A Boy I Knew

By

E. B. White

Author of "Every Day Is Saturday," "Quo Vadimus?" etc.

I AM QUITE SURE that the character I'm least likely to forget is a boy I grew up with and nowadays see little of. I keep thinking about him. Once in a while I catch sight of him — down a lane, or just coming out of a men's washroom. Sometimes I will be gazing absently at my own son, now nine years old, and there in his stead this other boy will be, blindingly familiar yet wholly dreamlike and unapproachable. Although he enjoys a somewhat doubtful corporality, and occurs only occasionally, like a stitch in the side, without him I should indeed be lost. He is the boy that once was me.

The most memorable character in any man's life, and often the most inspiring, is the lad that once he was. I certainly can never forget him, and, at rare intervals when his trail crosses mine, the conjunction fills me with elation. Once, quite a while ago, I wrote a few verses which I put away in a folder to ripen. With the reader's kind permission I will exhume these lines now, because they explain briefly what I am getting at:

In the sudden mirror in the hall
I saw not my own self at all,
I saw a most familiar face:
My father stood there in my place,
Returning, in the hall lamp's glare,
My own surprised and watery stare.

In thirty years my son shall see
Not himself standing there, but me.

This bitter substitution, or transmigration, one generation with another, must be an experience which has disturbed men from the beginning of time. There comes a moment when you discover yourself in your father's shoes, saying his say, putting on his act, even looking as he looked; and in that moment everything is changed, because if you are your father, then your son must be you. Or something like that — it's never quite clear. But anyway you begin to think of this early or original self as someone apart, a separate character, not someone you once were but someone you once knew.

I remember once taking an overnight journey with my son in a Pullman compartment. He slept in the lower berth, handy to the instrument panel containing fan and light controls; I slept in the upper. Early in the morning I awoke and from my vantage point looked down. My boy had raised the shade a few inches and was ingesting the moving world. In that instant I encountered my unforgettable former self: it seemed as though it were I who was down there in the lower berth looking out of the train window just as the sky was growing

light, absorbing the incredible wonder of fields, houses, bakery trucks, the before-breakfast world, tasting the sweetness and scariness of things seen and only half understood — the train penetrating the morning, the child penetrating the meaning of the morning and of the future. To this child the future was always like a high pasture, a little frightening, full of herds of steers and of intimations of wider prospects, of trysts with fate, of vague passionate culminations and the nearness to sky and to groves, of juniper smells and sweetfern in a broiling noon sun. The future was one devil of a fine place, but it was a long while on the way.

This boy (I mean the one I can't forget) had a good effect on me. He was a cyclist and an early riser. Although grotesque in action, he was of noble design. He lived a life of enchantment; virtually everything he saw and heard was being seen and heard by him for the first time, so he gave it his whole attention. He took advantage of any slight elevation of ground or of spirit, and if there was a fence going his way, he mounted it and escaped the commonplace by a matter of four feet. I discovered in his company the satisfactions of life's interminable quest; he was always looking for something that had no name and no whereabouts, and not finding it. He either knew instinctively or he soon found out that seeking was more instructive

than finding, that journeys were more rewarding than destinations. (I picked up a little of that from him, and have found it of some use.)

He was saddled with an unusual number of worries, it seems to me, but faith underlay them — a faith nourished by the natural world rather than by the supernatural or the spiritual. There was a lake, and at the water's edge a granite rock upholstered with lichen. This was his pew, and the sermon went on forever.

He traveled light, so that he was always ready for a change of pace or of direction and was in a position to explore any opportunity and become a part of any situation, unhampered. He spent an appalling amount of time in a semidormant state on curbstones, pier-heads, moles, stringpieces, carriage blocks, and porch steps, absorbing the anecdotes, logic and technique of artisans. He would travel miles to oversee a new piece of construction.

I remember this boy with affection, and feel no embarrassment in idealizing him. He himself was an idealist of shocking proportions. He had a fine capacity for melancholy and the gift of sadness. I never knew anybody on whose spirit the weather had such a devastating effect. A shift of wind, or of mood, could wither him. There would be times when a dismal sky conspired with a forlorn side street to create a moment of such pro-

found bitterness that the world's accumulated sorrow seemed to gather in a solid lump in his heart. The appearance of a coasting hill softening in a thaw, the look of backyards along the railroad tracks on hot afternoons, the faces of people in trolley cars on Sunday — these could and did engulf him in a vast wave of depression. He dreaded Sunday afternoon because it had been deliberately written in a minor key.

He dreaded Sunday also because it was the day he spent worrying about going back to school on Monday. School was consistently frightening, not so much in realization as in anticipation. He went to school for sixteen years and was uneasy and full of dread the entire time — sixteen years of worrying that he would be called upon to speak a piece in the assembly hall. It was an amazing test of human fortitude. Every term was a nightmare of suspense.

The fear he had of making a public appearance on a platform seemed to find a perverse compensation, for he made frequent voluntary appearances in natural amphitheaters before hostile audiences, addressing himself to squalls and thunderstorms, rain and darkness, alone in rented canoes. His survival is something of a mystery, as he was neither very expert nor very strong. Fighting natural disturbances was the only sort of fighting he enjoyed. He would run five blocks to

escape a boy who was after him, but he would stand up to any amount of punishment from the elements. He swam from the rocks of Hunter's Island, often at night, making his way there alone and afraid along the rough, dark trail from the end of the bridge (where the house was where they sold pie) up the hill and through the silent woods and across the marsh to the rocks. He hated bathing beaches and the smell of bathhouses, and would go to any amount of trouble to avoid the pollution of undressing in a stall.

This boy felt for animals a kinship he never felt for people. Against considerable opposition and with woefully inadequate equipment, he managed to provide himself with animals, so that he would never be without something to tend. He kept pigeons, dogs, snakes, polliwogs, turtles, rabbits, lizards, singing birds, chameleons, caterpillars and mice. The total number of hours he spent just standing watching animals, or refilling their water pans, would be impossible to estimate; and it would be hard to say what he got out of it. In spring he felt a sympathetic vibration with earth's renascence, and set a hen. He always seemed to be under some strange compulsion to assist the processes of incubation and germination, as though without him they might fail and the earth grow old and die. To him a miracle was essentially egg-shaped.

(It occurs to me that his faith in animals has been justified by events of recent years: animals, by comparison with men, seem to have been conducting themselves with poise and dignity.)

In love he was unexcelled. His whole existence was a poem of tender and heroic adoration. He harbored delusions of perfection, and with consummate skill managed to weave the opposite sex into them, while keeping his distance. His search for beauty was always vaguely identified with his search for the ideal of love, and took him into districts which he would otherwise never have visited. Though I seldom see him these days, when I do I notice he still wears that grave

inquiring expression as he peers into the faces of passers-by, convinced that some day he will find there the answer to his insistent question.

As I say, I feel no embarrassment in describing this character, because there is nothing personal in it—I have rather lost track of him and he has escaped me and is just a strange haunting memory, like the memory of love. I do not consider him in any way unusual or special; he was quite ordinary and had all the standard defects. They seem unimportant. It was his splendor that matters—the unforgettable splendor. No wonder I feel queer when I run into him. I guess all men do.



Let Them Eat Grass

*I*N FOUR YEARS of experiment, Chemists George O. Kohler, W. R. Graham and C. F. Schnabel of Kansas City, Mo., established that grain grass contains all the vitamins except D, has 28 times more vitamins per pound than dried fruits or vegetables.

To make grass fit for human consumption, the chemists dried, bleached and ground the leaves of wheat, barley, oats and rye, produced a fine white powder with a slight malt flavor. They ate this grass all winter, caught no colds, enjoyed excellent health. Now three U. S. factories are making powdered grass. Approximate cost: six cents per pound. "The use of only 12 pounds of powdered grass a year," said the grass-eaters to the American Chemical Society, "will supply the necessary factors for a liberal diet to all U. S. families at a price they can afford for the first time in history." — *Time*

¶ The maestro loves a joke and a spot of swing; his uncompromising conscience makes him both a tyrant and a democrat

Toscanini, Man and Legend

Condensed from *The Etude*

Howard Taubman

BECAUSE the democratic way is the only way for him, Arturo Toscanini has renounced two of the things that were most precious to him: the annual Wagner festival at Bayreuth and, more recently, his native Italy.

Toscanini regarded conducting the Wagner music-dramas in the theater that Wagner built as the artistic summit of his career. He never took a pfennig of pay at Bayreuth. "I can't," he explained. "It's like taking money from Wagner." But when Hitler struck savagely at artists and others because of their race, the little maestro with the silver rim of hair, the patrician features, the slight body and the flaming spirit did not hesitate. He quit in emphatic protest.

Italy, to Toscanini, is home. Its colors, its landscapes, its very odors are dear to him. Last summer, for the first time in decades, he did not go home.

Toscanini has been called "the First Musician of the World." Such eminence invites legends. Since he never bothers to correct or deny even the most fantastic

tales, they multiply. His philosophy of life is clear, yet he is regarded as a man of mystery.

Actually, Toscanini has the simplicity of children and of the truly great. Making music, he can be an uncompromising tyrant. It is the musical autocrat around whom the legends cluster: the conductor who, when he does not get what he wants, throws his baton at his players, smashes his watch, tears up scores, stamps and storms and swears. There is a basis for these tales. Toscanini himself says he is two men, one of whom the other cannot control.

The other Toscanini, the man his friends know, is anything but forbidding. He loves a gay party or an evening of quiet conversation. He does not carry on about music like the highbrows. Indeed, he is fond of a spot of swing. He was surprised one day in his studio, playing "Heigh-ho, heigh-ho, it's off to work we go" on the piano while his five-year-old granddaughter wielded a baton. "Her beat was correct," grandpa boasted.

There is the legend of Toscanini's aloofness. But actually he

is gregarious. The National Broadcasting Company provided for him a lavish suite carefully secluded from the turmoil of Radio City. But Toscanini won't use it, except to change clothes. Instead, he wanders around the building, visits other offices, talks with everyone. The more telephone calls, visitors and general bedlam, the better.

Toscanini's love for the pulse of life has much to feed on at home. In his Riverdale house overlooking the Hudson River, vitality spills over. Friends, relatives, even hangers-on, surround him. He does his work, reads, studies scores and rehearses in the midst of a vortex of noise. Occasionally he rises in wrath and protests. He is heeded for a few minutes, then the hubbub builds up again like one of the maestro's magnificent climaxes.

Toscanini sleeps badly, but long ago he quit fighting insomnia. His bedside table is piled high with books and scores. When he wakes, he takes up a volume, holding it close to his face because of his nearsightedness, looking like a wise and ageless seraph. His curiosity is enormous and his mind restless. He goes over scores that he may not conduct for years, just renewing acquaintance with old friends. He reads poetry, novels, adventures and discussions of world affairs.

The tales of his fabulous memory are true. He has been known to learn a new symphony in three

hours and conduct it without looking at the score. Recently he played from memory all of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." He had not seen the scores for more than half a century.

Music has been his whole life. Born in 1867, he entered the Conservatory at Parma when he was nine. His main subjects were cello and piano, but he also showed promise as a composer. At 17 he conducted one of his own works before a private audience. His masters urged him to specialize in composition, but the boy would not; he felt he could never write music to meet his own severe standards.

Young Arturo took on odd jobs as a cellist in theater orchestras and occasionally in a café. When he was 19, he joined a touring opera company and landed in Brazil. In Rio de Janeiro the conductor dropped out just before a performance of *Aida*. It seemed that the show would have to be called off, until someone suggested that little Arturo who sat among the cellos and studied scores incessantly might do. Toscanini directed a rattling good performance — entirely from memory. When the company returned to Italy, he was retained as conductor.

At home he knocked around in small theaters in the provinces. Wherever he worked, he gained admirers. And when he was 31, he became conductor of the famous

La Scala Opera in Milan, which many an older man would have regarded as high climax to a career. He came to the Metropolitan Opera in 1908 and remained until 1915. Then in 1926 he took over the New York Philharmonic for 11 seasons. He returned in 1937 for the NBC Orchestra, organized for him at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

While still in school, Arturo fell in love with Ida de Martini, a singer. They married and have had four children. One died very young. The other three, married and thriving, are Walter, Wally and Wanda—all named after characters in operas by Catalani, who was Toscanini's friend and counselor.

Toscanini's rough treatment of other musicians has been much exaggerated. It is true that he cannot endure stupidity. But it is also true that he does not force his ideas on musicians whose capacities he respects. When Gregor Piatigorsky, cello soloist, came to the first rehearsal of a new concerto, Toscanini showed him the score in which he had marked all the fingerings. Piatigorsky hesitated, then asked cautiously whether Toscanini would mind if he used his own fingerings. "Why no, my boy," he said. "Use any you like. I worked these out to amuse myself. You see, I used to be a 'cellist."

The men who play under his baton forgive his exhausting demands and his tantrums. On Tos-

canini's 72nd birthday last year, Arthur Rodzinski was rehearsing the NBC Orchestra. In the middle of the session, the concertmaster brought in a telephone and placed it on the podium.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I'd like to suggest we call up Mr. Toscanini and play for him."

The maestro was called on the phone, and the great symphony orchestra of 100 men played and sang "Happy Birthday, dear Maestro, Happy Birthday to you." Their dignity suffered, but it was fun and came from the heart. Toscanini was amused, and deeply touched.

Sometimes Toscanini feels his baton is inadequate. At such moments he tries to help the orchestra along by singing with it. He shrieks the melody in an awful falsetto voice, attempting to sing in the octave of the instrument playing the lead, be it a peep from the piccolo or the cello's baritone. He seems completely unaware of his habit. Once, in Salzburg, during a tense dress rehearsal, his own voice howled out above the instruments. Amazement crossed his face. He halted the orchestra: "For the love of God! Who is singing here? Who ever it is will please shut up!"

Toscanini's simplicity sometimes seems almost naïveté. He was taken one evening to New York's widely ballyhooed International Casino. The place was jammed. Toscanini sat at his table enraptured, watch-

ing the entertainers, drinking in the excitement. "Marvelous! Marvelous!" he exclaimed, and then in a confidential whisper, "Tell me, how did you find out about this place?"

Toscanini does not regard himself as a septuagenarian. When a friend started to leave a large party at midnight, Toscanini protested: "Wait a while; soon the old people will go and we'll have fun."

And he means fun. He is inordinately fond of practical jokes, does not mind being their victim. For a dinner party to Toscanini at a friend's home, a young woman rigged herself out as a slatternly maid. During the meal, the pseudo-maid nudged the maestro, swung her hips at him, brushed his chin with the ice cream. Finally she plopped into Toscanini's lap. He sputtered, seemed about to explode, when she disclosed her identity. Months later the maestro was still telling the story with gusto, giving a detailed and flavorful account of the vixen's behavior.

His notion of relaxing is to turn on the radio and listen to the flow of programs. He takes in stride opera, symphonies, jazz, balladry. Whether he likes or detests what he hears over the radio, he keeps on listening and talks back at the machine. He will bawl out a bad performance, revile a conductor, sputter at a tenor. Once he tuned in on the middle of a symphony. "Not bad," he observed to the people in the

room. "That fellow has a feeling for tempo. The phrasing is good." When it ended, the announcer said, "You have been listening to a recording of the Pastoral Symphony conducted by Arturo Toscanini." The maestro snapped off the radio ferociously and gave it a swift kick as he stormed out of the room, chagrined not to have recognized his own reading.

Toscanini seems a creature of impulse. His impetuosity, however, is rarely touched off by petty things. Usually his troubles have arisen from his refusal to compromise where artistic conscience is involved. Often his quick decisions are manifestations of undeviating courage. Once for five long years Toscanini did not work at all. He had a dispute with La Scala Opera and quit suddenly, saying that he would not conduct there again. During this period of inactivity, with funds running low, he heard that La Scala was in difficulties. He promptly made an anonymous gift of 100,000 lire. There is a plaque on the opera house commemorating the gift from the nameless donor. To this day the Italian public has not been told who the generous friend was.

Toscanini is profoundly idealistic. He has never used music to aggrandize himself. He pursues his work of re-creating the composer's masterpieces with the self-effacement of a votary. He approaches the task not as an honor that he

confers on composer or public, but as an incomparable privilege.

At one rehearsal, failing time and again to get just the effect he wanted from a trumpet, he worked into one of his rages, in which he humiliated the luckless trumpeter. Afterward, the other players protested. The man was competent, they reminded the conductor, a veteran, a musician of integrity and character.

"You are right. I am much to blame. I am sorry," said the remorseful Toscanini.

At the next rehearsal, he apologized abjectly to the trumpeter, in front of the ensemble. But as he

talked, the memory of the unsatisfied musical ideal rose again and overwhelmed him.

"The trouble is," he cried, "*God* tells me how He wants this music played, and you — you get in His way!"

A man who has that feeling will not truckle to timeservers in music or in affairs of state. Such an idealist, in a world of dictators and *Realpolitik*, seems to behave like a legendary character. But to those who know him, who love him not only for his masterly art but for his human sunniness, Toscanini is more than a legend; he is a man among men.



Three Gentlemen

A GERMAN OFFICER, talking to a senior member of the British Embassy in Berlin in 1933, made the odd remark that the British are gentlemen, but the French are not. Asked what he meant, he explained: "One day in 1920, some of the Military Control Commission, under a French and a British officer, came to the barracks of which I had charge. They said they had reason to believe that I had a store of rifles concealed behind a brick wall, contrary to the terms of the Peace Treaty. I denied this. 'I give you my word of honor as a German officer,' I said, 'that I have no rifles concealed in the barracks.'"

"Well, your British officer was a gentleman: he accepted my word of honor and went away. But the French officer was not a gentleman. He would not accept my word of honor. He pulled down the brick wall. And he took away my rifles." — Quoted by W. A. Sinclair in *The Listener*

❏ A prophetic article pointing out a new menace to the Monroe Doctrine and to our continental safety

Should We Take Over Greenland?

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Earl P. Hanson

This article in Harper's for May was on its way to subscribers when the German war machine marched into Denmark on April 9, emphasizing the importance of Mr. Hanson's thesis a hundredfold and underscoring his prophecy: "It won't be long before Hitler gobbles up Denmark." His hope was that the United States would acquire Greenland from Denmark by purchase, before it came under swastika rule; and his reasoning seems even more pertinent now than before.

TO THOSE who for years have labored to awaken public consciousness to the value of the Arctic, the eventual acquisition of Greenland by the United States seems almost inevitable.

Seemingly farfetched a short while ago, the idea takes on sense when considered in the light of these facts: (1) according to our military men, advances in aviation demand that we prevent the establishment of any possible hostile air base *within 1000 miles of the North American continent*; (2) the nearness of Greenland as shown by a glance at a terrestrial globe instead of a flat Mercator projection map; (3) the polar regions are no longer the ends

of the earth but parts of the modern inhabited world's political, economic and strategic thinking.

We are showing a fast-growing awareness of Alaska. In 1935 the War Department quietly commissioned Vilhjalmur Stefansson to prepare a guide to the Far North and a manual on how our soldiers might get about there and take care of themselves. Last year the Army and the Navy announced their desire to make Alaska "the most highly fortified region on earth." Our defense forces realize that the development and defense of Alaska would safeguard us against aggression from the north and west. Greenland, on the other side of the continent, controls approaches from the northeast and east.

A few years ago the Arctic was considered a natural barrier. That illusion has been dispelled. In 1927 Sir Hubert Wilkins made three safe airplane landings on the supposedly forbidding ice of the Arctic Sea. Wilkins, Amundsen, Byrd and Nobile all agreed that this sea is remarkably free from storms and not nearly so cold as most people think. Subsequent expeditions have studied

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air base conditions there with the result that the Greenland icecap and the floating ice of the Arctic Sea, indisputable barriers against naval attack, are revealed as positive boons to aircraft.

Recent developments make the acquisition of Greenland a matter of urgent interest. In 1928 Bert Hassell decided to fly from Rockford, Illinois, to Sweden by the old Viking route. He and his partner aimed for a fjord in Greenland where a landing field had been prepared for them. Their navigation went wrong and, running out of gas, they made a safe landing on the billiard-table icecap which forms the interior of Greenland.

Over here we saw only the failure; but Germany recognized the success. The fliers were invited to Berlin and talked of Greenland in glowing terms, and German officials got busy. Lufthansa talked Icelanders into founding an airplane transport system across Iceland, with the Germans owning a majority of the stock. It was later dissolved, but last year the Germans made demands based upon an obscure clause slipped into that contract of 10 years before. Fortunately the Icelanders found a loophole by means of which they could legally refuse Hitler.

Meanwhile the German Von Gronau made two flights to America over Greenland and Iceland. Over here he said that the route was no good, but his official report to Berlin said

just the opposite. The German scientist, Alfred Wegener, made two expeditions to Greenland, studying conditions along the edges and on top of the icecap. Hitler, too, has long been interested in Iceland, only 600 miles from Britain's northern exposure. For years he has managed a "cultural infiltration" there that included teaching Icelanders the grand sport of gliding — and meanwhile securing knowledge of every possible landing field. The Icelanders were not unaware that Hitler's touching concern for them was not entirely altruistic. And about a year ago their suspicions were justified.

With a gunboat nearby "to inspect German fisheries," a German commission suddenly appeared in Reykjavik to demand that Iceland give Germany an air base and exclusive aviation privileges. The resounding "no" of the little unarmed nation* of 130,000 was one of the most courageous acts in modern history.

Canada suddenly realized that air power in Iceland would put Germany within striking distance of Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa — with Greenland serving as a steppingstone. In Washington, Army men discovered that Iceland comes within the 1000-mile limit, that

* Iceland has been independent since 1918, though the King of Denmark was, until the German invasion, also ruler of Iceland and Denmark had charge of Iceland's foreign relations. Since the invasion, Iceland's parliament has declared its complete independence.

Greenland, closer yet, is visible from Iceland, Canada from Greenland, that the latter's icecap is the world's largest and finest natural landing field for airplanes. Then, perhaps, was born the thought that it might be well for the United States to acquire Greenland by purchase from Denmark.

This is not the first time Washington has given thought to the subject. After Seward purchased Alaska, in 1867, he had a report prepared on Greenland. It was then thought of as a protective flank against Canada. The report, an excellent summary of everything then known about the land, mentions its fringe of grassy meadows, where the ancient Norsemen raised sheep and cattle for four centuries and which today is known to have a snow-free area (in summer) bigger than England. It goes into what little was then known about Greenland's enormous resources, with "indications [since proved] of great mineral wealth." It deals at length with the island's vast marine and land animal wealth.

A long string of heroic American explorers — Kane, Hayes, Hall, Greely, Peary — firmly established our rights to northern Greenland. Peary crossed it twice and in 1900 sailed around its northernmost end, establishing its insularity. But nothing was done about it. Then, in 1916, when we purchased the Danish West Indies (now the Virgin Islands) Denmark asked that we

recognize her sovereignty over Greenland. To her the term meant the southern part, where she had for centuries exercised jurisdiction. Admiral Peary begged Washington's statesmen not to give away northern Greenland, rights to which we had won in the preceding 50 years through the expenditure of heroic effort, money and lives. But to the authorities all Greenland was a forbidding clump of polar ice. So we acquired an important strategic base in the Caribbean and grandly gave away another in the north that may very soon prove fully as important and a thousand times as wealthy.

In his history of the United States, Woodrow Wilson advances as the reason for the purchase of Alaska our desire to extend the Monroe Doctrine to another part of the Western Hemisphere. Today the control of Greenland looms as an important step toward extending the Monroe Doctrine still farther — in the hope of isolating North America from the fighting in Europe and Asia. Certainly neither Britain nor the United States will let Hitler run Greenland. And we should hate to see Britain carry the war to our very shores by taking Greenland.

In authoritative but unquotable circles in Washington there exists the conviction that we should have to take charge of Greenland if Germany takes Denmark. And it is recognized that such action would

come regrettably close to being a hostile act in the midst of our present efforts to stay out of the war.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: No one could predict that the rape of Denmark would take place as early or as suddenly as it did. However, the *fait accompli* of the invasion now throws into sharper focus our own diplomatic problem opposite Greenland and, to a lesser extent, Iceland. Their strategic importance, always great, is now increased a hundred-

fold. It seems to me that we, as a nation, now have a choice only of taking Greenland over or of permitting the British navy to guard it for us, with the reservation that we may take it over later, when and if necessary. Iceland is in a slightly different position. An exceedingly advanced modern independent nation that is drifting toward the United States culturally and commercially, it needs only to be regarded as one of some 20 independent nations that are included within the terms of the Monroe Doctrine. — Earl P. Hanson



Dead Letter Profits

THE government agency that always pays for itself and makes a profit for the Treasury is run chiefly because of our carelessness: the Post Office Department's Division of Dead Letters and Dead Parcel Post. Last year it handled 13,226,456 letters and 356,663 pieces of parcel post. The letters included around 800 "blanks" a day — envelopes without any address — about three out of every ten containing money or a valuable enclosure. A total of \$208,886.05 was collected, while the total operating cost was \$105,013.64.

Postmasters may not open letters or parcels which cannot be delivered and lack a return address; only those assigned to such duty in the Dead Letter Division may do so, and they are supposed to look only at the top and bottom of a letter. Even if they see something that would incriminate the sender they can't do anything about it, for the rules say that no information con-

tained in sealed correspondence "while in custody of the postal service" can be used as evidence for arrest or for any purpose detrimental to the sender or the addressee. If there is suspicion of wrongdoing, the addressee is usually asked to come and get the letter; then, when it is in his hands, a postal official can confiscate it.

Sometimes the return address is left off a letter because the sender doesn't want it traced back to him. One such letter, sent to a general delivery address and not called for, contained \$50,000 worth of bonds. They were traced as part of the loot of a robbery and returned to their owner.

Of the 13 million-odd pieces of mail that went to the Dead Letter Office last year, nearly 3,000,000 were returned to the senders. Ten and a half million were destroyed, and 60,300 that contained valuable enclosures were filed to await possible reclamation. — Garnett D. Horner

¶ How an 88-year-old ex-schoolmistress is leading old people to happiness through a return to active life

New Life for the Old

Condensed from Survey Graphic

George Kent

IN A three-room office in San Francisco, a white-haired ex-schoolmistress is leading hundreds of old men and women to happiness by showing them how to return self-confidently to active life. While Townsendites and other pensioners talk of a soft old age, she, for 20 years, has been bidding old people learn new skills, get jobs, travel and, if you please, live dangerously. "Don't be a stuffed turkey," she tells them.

The woman is Dr. Lillian Martin, herself 88, professor emeritus of Leland Stanford University. To Dr. Martin's Old Age Center come elderly people of all classes: frowzy old men off park benches and bored mink-coated dowagers. For the inspiration and guidance they receive, the wealthy leave a fee. The poor pay nothing, although now and then they gratefully bring a basket of eggs or a trifle of handiwork.

In this simple office men and women over 50 hear the plain truth about their faults and weaknesses — from the lips of one like themselves, an old woman who is on their side and who, although at times drastic in her criticism, treats

them as human beings of capacity and ability.

One sour old man of 70 had been an ogre in the home of his son, partly because he was rich, mostly because once he had been active and now he had nothing to do. The feeling that he was unnecessary embittered him, as it does many old people, and he took it out on the little household.

His wealth consisted chiefly of a block of canning company stock. Dr. Martin asked him casually if he had ever visited a cannery or seen the orchards and farms owned by the corporation. No, he had never thought of it. When Dr. Martin proposed that they drive to a nearby cannery, he agreed eagerly. That excursion changed his life. Soon he was visiting other canneries, trudging over miles of pea and tomato farm land. He was intelligent and observant enough to make helpful suggestions to the management. One of his tours took him as far as Panama, where he investigated a transportation angle of the industry. The moment this old man found a channel for his excess energy and had reason to believe he

was *participating* in the world about him, he ceased to be a tyrant in the home.

Of the hundreds Lillian Martin has helped, she herself is the best example of the effectiveness of her methods. She learned to drive a car at the age of 76 — although it took her 50 hours of driving lessons. Since then she has driven six times across the continent. During the past 10 years this amazing woman has circled the world twice, making studies of social and industrial conditions. A year ago, she traveled 20,000 miles through city and jungle in South America, a trip for which she prepared by learning Spanish and typing. She and a crew of four 60-year-olds are operating a 64-acre farm at a profit. Before buying the farm, she confides, she had not so much as watered a geranium.

When Lillian Martin retired from the Stanford department of psychology at 65, she was, to conventional eyes, an old woman, finished with life. But having no taste for idleness, she began working with problem children, and established what is said to have been the first child guidance clinic in America. One day a report on one of her patients, a neurotic 12-year-old boy, indicated that he was being seriously harmed by the bullying of a fatuous grandfather. The report concluded: "The problem is: How to scrap the old man?"

Dr. Martin studied the report,

then scribbled on the margin: "Not scrap — *salvage*."

Out of that memorandum sprang the Old Age Center. Dr. Martin perceived that, like children, men and women over 50 are often victims of their own fears and feeling of insecurity. In self-defense they develop a tendency to resist change, to be self-centered and obstinate. And, like children, they are helped by activity, for it gives them something to think about besides their aches and lost youth.

"When your body moves, so does your mind," is one of Dr. Martin's favorite aphorisms, and she dares, teases and tricks old people into activity — gardening, weaving, painting, woodworking. Many of her clients now make baskets or toy furniture or have found other profitable occupations which bring them enough income to cover their living expenses. She looks with horror on well-meaning young people who will not let aged relatives cook or shop or even make their own beds, who are happiest when the old folks are sitting in the front porch rockers.

Inspired by Dr. Martin, one elderly woman suddenly insisted on doing her married son's housework, demanding for her services a dollar each Saturday. Her son finally let her do it, wondering what she wanted the money for. He found out the following Saturday when she packed a picnic basket and took his two children to the coun-

try for the day. She wanted them to get away from the city, to learn of birds and growing things. The effect on the children was gratifying. But the change in the old lady was revolutionary. From a life of somnolence she had gone to a five-day week of housework topped off by a strenuous Saturday in the country. She kept it up regularly week after week — and the entire family was happier.

At the Old Age Center, Dr. Martin gets old people to make plans, to think of the future instead of the past, to set themselves a goal and work for it. When they read a newspaper, she tells them to understand and remember what they read — and, as an aid, to write short essays or summaries. She suggests they read aloud rapidly two or three minutes every day to help their concentration and overcome the slow, meandering speech common to the old.

She urges old people to walk briskly — seeing, hearing and smelling, instead of daydreaming. A block covered this way is worth a mile of shuffling. She urges them to visit new places, explore unknown parts of the town. Be interested and alive to the world, she tells them, for in boredom and ennui lies true old age.

As a responsible psychologist, Dr. Martin turns over to physicians any patients showing symptoms of serious degenerative diseases or genuine senility — the real physical ills of old age needing medical care.

When there is no basic malady involved, she recommends exercise, not of the violent variety but mild calisthenics that will keep the joints oiled and stimulate blood circulation. Typing is good for limbering up the fingers. Polishing silver or wiping dishes serves the same purpose.

Knowing the psychological value of appearing well, Dr. Martin persuades the ladies to abandon their weeds for brighter costumes; to overcome the rigid set of the face by exercising the facial muscles daily before a mirror. She aroused one old man to life simply by giving him a gay necktie. He was so pleased with it that he shaved off his beard, the better to display his cravat. Minus the beard, he looked young enough to get a job as watchman in an apartment house.

Stores and factories have repeatedly called in Dr. Martin to hold clinics for the rehabilitation of their elderly workers. Often the cause for a decline in output is found not in age but in jealousy, lack of recognition, a troublesome situation at home or some other emotional factor. In many instances, Dr. Martin has unearthed latent abilities in veteran workers that brought promotions and increased salaries. In virtually every case, she has hauled them out of their ruts, and changed them from grumbling, fearful individuals into cheerful, confident and efficient workers.

One 61-year-old clerk who had

been with a dry-goods firm 20 years had come to the point where he was more interested in smoothing the wrinkles out of cloth than in making sales. His slowness exasperated the customers. At noon he walked half a block to a cafeteria where he ate each day the same lunch — alone. He did not prop a newspaper against his coffee cup because news did not interest him. He did not take a walk because he was afraid of a fancied high blood pressure. In the evening he would listen to the radio, play a little solitaire, and then go to bed.

Dr. Martin's first suggestion was that he always find someone, anyone, to eat lunch with. At these lunches, he was to talk about current events — which meant reading the newspapers. He followed instructions, and before long his desire for social contacts grew and he joined a Masonic lodge and a boating club.

To improve his record at the store, Dr. Martin suggested he practice rolling and unrolling bolts of cloth for 10 minutes each day with a view to increasing his speed.

This, plus the vitality that came from mingling with other people, had the desired effect. His sales rose perceptibly and soon he was selling well above the average of his department.

Dr. Martin believes wholeheartedly that the old have a place in industry, that there is no deadline. In compensation for their lack of strength and speed, they have stability. They are more careful, spoil less material, are less likely to change jobs. When mellow and well balanced, they improve the morale and sense of responsibility, and with it the productivity of all the youngsters about them.

Dr. Martin does not "view with alarm" the steady increase of the old age segment of our population. She has always believed that men and women over 50 have a great deal to contribute to society, that they are a tremendous reservoir of talent and energy which we have ignored and wasted, much as we wasted our nation's physical resources. We have begun to conserve the land. In time, we will learn to conserve the riches of old age.



WHAT ON EARTH would a man do with himself if something did not stand in his way? — H. G. Wells

Nobody ever sees his own face in the glass. What he observes there is a compound, divided into three parts: one part himself as he really is, one part representing what he expects to see, and a third part, what he wishes to behold. — Richard Burton, *Little Essays in Literature and Life*

America's Aerial Destiny

Condensed from Current History

Don Wharton

THE UNITED STATES is becoming the world's greatest air power. Our flying supremacy will presently be as obvious as was Britain's supremacy of theseas. This is not boastful prophecy based on paper plans; it is an objective summary of what is happening today.

Our total strength of war planes is being pushed up to 8500. Gigantic air bases are being hewn out of American wildernesses from the Arctic to the tropics. Our civilian pilot reservoir has been increased nearly 10,000 in a single year. Our aircraft production facilities have been doubled and are still increasing. We are becoming the war-plane arsenal for half a dozen nations. We are rapidly getting a strangle hold on the world's commercial market.

In the Army and Navy combined we have about 4500 planes including reserves, trainers and cargo craft. Next June will find us with nearly 5500 planes in the Army Air Corps alone; the Navy expects to have 3000. Today we have only 39 Flying Fortresses. By June 1941 we shall have over 175. Some say this is too few. But nobody else has any comparable long-range bombers at all.

The far-flung air base systems of the Army and Navy sweep in a great U from Alaska down to the Canal Zone and Puerto Rico, thence up the Atlantic seaboard to New England. Roughly one third of the bases are built, two thirds are under construction. These bases will give us a reach to the east, west, south and north — the top of the globe which some strategists expect to become the key of the air world. From these bases one fifth of the surface of the earth is within our present bombing radius. Forty percent of the globe is closer to these bases than to those of any other air power.

A huge army training program is providing pilots and ground crews for all the planes we shall build. In addition, the Civil Aeronautics Authority is financing civilian air training in 437 colleges, expects to have about 10,000 students trained by this month. In many cities local sponsors are providing additional funds. And private flying is booming as never before. The CAA expects certified civilian pilots to number 40,000 by summer — more than in any other nation — and 95,000 by 1944.

More important is the addition of 60,000 aircraft workers to our factory personnel. Night schools have been running in many plants. In some factories, two men stand beside each machine — one a learner. The military significance of doubling our factory, field and pilot personnel is not simply that we can build and fly twice as many planes but that we have the leaders and teachers for another doubling, if emergency should so require.

Our plant expansion is as great a military surprise as Hitler's 19-day conquest of Poland. A year ago the Army was wondering whether our factories could complete its 5500-plane program on schedule. Now it appears that many planes will be delivered ahead of time while the plants also turn out thousands of war planes for the British, French, and half a dozen other nations, plus the greatest commercial orders in our industry's history.

In 1938 we produced \$109,000,000 worth of aircraft. This year the figure will exceed \$500,000,000. A year ago it was feared that the problem of producing engines of 1000 or more horsepower would delay our defense program. Today we have plants built and building which by summer can turn them out at a rate which only Germany can exceed, and Germany's lead could be overtaken by putting our factories on a wartime basis.

Much of the plant expansion is in a sense a gift. The French were so

anxious to get engines from Wright and Pratt & Whitney that they advanced each company the funds for new factories which roughly doubled their engine production.

Equally significant is the development of American liquid-cooled engines. For years, our military plane engines have been air-cooled. The Germans and British got ahead of us on liquid-cooled engines. In early February, however, the Army announced that a liquid-cooled engine put out by the Allison plant at Indianapolis (a General Motors outfit) was giving our new pursuit plane, Bell's *Airacobra*, a speed of 400 miles an hour with a full military load. That's faster than any other American pursuit plane, faster perhaps than any in the world.

Further developments in liquid-cooled and Diesel engines may be expected as a result of the work of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the government-financed center for fundamental research. In some particulars the NACA's laboratory at Langley Field, Virginia, leads the world. But with Germany putting six times as much man power as we into research, the NACA persuaded Congress to provide a second laboratory, at Sunnyvale, California, which by summer will be kicking up wind tunnel speeds with motors three times as powerful as Langley's. Now the NACA is asking for a third laboratory. Meanwhile the engine makers themselves are putting large portions of their

extra earnings into research, and aircraft builders, who will earn in 1940 as much as gross sales amounted to in 1936, are pouring funds into experimental ships.

Equally important, the industry is building up repeat business to keep plants humming after the Army expansion program is completed and British-French war orders have ended. Simply to keep the Army and Navy squadrons at the new strength, our plants will have to turn out some 1500 planes a year. Twice as many private planes were built in 1939 as in 1938, and sales are high again this year.

The domestic airline boom is even more spectacular. The magnificent safety record of more than a full year without a death or serious injury has brought many more passengers to the ticket windows. This year the airlines will probably fly a billion passenger miles — an increase of 50 percent in two years. Air mail and air express have also increased. More feeder lines have been opened, larger airports built.

There's still another boom — in overseas flying. The Pan-American Clippers expect soon to fly the Atlantic six days a week. Pan-American plans lines to Alaska and Australia — whereupon it will have planes shuttling Americans to every continent except Africa. And it lands passengers within 90 minutes' air distance of that continent. American Export is planning to establish

a second transatlantic line. Commercially we are the most air-minded nation in the world. Britain's sea power in part resulted from her great merchant marine and we are repeating in the air.

Even before the war foreign sales of American airplanes exceeded those of all other nations put together. In a few places Germany and Italy outsold us through barter agreements and long-term credit schemes. But what was a clear lead has now been turned into a clear field. American commercial planes are becoming standard equipment the world over. In South Africa recently, German-built planes were grounded because of inability to get spare parts. Eight British planes were grounded in Uruguay for the same reason. In February the Argentine government suspended Buenos Aires-Montevideo cargo service until unsafe Italian planes could be replaced. Most American manufacturers ask only to get their planes into a country, believing that the same factors which gave American automobiles the world market — mass production, improved models, ubiquitous servicing — will mean repeat orders.

We are the only major power whose potential enemies all lie on the other side of an ocean. None has bombers with ranges equaling that of our Flying Fortresses — 3200 miles, which means a war radius (go, maneuver, bomb and return) of at least 1200 miles. Hence,

none can bomb us without first building bases near our boundaries — bases which our bombers should be able to destroy before use. Or without resorting to nonprofitable hit-and-run raids from carriers. We have planes in the blueprint stage which, from Hawaii, could bomb Tokyo and return — or Saarbrücken from an Atlantic base and return.

If we can plan such ships, of course, so can others. But geography is on our side. Should ranges increase until transatlantic bombing is practical, all Germany could

be within range of our bases, only eight of our eastern states in range of theirs. All Japan would lie under the threat of our Hawaiian and Alaskan bases without Japan being able to reach our Pacific shore line.

Nevertheless, geography is worthless without the air power to exploit it. To keep our expanded air fleets up to strength and up to date, once they are built, may cost as much as it used to cost to run our whole Navy. But it is the price of American air supremacy — and national safety.



They Take the Long Way Home

By Frank J. Taylor

DRIVE-AWAYS," in the vernacular of the automobile industry, are customers who take delivery of new cars at the factory. Once considered nuisances, they are now courted at the motor meccas, Detroit, Flint, Pontiac and South Bend. Personable young men escort these factory-delivery customers along the assembly lines. They are given lunch in the factory cafeterias as guests of the management, and finally sped on their way with 10 gallons of free gas. Last year more than 100,000 Americans made a holiday of driving their new cars home from the factory.

The bulk of these drive-aways come from the Pacific coast, because the freight saving on a medium-priced car

is around \$170. Dealers in the far West urge: "Fly to Detroit; drive home. A fine trip and a new car, all for the price of a car delivered here." (Orders must be given through your dealer, who gets a commission.)

The key to the warm welcome given drive-aways is not merely that they spend \$50,000,000 a year for cars, but that they wear them out faster than other customers: it is nothing for Mr. and Mrs. Drive-away to make side trips which put thousands of extra miles on their car before they get home. Perhaps the most important factor is that everywhere they go they talk about the good time they had at the factory and how well their car is built. Drive-aways are super-salesmen.

King Carol of Rumania.

Condensed from Life

John Phillips

CAROL OF RUMANIA has been pointed out as a horrible example to all the young princes of Europe for nearly a quarter of a century. No other man has so steadily made the front pages under unfavorable headlines. He deserted his pretty wife, Princess Helen of Greece, for a red-headed mistress. He appeared on state occasions with a shaky stance and a day-old beard. His father disowned him for "repeated moral delinquencies." King George V called him "that bounder" and refused to house him in Buckingham Palace.

In the face of such bad publicity, it has been difficult for the world to realize that in a practical sense Carol is really almost all that a king should be. Most modern kings are figureheads. Carol, however, is an excellent executive. He is the smartest politician in the Balkans. He makes a deal with Germany one day, a concession to England the next, counters a Russian move the third. While Austria, Czechoslovakia, Albania and Poland were disappearing, Carol kept the crazy-quilt pattern of Rumania inviolate. Populated by 19,500,000, Rumania

is not a nation but a glorious hodgepodge of 17 different minorities strung together by a majority of Rumanian-speaking people. If Rumania is to survive, Carol must do the job of saving it; and he is well equipped to succeed.

Carol was born in 1893, first son of the amazing Queen Marie. According to his mother's memoirs, at an early age "Carol was all order and precision, with an underlying impulse to rule, subdue, restrict."

As a youth he was not happy. His mother placed her personal ambition before everything. Her endless string of favorites made a ludicrous figure of King Ferdinand. Her intrigues eventually brought about her son's exile and renunciation of the throne. It was a favorite of Marie's, Premier Prince Stirbey, who started the whispering campaign against Carol which was meant to kill him politically. Carol later slapped Stirbey publicly, tore out his private telephone to Marie's room, and made him a political nonentity.

Shortly after the war, in which he did not distinguish himself, Carol went to Russia, where he impulsively married a commoner

named Zizi Lambrino. For this his father had him confined to barracks. The family turmoil lasted for a year, after which Carol broke with Zizi, tried twice to commit suicide, and set off on a trip around the world. Upon his return he married Princess Helen of Greece, in 1921, a union that was dissolved seven years later.

Carol's next half-dozen years saw a series of quarrels with his family and intrigues with minority political interests which reached a peak when Ferdinand died in 1927. In Paris, where he was living, Carol proclaimed himself king. His mother denied the claim and established the regency of Mihaj, then five years old. Carol bided his time. By 1930, Rumania was sick of the incompetence of all Marie's ministries. On June 7, with the Chamber of Deputies voting 310 to 1 that he had been king ever since his father's death, and with planes writing his name in the sky, Carol settled down in Bucharest to begin his troubled reign.

His position was precarious. He needed security — for himself, and for Rumania because greedy neighbors claim half its territory. Lacking able, loyal subordinates such as are plentiful in England and Germany, Carol gathered around him an unscrupulous bunch of toughs. With these he set out to reduce, one by one, every power in Rumania except himself.

"Divide and reign" was Carol's

motto. By 1937 the only power which could stand up to him was the infamous Iron Guard, led by handsome young Zelea Codreanu, which received its ideology and its cash from Germany. Its gangs roamed the streets, robbing citizens, beating up Jews.

Carol stood the Iron Guard until it became so powerful that no government could keep order. Then, ignoring Codreanu, he called to the premiership Octavian Goga, a Jew-baiting poet. Carol's idea was to give Rumania a dose of terrorism that it would never forget, without letting the Iron Guard's leader entrench himself. For 45 days Goga reveled in pogroms, until the country recoiled in horror. Then Goga left the palace shaking with fury, his government dismissed. Codreanu was jailed and, within a year, shot. Since then, Carol has not been seriously menaced from within.

The army is the King's pride and joy. One of his first acts when he came to the throne was to purge it and raise its pay. It is both a bulwark against foreign foes and an ally against all the petty internal intrigue. But Rumania is badly prepared for war, and its army of 1,200,000 is useful mainly as a diplomatic lever. As his external difficulties increase, Carol's strategy is to place a bet on every possible winner and keep them all guessing. The fact that no one knows exactly where he stands from one day to the next is his best weapon.

Carol is not a patriot like Beneš of Czechoslovakia or Schuschnigg of Austria. If his country goes, Carol will enjoy himself wherever he lands. But he will not let Rumania

go without a fight — a colder, shrewder fight than greater men might wage. He enjoys the job of king and will work his head off to keep it.



Paradoxically Speaking

¶ THE FOUR YEARS of the World War, 1914-18, were among the happiest I ever spent. I shared a task with men of every type and every social station, and was admitted to a fellowship so rare as almost to justify the beastliness which made it possible. There is at least this to be said for war: you live simply, if at all, and you do so in the company of men at their best, spurred to a passionate unselfishness by a common purpose which at other times is lacking.

The tragedy of war is that the sense of fellowship it engenders seems unable to survive the coming of peace. It is an arresting paradox that mutual service, the seed of that all-embracing sympathy which would make war impossible, appears to flourish best in a blood-soaked soil.

— Harold Dearden, *The Wind of Circumstance* (Reynal & Hitchcock)

¶ ONE OF the most mawkish of human delusions is the notion that friendship should be life-long. The fact is that a man of resilient mind outwears his friendships just as certainly as he outwears his love affairs and his politics. They become threadbare, and every act and attitude that they involve becomes an act of hypocrisy.

A prudent man, remembering that life is short, examines his friendships critically now and then. A few he retains, but the majority he expunges from his minutes and tries to forget.

— H. L. Mencken, *Selected Prejudices* (Knopf)

¶ IT IS CUSTOMARY for the happy pair celebrating their anniversary to let it be understood that for 25 years "we have never had a cross word." I am not going to be guilty of any such nonsense. We have had frightful rows. We are quite capable of having a frightful row tomorrow. To me, the conception of two people living together for 25 years without having a cross word suggests a lack of spirit only to be admired in a sheep. Where there is spirit there must be sparks.

The only hint I would offer on the subject of a happy marriage is, "Don't imagine that your first row will be the end of everything." It may be the end, but it is more likely to be the real beginning.

— A. P. Herbert in *London News-Chronicle*

❧ Confessions of the *Daily Worker* editor whose "un-Communist" review of *Gone With the Wind* was the final straw that caused him to quit the Reds

Rebirth of an American

Condensed from The American Magazine

Howard Rushmore

RECENTLY a young fellow who had read of my resignation from the Communist Party wrote me that he was glad the Reds were losing their grip on the youth of this country. But he wondered why I, a tenth-generation American, had joined the Stalin group in the first place.

I told him that I became a Communist because I had believed that the way to true democracy was through Communism, and that I resigned because I learned in the Red schoolhouse that I was wrong.

The Communists' hatred for me is deep. "Rushmore, you're a traitor — the proletariat will take care of you," threatened one of my former Red friends. I was reminded that in Russia I would have been shot for denouncing "the Party."

I spent six years in their organization — years of sacrifice and poverty and blind loyalty. I was managing editor of the Young Communist League's official paper, state organizer of that group for the Dakotas, and assistant state organizer for the Communist Party in Iowa. As the party hierarchy goes, those were high positions. But I

didn't want power; I wanted the answers to a lot of questions I thought the Communist system could answer.

I was born in 1912, of a long line of New England and Great Plains farmers. When I was eight, my father lost his job in the railroad yards of Sheridan, Wyoming, and took advantage of the government homestead offers to "prove up" a 320-acre claim. We had no irrigation, no modern machinery; a flat-bed wagon was our only means of transportation. From spring thaws until September frosts Dad was constantly planting, cultivating, harvesting. My mother helped with the chores, milking the cows, slopping the hogs, tending the huge garden and canning the vegetables that would be our winter food. They grew old before my eyes.

"Are my parents *always* to be poor?" I asked my teacher in the village school. "Remember," she answered solemnly, "what Abe Lincoln said: 'God must love the common people, for He made so many of them.'"

Why couldn't she have told me that democracy is as slow as it is

great; that homesteading had not reached the stage where the government could give its farmers modern machinery and irrigation; that some people had to work hard and reap little because democracy had not reached the point of perfect equality?

When I was 14 my parents moved to Missouri. "Howard likes to read," I had heard my father say. "Reckon we'd better get him in a school where he can get education and make something of himself." We rented a little house in Mexico, Missouri, and Dad landed a job wheeling tile in the local brick plant.

During our first two years there I read half the books in the town library. I learned of social conflicts and unrest. I discovered that democracy had produced many greedy men who loved not country but self. A book on Mussolini pictured a new life under a new banner. When I asked my history teacher, "Is fascism practical? Does it eliminate corruption?" she merely said, "You shouldn't read such books until you're older and can understand them."

During my first year in high school I worked from 5 p.m. until midnight at the brick plant, stacking heavy clay. Seven hours' work netted me 70 cents, \$3.50 a week. Then, like thousands of youths during the depression years, I took to the road. I spent the summer in Washington, picking cherries, apples and peaches in the blazing sun. The pay was ten cents an hour; the peaches sold back

home for five cents each. I spoke of this inequality of supply and demand to a young picker in the next tree.

"Brother, I ain't worryin' about that," he shrugged. "In a week they'll all be picked. Where do we go from here?"

I became a part of migratory labor, doubtful of tomorrow, uncertain of today. We rode in boxcars reeking of manure. We ate together in "jungles," huddling against the cold. The hope went out of us. I saw Jackie, a black-haired little fellow from the East, miss his grip on a fast-moving freight and go under the wheels. "He's better off," someone said. "He ain't got nothin' to worry about now."

I returned home to find conditions there even worse. One day in the library I picked up a book on the Russian experiment and was overpowered by a flood of new ideas from a new world. My mind was receptive then and had this been a book on democracy in action, explaining that gradually democracy was doing things to help jobless youth, the aged and the sick, I would have clung to democracy with renewed conviction. But there was no such book, and I don't know of one today. So, weary of poverty, bewildered by selfishness and ignorance, I grasped the new utopia.

There was a chapter glorifying the achievements of young Russian factory workers, farmers, writers. "He who has the youth has the fu-

ture" was the Communist slogan that convinced me. I joined the party.

The air of mystery and intrigue seemed glamorous to me; the party workers, heroes. For two years I never questioned an act or a slogan of the Communist Party. I saw democracy's faults exaggerated. I wrote "proletarian" short stories that were accepted by the radical magazines. In 1935 I went to New York to attend a writers' congress. While there the *Young Worker*, a weekly paper published by the Young Communist League, invited me to become its managing editor. The bushy-haired editor informed me that the salary was \$10 a week. "But isn't it better," he added, "than working for a capitalist lie-sheet?" I helped write class-conscious stories of youth in strikes and revolutionary activity. I wrote features and a column. I averaged 14 hours a day, and loved it. My salary provided only two meals a day, sometimes none, but that helped me acquire the necessary persecution complex.

During that first year a Communist official whom I had met failed to show up at his office one day. The records disclosed a \$2000 shortage.

"Why can't the theory of communism overcome these capitalist inhibitions of our comrades?" I asked the editor of the *Young Worker*. He said the fault was in the individual. "But if individuals are weak, then the theory has no meaning," I argued. "You have a bourgeois out-

look, Comrade Rushmore," the editor said coldly. I was perhaps too much of an idealist, but I had joined the party to escape just such things. My code contained principles of honesty and loyalty and these were being violated.

Neither could I approve the loose morals of the Young Communists. Some of the love affairs I saw exceeded the limits of decency and common sense. My blind faith in the "party line" wavered.

I was still wondering what to do when suddenly the party turned from European slogans to "Americanism." Jackson, Lincoln, Jefferson became Communist heroes overnight. But it was merely a ruse to rid the party of its foreign taint. Many people who joined the party during that "red, white and blue" period saw through the hypocrisy when Earl Browder, national secretary, supported the Hitler-Stalin pact and Russia's invasion of Finland.

But I struggle to be faithful to my ideal. I wanted to help the jobless and the hopeless I had known. "I need organizational experience," I told the editor one day. So I was appointed Young Communist League organizer for North and South Dakota. There I spent six months, recruiting a few farm youths. Then I assisted the party organizer in Iowa. But I could not make myself a rabble rouser, preying on lost hopes.

In one locality we instigated a sit-down strike in relief headquar-

ters. The cops were called and tear gas thrown. A baby in the arms of a woman striker was burned.

"It wasn't worth it, Jack," I said to the organizer afterwards.

"Why not?" he demanded. "We recruited two new party members and won a lot of support."

"But we didn't get food for the people, and a baby got hurt. We can't build a sound political organization on hatred," I said.

Returning to New York, I was hired as a reporter by the Communist *Daily Worker*, and eventually edited the magazine section of its Sunday edition. Soon I learned that this newspaper's editorial board was more intolerant and dogmatic than any straw boss I had ever encountered in the Missouri brick plant. In one article I mentioned that Browder had been booed. An editor substituted, "His speech was enthusiastically received."

"But," I remonstrated, "that's not true. You couldn't hear the applause for the boos."

"History," he replied sternly, "will award Comrade Browder a place in the Socialist sun. Who are you to dim that light?"

When the Hitler-Stalin pact was signed, we all had to become experts at distortion. It was a move for peace, the editors wrote. When Russia attacked Finland, Stalin was still a "figure of world peace." I thought of what the *Young Worker* editor had said about "capitalist liesheets." I was a liar for Josef Stalin.

My last work for the Communist Party was a review of *Gone With the Wind*. I found the picture entertaining and fairly truthful. The editorial board, none of whom had seen the film, thought differently. "Any picture that supports the South can't be truthful," the Negro member told me. "You'll have to rewrite the review and eliminate the bias. The party line is that nothing in the South is either decent or democratic."

"Democratic?" I cried. "You intolerant bigots speak of democracy!" I put the review in my pocket, wrote a short note of resignation, and left the *Daily Worker* and the Communist Party forever. Today I am an American again. I can say what I please and write what I please, and in the world today that is a privilege I value as much as life itself.

I joined the Communist Party because I did not understand democracy. I did not know, while I was in the brick plant, while I was on the freight trains, while I was a Communist, that democracy was working in its own slow way to do the things I wanted it to do. I believed democracy owed me everything. Now I know I owe a debt to democracy. Six years of my life have not been wasted.

I do not feel bitter toward the Communists. They have shown me the faults of America, but also convinced me that democracy is the only way to mend them.

¶ When war began in France — the pathos of human lives caught in the military machine

“Mobilisation Générale!”

Condensed from Blackwood's Magazine

The Hon. Lady Fortescue

Author of “Perfume from Provence,” “Sunset House,” etc.

THOUSANDS upon thousands of French soldiers, bearded, begrimed, exhausted, marching in a kind of despairing stupor; some dropping by the roadside to unlace boots filled with blood. One stumbling along with a baby in his arms. His wife had died a few days before he was called up; there was no time to find a foster-mother, no money to pay her if she could have been found. And so he marched with his baby in his arms until some compassionate women rescued it and will tend it until he comes back — if he comes back.

The peasant women of our village lined the roads to watch. Their own husbands, fathers, sons and brothers had been called up two days before. Were *they* looking like these men now? Suddenly a rough-looking *poilu* of middle age broke rank and, striding up to a young mother holding her baby boy, gruffly asked if he might kiss the child. All the women began to cry.

Up and down and in between those dusty ranks ran lost and limping dogs, sniffing tirelessly in search of masters. Left at home, they had broken loose and followed, sustained

by the hope that in another moment the familiar scent would reward that faithful questing nose.

This is *Mobilisation Générale*. Few of us English and Americans living in France had realized how those two words could kill the happiness and tranquillity of every home.

Our personal share in the national agony began when a three-starred General asked if we could house some of his officers and men. Our one fear, since war was declared, had been that the French army would find no use for us. Soon we were to find that everything we had to offer was pitifully inadequate, when hundreds of overladen and weary men stumbled into our courtyards and sagged against our walls, hoping that we would give them shelter and perhaps be kind to them. We had already housed their officers in our bedrooms, on divans in our sitting rooms, and on camp-beds in our corridors. Now garages, stables, laundries and outbuildings must shelter the men. We scoured the country for planks to cover earth and cement floors; for straw to

cover the planks. We made mattresses out of clothes bags and gardener's sacks. We lent rugs and carpets. Many of the men had not yet received their army blankets (imagine the task of providing for 6,000,000 men from the skin outward); we dragged forth bath mats and dressing gowns to cover them, anything that might give warmth.

We were all leading a strange life. Typewriters tapped in the laundry of my neighbor, now the office of a colonel of infantry, and in her stable an army barber daily cut the hair of *poilus*. A *mitrailleuse* posed on the roof-terrace of my little Sunset House, another beside the log-shed. And the bread and wine of the French soldiers — a fitting sacrament — on the altar of my little chapel, for even there soldiers were sleeping. They had arrived at night, in rain, and this was the last refuge I had to offer. One man demurred that he could not sleep in so sacred a place, but I persuaded him that *La Sainte Vierge* would prefer to know her sons dry and warm, sheltering with Her.

In the kitchen I would find half-naked *poilus* surrounding the stone water reservoir, scrubbing each other's backs joyously. My laundry was always occupied by soldiers washing underclothes. I haunted these lower regions, for I found that the *poilus* were but lost children who needed comforting. The smallest thing one did for them was received with touching gratitude —

a mirror hung up to assist the ceremony of shaving; wet coats dried in the kitchen — little, obvious things which seemed to them great and unexpected.

They were all eager to render Madame service. When they found out that every morning my crop of jasmine must be picked, one and all clamored to help. With baskets slung around their waists, they moved along the jasmine terraces picking with both hands. At the end they asked if I would allow them to send two blossoms each to their wives. They explained that they were forbidden to tell where they were, but that if they enclosed jasmine flowers their wives would know they were safe in our beautiful Midi, far from the fighting line.

One morning as I breathed the spiced fragrance of my garden's lemon verbenas, scented geranium and the jasmine, I found it almost impossible to believe myself in a world at war. And then I saw a strange and horrible sight. Crawling between the hedges of jasmine were hideous monsters, with enormous sightless eyes, and long trunks projecting from swinish snouts. My heart missed several beats until I realized that those monsters were my *poilus* picking my blossoms in gas masks. Their officer had ordered the masks worn for an hour to accustom the men to their use, and it was the hour for the picking of Madame's jasmine.

I grew fond of my *poilus*. Grad-

ually they confided to us their troubles. We had noticed a general depression unusual in volatile Frenchmen even under trying conditions. The General told us that their mail had gone astray and the men had had no letters since they left home. One of them had been called up on the day his wife's accouchement was due; he did not know if she were alive, whether he was the father of a son or a daughter. Another had had to leave his crops unharvested — only a daughter of 16 in the house, and he could give her but 20 francs to go on with. Still another had been called up before he had got in the hay and potatoes. His old parents were left alone up in the mountains, they never could get in the crops before snow came. There were no neighbors, their mule and cart had been taken by the army, they depended upon potatoes for food during the winter — and he had had no news. Most of the others also came from farms, their thoughts torn between their *patrie* and their own little bit of soil — both needing them.

Their kindly General asked whether we could devise some way of distracting the sad thoughts of those men who, when darkness fell, huddled together in garages and

barns, their gloom enlivened by a single candle; for our tiny village does not boast even a café. We found a *festa* tent still unrequisioned. It was not even waterproof; but it was gay with white and scarlet stripes. This was erected in the middle of the village and every night five to six hundred soldiers crowded into it, played cards or dominoes, perhaps wrote a letter, and listened to the gramophone. There from 6 till 9 each night we stood and delivered hot coffee and chocolate.

When the news came that the men billeted on our mountain were to be moved on, many were in tears. Our address book overflowed with names and the complicated numbers of companies, regiments and battalions. I was given the addresses of wives, and begged to write that their husbands were well and gay (even if they were not) when they left me.

They left before dawn. I crept out to watch a serpent of red coil up and around our mountains — the rear lights of army lorries taking our soldiers away from us to a destination unknown.

They had gone, but others came. They are still coming, and will come. For how long?



A man always has two reasons for doing anything — a good reason and the real reason.

— J. Pierpont Morgan

❧ The forgotten story of Donald McKay, who made
American sailing ships the fastest things afloat

Clipper Ship Genius

Condensed from The Nautical Gazette

Alexander Laing

Author of "The Sea Witch," "Sailing In," etc.

FOR TWO DECADES American clipper ships whistled up and down the oceans of the world, spearing the fat plums of trade and giving America a brilliant era of maritime supremacy. Speed meant profits and by the early 1840's sleek little ships in the China trade occasionally sailed 300 miles in 24 hours. Builders were dreaming of a ship that would put 400 nautical miles behind her in a day. "Arrogant Yankee bounce," snorted the captains of lumbering British merchantmen. But in March 1853 the Yankee dream came true by a margin that jarred nautical fuddy-duddies to their garboard strakes. Donald McKay's *Sovereign of the Seas*, approaching Cape Horn, reeled off 421 nautical miles in 24 hours!

Four years later his *Lightning* logged 430 miles, noon to noon. Since then not a single wind-driven ship has exceeded the 400-mark; a generation passed before a steamer could sustain such speed in deep water. In the entire history of the world, only 13 runs better than 400 miles a day were made under sail—12 of them by ships launched from the yard of Donald McKay.

What was McKay's secret? What special talents made him the greatest builder of wooden ships that ever lived? Born in Nova Scotia in 1810, he came to New York at 16, signing an indenture "to learn the art, trade and mystery of a ship carpenter" under Isaac Webb. For \$2.50 a week he agreed among other things to abstain altogether from the perils of "taverns, playhouses and matrimony." From Webb he acquired the rudiments of naval architecture. He learned to select and hew ship timbers, how to draw in chalk the shape of a vessel's frame, and then to cut patterns of thin wood that were nailed against timbers in the yards to guide the saw. All was hand labor; timbers weighing a ton or more were heaved into place by man power.

Despite grueling hours of work, the young shipwright found time to look about him and absorb the new ideas fermenting in American shipyards of the '30's. John Bull's chunky high-pooed merchantmen—"ships of burden"—were being challenged by American designers. Yankee ships, made slender and shallow to outrun the British block-

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ade during the Napoleonic Wars, had grown sharper and swifter. The term "clipper" was being applied to them, since to "clip along" meant to go at a rapid pace. And the clippers lived up to their name by making three trips to China while their slow-footed English rivals made two. Swift passages meant larger profits, not only in more voyages but in the enhanced value of perishable cargoes. Long sea voyages were harmful to fine teas, for example, and a single day gained might add as much as \$2000 to the value of a tea cargo.

Upon completion of his apprenticeship, McKay hung out his shingle at Newburyport, Mass., and in 1842 built his first ship, the *Courier*, 392 tons, for the South American coffee trade. McKay dismayed conservative New Englanders by giving the *Courier* a sharp bow and a flattish bottom, instead of the traditional V-shape; but the *Courier's* slashing first voyage to Rio proved that McKay's principles were correct.

Enoch Train, wealthy Boston shipowner who wished to establish a transatlantic service, asked McKay to build a ship for him. On the day the *Josbua Bates*, pioneer ship of the afterwards famous Boston-Liverpool Line, was launched at Newburyport, Train grasped McKay's hand and said: "Come to Boston; we need you. If you wish financial assistance you shall have it."

McKay was scarcely 34 when he

opened his East Boston shipyard. Between 1845 and 1850 he built five packets for Train's Liverpool Line — ships sturdy enough to buck North Atlantic storms, yet fast enough to make a crossing in three weeks.

Longfellow's poem, *The Building of the Ship*, which begins,

Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

was inspired by the sight of the *New World*, largest of sailing ships, then under construction at McKay's yard. McKay built better than the poet knew; 50 years later the vessel was still profitably voyaging.

The discovery of gold in California created a demand for swift ships to carry food and supplies for the goldseekers. A dozen New York clippers bucked their way round the Horn in '49, cutting nearly in half what had been a six months' journey and paying their entire cost in the first mad voyage. Challenged by the record of the *Sea Witch*, built by a rival designer, which had roared from New York to the Golden Gate in 97 days, McKay created his masterpiece, the best loved of clippers, the *Flying Cloud*, 1782 tons. On her first run she bettered the mark of the *Sea Witch* by a week. On her fourth voyage she clipped off another half day, coming to anchor 89 days 8 hours out from New York. And there the record stands for all time.

With cash in the bank and theories tested, McKay determined to mold the most magnificent ship ever constructed, and to take the whole financial risk himself. This new leviathan, *Sovereign of the Seas*, measured 2421 tons and carried the largest cargo ever sent out of New York. On the voyage to San Francisco, under command of McKay's brother, Lauchlan, a hurricane dismasted her; but the captain saved the fallen spars and rigged the ship without putting into port. Despite that mishap she made the season's fastest passage to California, 103 days, and returning via Honolulu became the first to chalk up more than 400 sea miles in a day. The *Sovereign of the Seas* paid her builder-owner \$135,000 profit in nine months, and then he sold her for more than he would have asked before the launching.

Again and still more magnificently McKay produced a masterpiece, the *Great Republic*. Launched in October 1853, she measured 4555 tons and was 325 feet in length — nearly one third as long as the *Queen Mary*. No wooden ship has ever approached her size. The mere problem of holding so much timber together was colossal. Old salts mumbled that the first sea would break her in two. The *Great Republic* had four masts, each over a yard in diameter, towering 200 feet above deck and spreading enough canvas to cover a four-lane motor highway for half a mile. No one would back

McKay in such a venture; the \$300,000 invested was all his own.

Launched at the East Boston yard, the *Great Republic* was towed to New York to pick up a cargo of grain. On the night of December 26, 1853, a fire broke out on Front Street near the vessel's dock. The wind blew sparks into her rigging, and the ship burned to the water's edge.

Romanticists have called this a blow from which McKay never recovered. The best answer is that he afterwards completed nine large clippers in 15 months — six of them bought by Baines of Liverpool. One of these, the *James Baines*, made the passage from Boston Light to Rock Light, Liverpool, in 12 days 6 hours, an unequalled sailing record. Another, the *Lightning*, logged 436 miles in a day on her first run to Liverpool, the all-time world's record. Certainly they were not built by a broken man. The *Donald McKay* made a day's run of 421 miles. The ill-starred *Great Republic*, rebuilt and rigged with smaller sails, was still able to join the other six immortals with her best day's run of 413 miles. If she ever had sailed as McKay designed her, there is little doubt that she would have been the fastest sailing ship ever built.

McKay was not an inventor, made few innovations, discovered no basic principle of marine architecture. Slowly and shrewdly he blended the ideas of other men, creating in wood and canvas the living symbols of his time.

He was a restless perfectionist. Late in life he wrote: "I never yet built a vessel that came up to my own ideal; I saw something in each ship that I desired to improve." A portrait of the man shows the wavy hair of a poet, the jaw and mouth of a man of action, a pair of watchful, unsatisfied eyes.

The golden age of the clipper ships reached its peak in the middle '50's, then fell off. Steamships were improving; California began to grow her own food; financial panic swooped down on the exchanges of 1857. With freight rates tumbling, McKay evolved medium clippers—less speedy but with increased stowage space. During the Civil War he built monitors and fighting sloops for the Union, later on even a few screw-driven steamships. A contemporary described him as a man who asked what was wanted, then produced it better than anyone else.

In the Boston of Daniel Webster, Longfellow and Edward Everett, McKay was a prominent citizen,

respected by his competitors, idolized by his employes. He married twice and had 15 children.

Long before he died, in 1880, the clipper ship had passed from the scene. Detractors have said that its brief usefulness betrays its failure as a type. Prosaic times call for workaday products, but occasionally in a flowering period unusual demands are made upon imagination. For a while men of commerce found it profitable to pay for perfection upon the ocean, and found one man who consistently could produce something close to perfection. Even the owners were exalted. Overnight they stopped naming their vessels *Eliza* and *Jane*, and began to call them *Flying Scud*, *Golden Light*, *Quickstep*, *Hotspur*. A merchant who could name a ship *Lightfoot* had more than commerce in his soul.

Donald McKay symbolizes the era when young America announced her power and greatness to a startled world.



Seen in the Ads

¶ *Advertisement in a New York paper:* Young man who gets paid on Monday and is broke by Wednesday would like to exchange small loans with a young man who gets paid on Wednesday and is broke by Monday.

¶ *Notice in a rural weekly:* Anyone found near my chicken house at night will be found there next morning.

— *The Highway Traveler*

How Smart Are the Japanese?

Condensed from The Living Age

Ernest O. Hauser

Author of "Shanghai: City for Sale"

ARE THE Japanese mere copy-cats of Western civilization, or do they have ingenuity of their own? Is Japan a real threat to America in world trade?

These are questions put to me frequently when I returned recently from Japan. The more I thought about them, the more vital they seemed to me. The invasion of China promises to be a large-scale failure. Japanese trade expansion is not a failure. The real threat in Japan's expansion is probably the ability of the Japanese people to sell their goods.

Last year I bought a pair of bedroom slippers in a Japanese bazaar in the Philippines. They are Filipino style. The leather is from the sweat-bands of American hats, with the names of Providence and New York stores still on them. It must have been a peculiar, not to say admirable, spirit that moved this waste leather from the Atlantic Coast to a Japanese factory town, transformed it into Filipino sandals which sell in Manila for 10 cents.

The customer is never asked to buy what the Japanese manufacturer or merchant *thinks* he should have. On the contrary, the Japanese tries to offer just the kind of commodity the customer needs and

likes. I recall an incident in a store in Australia some years ago, when the buyer had rejected every sample carried by a Japanese salesman. Instead of leaving the store the salesman persuaded the shopkeeper to produce sample after sample of merchandise that he did like. And in each instance the salesman would look at it and assure the merchant that his firm in Osaka could produce the same line (*i.e.*, copy it). Usually the deal was closed — at a price far below the British or American price level.

Cheapness has been the main weapon in Japan's commercial advance. But this cheapness, the result of cheap labor, was backed up by a shrewd and understanding sales policy.

In the years before the Chinese war, when a new outlet had been decided upon, scouts were sent to study the local mode of living. In the East Indies and Malaya, in the Philippines and in Panama, in Egypt, South Africa, and Cuba, Japanese agents made sketches of every tool, every ornament, every device that people used. They filmed their daily life. They took colored photographs in Arabian bazaars and in New York department stores. They learned what toys were preferred by chil-

dren in American kindergartens.

In Texas you can buy a jar with the picture of a cowboy on it and the inscription "Let 'er buck." It's made in Japan. The Japanese have gone into every market and met the customer on his own terms. When Japanese trade expansion reached its peak, in 1935, her merchants were exporting watches to Switzerland, gold fountain pens to Austria, spaghetti to Italy, and perfume to France!

Trade missions visited undeveloped markets. The one to Chile in 1933 carried 17 tons of samples, distributed advertising matter, quoted prices, and appointed local agents. Commercial exhibitions were held in hotels in Buenos Aires and other South American cities. Trade museums were established in the East Indies, offering sample rooms and information. There was, finally, the device of "sample ships," carrying exhibits arranged by Japanese manufacturers to find out the likes and dislikes of their prospective customers. All along the west coast of South America, as well as in Philippine and Australian ports, shopkeepers were invited to come aboard and look around. And all the keen-eyed Japanese had to do was to note which displays were most popular.

After this, Japan's commercial infantry swarmed in. British or American firms set up local agencies with swank offices, a highly paid staff, and tried to get big customers. Not

so the Japanese. Their salesmen worked from the bottom up. They canvassed native stores and bazaars, marched along country roads and hot sidewalks with tireless feet. They sold glassware, umbrellas, enamel, bicycles, toys, gramophones, sunglasses, dolls, silk goods and cotton cloth. They developed a sales technique designed for large colonial populations with many desires and little cash.

A bespectacled little man from Nagoya came to an African port in 1934 with an assortment of Japanese umbrellas. They were made of oil paper, painted in gay colors — cheap, light, attractive. He tried out his wares in the port, then hired river canoes for himself and his umbrellas, and to the amazement of the white trading community embarked for the wild, hot, and largely unexplored hinterland. A month later he came back — without umbrellas and with two canoes filled with small coin and negotiable trinkets.

Wherever Japanese salesmen went they were ready to talk terms, to comply with customers' whims and idiosyncrasies, and accept special orders. They never insisted on selling what their firms already had produced, but were willing to produce what the customer suggested. These methods helped the Japanese to force British merchants out of Kenya, helped to make fez-covered Egyptians drink Asahi beer. They shipped merchandise to South America in packages light enough to be

carried by llamas into the interior — and South America bought Japanese goods. At all times they kept their eye on the ultimate consumer.

This detailed adaptation accounts for many of the shady aspects of Japan's export business. Japanese firms imitate foreign packing methods, labels and wrappings. During the early days of the New Deal, 4000 cases of tuna fish arrived in California, each bearing the NRA eagle, ironic in view of wage-and-hour standards in Japan. Japanese matches have been sold as "Made in Sweden," and recently Japanese firms have shipped goods to Shanghai and exported them as "Made in China."

There is dishonesty here, to be sure. Since feudal days the merchant in Japan has been without caste. Respectable families did not lower themselves to barter or trade, and those who went in for it were expected to pursue their gain by any means. But these sales subterfuges are aided by the amazing ability of the Japanese to observe and reproduce detail.

Last spring I watched a hundred Japanese school children at an outdoor drawing class. They hardly ever lifted their eyes for a rapid glance at the trees and bridges they were drawing. Yet their pictures were marvelously accurate. An American art teacher, looking over the work of these boys and girls, told me his American pupils would rarely catch such details as the young Japa-

nese had reproduced so swiftly.

Ask a Japanese shopkeeper or any passer-by for the right way to any place in town; he is likely to grab a piece of rice paper and draw a map of your route which is as accurate as the one in the guidebook. Yet he does it swiftly, with a few strokes of his pencil.

But, for all their quick perception, Japanese often strike us as incompetent. When I inspected one of the largest factories in Yokohama, where army trucks and midget automobiles are produced, I noticed that the plant employed two workers at machines which in Detroit would have been taken care of by one man. A young engineer explained that this policy made for greater efficiency.

Japanese dislike to burden one person with large responsibility. In factories, banks, and even government offices, two or three often work collectively on a single job. Foreigners who deal with Japanese authorities are surprised to discover that their case was not, as they had believed, awaiting a decision by Mr. Sato — but by Mr. Sato, Mr. Kato, Mr. Hayashi and Mr. Okamoto. Many of us who have traveled in Japan were impressed with the astounding incompetence of one Japanese and the equally astounding competence of two.

It is a mistake to consider the Japanese solely imitative. Actually, they have been remarkably clever at invention. Consider their fasci-

inating typewriter. It has 3000 letters. The carriage, with the paper, is shoved around on a large board which holds 3000 letter sticks in 3000 holes. A fingerlike device on the carriage takes the letter stick out of its hole, wets it with printer's ink, presses it against the paper, and puts it back. It is a formidable machine — and much more than a mere adaptation.

So, also, is the Toyoda cotton loom. While the factories of Manchester were still using machines requiring one worker for every four or six units, Mr. Toyoda's device made it possible for one woman to take care of as many as 60 units. An English firm bought his license rights for a million yen.

There are other signs that the Japanese are beginning to show inventiveness. Some 20,000 patents are granted every year, many of them immediately taken up by the industries of the country. And Japanese scientists have perfected various substitute materials to mitigate hardships caused by the war in China. Somite, a waste fiber

product acclaimed as a perfect substitute for metallic materials, is now used in the manufacture of tubes, hinges, door handles and radio sets. Charcoal-burning automobiles, with streamlined rear engines, have become a common sight in Japan. A material made of peanut shells and seaweed is used as a substitute for felt. Leather is made of fish skins. Pulp for the manufacture of rayon is produced from beech trees; Silkool, combining qualities of silk and wool, from soybeans; and synthetic rubber from carbide. A new method of extracting motor fuel from coal was patented a few months ago. An Osaka department store recently exhibited 1200 newly found substitutes, including bicycles made of fiber and stiff paper.

The prospect is that the Japanese will become less and less superficial in their imitation of Western life and more seriously competitive. Once the war in China is ended, they will return to world trade, and we may as well be prepared for better tricks than they have yet pulled out of their kimono sleeve.



You Can't Win

*I*F A MAN runs after money, he's money-mad; if he keeps it he's a capitalist; if he spends it, he's a playboy; if he doesn't get it, he's a ne'er-do-well; if he doesn't try to get it, he lacks ambition. If he gets it without working for it, he's a parasite; and if he accumulates it after a lifetime of hard work, people call him a fool who never got anything out of life.

— Vic Oliver in the *Daily Sketch*

Our All Too Human Foibles

Cartoons from
The New Yorker
presented in word
pictures

"WATCH OUT, he bites!" the father told the clergyman as he handed over the infant to be baptized.

— Peter Arno

"WELL, you said I had to choose, didn't you?" demanded the husband, in bed with his golf clubs. — Charles Addams

"WHY DO YOU keep raising me when you *know* I'm bluffing?" the wife plaintively asked her husband in a poker game.

— James Thurber

"DON'T just stand there! Do something!" said wife to husband as the ocean liner pulled out of the dock without them.

— Kindl

"MADAM, would you be interested in keeping your children away from my blowtorch?" the plumber demanded of the absent-minded young mother.

— Kemp Starrett

"DARLING, I'm simply making money hand over fist!" cried the delighted wife as she gave the secondhand dealer more of her husband's clothes.

— Shermund

"NO, NO, HARVEY," the boss told the service station attendant starting to wield a sponge, "not their faces — just the windshield."

— Robert Day

"COULD YOU just leave me alone with it for a while?" the worried woman asked the clerk as she looked at herself in one of the new hats.

— Helen E. Hokinson

"OF COURSE I couldn't tell much about him. Both times I met him he was sober," said one sweet young thing to another.

— Shermund

"IT ISN'T necessary for you to tell me what you are going to do with the money you withdraw, madam," said the bank teller as the line at his window lengthened.

— Galbraith

"IT'S OBSCENE, I tell you!" the artist exclaimed to his friend as they gazed at a modernistic painting.

"Well, I wish I could see it your way," the friend replied.

— Henry Holmes Smith

"NOTHING special, thanks — just smelling," said the woman shopper at the perfume counter as she opened another expensive bottle.

— Shermund

"I KNOW I've lost at least ten pounds," said the complacent matron, "though the scales don't show it."

— Helen E. Hokinson

"YOU SEE, it brings out the natural color of the hair, and makes it red," said the beautician to her customer.

— Gardner Rea

"Now, before we go any further, shall we agree there's no use kidding ourselves?" said the salesgirl confidentially to the stout matron at the corset counter.

— Shermund

"I WAS only speaking figuratively, Mr. Osgood," said the girl in the roadster to the man up the tree.

— Kreuttnr

"PERHAPS we shouldn't listen," said one dowager to another as they passed a soapbox orator. "I believe he's trying to influence our vote."

— Helen E. Hokinson

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The cartoonist's name is given in each instance.

❧ A famous businessman's proposal for "a nonpolitical platform to promote economic and moral recovery"

We, the People

Condensed from *Fortune*

Wendell L. Willkie

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE know that political platforms are written with the idea of being agreeable to as many different groups of people as possible. They know that the promises to one group will conflict with the promises to another. And for that reason the American people are skeptical of political platforms.

Let us, for a change, consider a new kind of platform — one written for us, not as members of different groups, but as citizens of one great republic; a platform that *we, the people*, can unanimously approve.

Such a platform would not be political, because it would have to take something from both parties. It should be a foundation upon which we can slowly build the economic and moral recovery that we have been seeking for so long.

THE CENTRAL ISSUE confronting us today is power, the people's power, political and economic. The characteristic of our age has been an enormous increase in the power of institutions too big for us to control; power that, belonging to us as

citizens of a democracy, has been taken out of our hands. This power must be returned to us if we are to resume in the future the progress that we have made in the past.

It was the Republicans who started the trend toward concentration of power. Beginning with the Civil War and gathering headway — chiefly under Republican auspices — until the end of the 1920's, there grew up a system of private monopolies and quasi monopolies, some beneficial, some ruthless, and all possessing enormous power. Under successive Republican administrations, industrial and financial interests had the favored protection of government.

The New Deal's answer to this great increase in the power of private monopolies and quasi monopolies has been an even greater increase in the power of government. For the old American principle that government is a *liability* to be borne by the citizens for the sake of peace and order, the New Deal has substituted the notion that government is an *asset* without which none of us can survive. With its commissioners, its economists, and its

confidential advisers behind unmarked doors, all of whom have power (written *and* unwritten) over our enterprises, the New Deal has gone back to the concept of huge, centralized government — the only concept that men had had before our forefathers sat down and figured out the laws of human liberty.

The unhappy effects of *this* form of concentration of power are spread out before our eyes for all to see. About 10,000,000 of us are unemployed and destitute. Our national debt towers over us, and our capital lies idle in the banks. As explanation for this (but really as an excuse) we are told that the country has reached the limits of its growth and that the future has less to offer than the past. This, we are told, is why power has been taken from us and placed in the hands of a few planners (whom we have not elected) in Washington. The increase in government power has thus been rationalized into a whole philosophy. It is a philosophy of defeat whose presence in government offices must be accepted as profoundly significant. For it indicates that the men to whom we have surrendered our power *have acquired a vested interest in depression*.

In seeking a solution to this problem it is necessary to avoid looking backward at what the Republicans did, or at what the Democrats have done more recently. What we need is a new outlook, a new way of getting at things. Some of the recent

reforms must be modified in order to protect our power; other, new reforms may have to be introduced. Government, either state or federal, must be responsible not only for the destitute and the unemployed, but for elementary guarantees of public health, the rehabilitation of farmers, rebuilding of the soil, preservation of the national forests, clearance and elimination of city slums, and so forth. Some foreign governments have gone much further in these ways than the New Deal, without disrupting their economies and without a philosophy of defeat. We, too, must be able to do that. We need also a new concept of the government's responsibility toward the taxpayers.

WHEN depression swept the country, we, the people, felt that businessmen had been chiefly responsible for its violence. We insisted that certain guarantees should be established making it impossible for businessmen to repeat in the future the abuses of the past. And the administration followed our wishes by instituting many of the necessary reforms. But, while this was going on, something else was happening that we did not clearly perceive. Under the banners of "reform" there came to Washington, and there rose to power in various offices of the federal government, men whose hatred for business surpassed the bounds of good judgment. Business was set

apart as a villain who had to be relentlessly harried. And government was promoted as a hero who could do no wrong.

Now this effort to separate "business" from the ordinary life of the people, to set it in an inferior category, represents a profoundly false conception of our economic system. There are about 10,000,000 private enterprises in the U.S., which employ about 34,000,000 people, who in turn support many millions of other people. Every one of us lives directly or indirectly by business — even the unemployed, whose funds come from the earnings of other workers. Obviously when any one business gets too much power, that is bad. But if we are to maintain our present standard of living, if we are to hope for greater things in the future, business must flourish.

It is *business*, in the broadest sense of the word — including industry and technology, and including the modern farm, which is a business enterprise — that has made the American people so great. Our achievements were brought about by the application of business principles. And it is high time the government itself began operating in accordance with good business principles. With vast sums of our money passing through its hands it has an inviolable obligation to see to it that *we, the people*, profit by that passage. If the government is also going to spend our

money on enormous public works — which is certainly our wish — it must see to it that we get our money back, and something more besides. So long as the government fails to accomplish this it is delinquent in its elementary business responsibility. And it is bound to prolong the depression. The losses it creates must be absorbed by whatever profits we are making from our own enterprises. And this in turn means that national income does not rise, and consequently that wealth does not increase.

The primary criticism of the New Deal is not the size of its spending. This might be much curtailed; but we ourselves wanted it to be big, and even after economies it will remain big. The point is that the New Deal lacks a businesslike attitude toward the vital problem of raising the money for this expensive program — the tax problem.

A business approach would recognize that our enterprises are hurt, not so much from the size as the kind of taxes. British taxes were higher than ours (per capita) even before the war, but they were so wisely levied that economic conditions in Great Britain were improving. Second, the aim of a government should be to raise its money as cheaply as possible. Taxes may be expensive in two ways: they cost money to collect and they act as a brake on the economy. A businesslike adminis-

tration would try to eliminate some of the present duplication in the collecting of our taxes, but most of all it would try to take the brakes off.

It is fair that the rich should pay proportionately much more than the poor. But it is foolhardy to deprive the rich of incentives for investing their money in ways that create employment, in new industries, and thus raise the people's purchasing power. Today our government levies terrific taxes on successful venture capital, whereas timid money, which buys government bonds and takes no chances, is hardly taxed at all. A business-like government would learn how to tax timid money much more highly, while lifting part of the burden from venture capital; which would put more people to work, increase the national income, and thus increase the total tax yield.

In the ten fiscal years beginning in 1930, the federal government has spent a total of \$66,000,000,000. Originally, the government recorded much of this as an *emergency* expenditure. Now the word "emergency" has been dropped. The President's last budget message is strikingly silent on any reference to it, but refers instead to "the deliberate use of government funds and government credit to energize private enterprise." This leads to the theory that once recovery is achieved, the government must continue to sustain it. It means,

finally, the transformation of our system of free economic enterprise into the totalitarian state.

Our government has always "spent," in the sense of taking our wealth or credit and giving it back to us. It gave away our land to the settlers, or charged only nominal sums for it. It gave away our land to the railroads to subsidize them across our continent. It helped the ships and the airplanes, and built billions of dollars' worth of roads.

Those earlier spending programs were shrewdly calculated *to help us to make a profit*. The money spent on roads, for example, has returned to us many times over, because it helped the automobile industry to grow, and with it the rubber and oil industries and a hundred and one other industries in which millions of us earn our living. Spending can be of enormous benefit to every one of us.

But just spending, for the sake of spending, cannot accomplish anything. Ten years of spending, on a far more lavish scale than ever before, have failed to crack the depression. Last summer Congress refused to give the President the \$3,000,000,000 he wanted for his spend-lend program, and he predicted this action would retard recovery. But there was an immediate *improvement* in business after the curtailment of government spending.

Spending is an economic problem and our government has sought to

solve it by social judgments. The social judgments are important, yet they must be controlled in high office by a businesslike attitude. A businesslike administration would consider each spending project — except those of a genuinely emergency nature — in the light of an *investment* for us, the people. Such economic investments can be found. Slum clearance should be carried much further than it has been. Slum clearance raises the standard of living of the families involved, raises property values and helps business in the surrounding areas. Another kind of investment might be research laboratories that could help small businessmen compete against big business. The choice of a businesslike administration would not be made *primarily* for the sake of spending some money, but *primarily* for the sake of generating opportunities for private enterprise.

An efficient budgetary system would help a businesslike government to control its policies.

We have never had a budget in this country as we, the people, understand the word. A budget is, first, an estimate of what we expect to earn; and second, based upon that, an estimate of what we shall be able to spend. The government first determines what it would like to spend, then it considers how it is going to raise the money. Then it approves these calculations and calls it a "budget." Then it disre-

gards the "budget" and adds new expenditures to the existing ones.

Moreover, the government is not honest concerning some of the sources from which it gets money. It is one of the greatest holding companies in the world, owning many subsidiaries, such as the TVA, the FCA, the RFC, the HOLC. These subsidiaries may sell their securities to the public and turn over the cash to the government. Such transactions would be outside the regular budget. The government could get this money and spend it — and does so — without saying anything about it in the budget. As one financial authority has remarked, "the federal budget and balance sheet of federal investments as they are now set up fail clearly to meet the standards of honest disclosure, set by the federal government's own agency, the SEC."

Any businessman, confronted with our situation today, would work out a long-term plan for balancing his budget that would enable him to get out of the red. He would economize as much as possible on current operations. He would reduce or increase investments according to some rational plan. Finally, he would make provision — no matter how hard or how slow it might be — to pay back the debt that he had incurred. A budget based upon the most advanced business principles has been in operation in Sweden for several years.

And there is no reason why the U.S. should not have one.

So the first characteristic of a platform built for all the people must be a *businesslike* approach to the economic problems of the day — an approach which would reveal to us where our taxes are coming from and exactly how our money is being spent and which would restore to us full power over the fiscal affairs of our government.

WHEN this country was founded our forefathers didn't want anybody to get too much power — especially the federal government. But in recent years there has been a trend toward centralizing power in Washington. If this trend is not stopped we, the people, will lose the powers that the Constitution gave us. The most flagrant and ambitious extension of government power has come through the so-called executive commissions like the SEC, the FCC, the CAA, etc. These bodies concentrate immeasurable power in the hands of a few men *whom we, the people, did not elect*. These men are today making the rules for the enterprises of the American people, large and small — rules which may be changed from day to day. When the rules are broken, these same commissioners prosecute the offenders and decide the penalties. Thus the American system, once so carefully protected and balanced, has given way to a system in which

a few men make the laws for industry, prosecute the violaters of the laws, and sit as judges over the violations.

This is not representative government as we, the people, conceive it, or as it was conceived by our forefathers. It is government under which American industry cannot operate with assurance and confidence. Our form of government was designed to prevent the assumption by a few men of such enormous power over our lives and industries. As we are opposed to industrial monopoly, so are we opposed to government monopoly.

And so to our first demand, that the government's approach to our economic problems be businesslike, we add this second demand that, through the law, the power be returned to us that we rightfully possess. An undue concentration of wealth and power threatens the welfare of the little businessman. Yet it is upon the little businessman — including in that term the American farmer — that a shrewd administrator of government affairs would most rely, because the little businessman provides the economic system with a broad, competitive base.

We conceive that if these fundamental principles are applied to our domestic problem they will enable us to build that New World that we all desire. For the point is that we must build it — not government.

IT IS NOT realistic to make domestic policies without considering their relationship to foreign affairs. Of all the major powers, the U.S. is the least dependent on others. Nevertheless, we are not entirely isolated. It makes a great deal of difference to us — politically, economically and emotionally — what kind of world exists beyond our shores. This fact must be recognized in our foreign policy.

From an international point of view our outstanding characteristic is our high standard of living. We wish to preserve this. But the bigger the difference between our standard of living and that of other nations, the more difficult our foreign relations are bound to be. Low-standard-of-living countries cannot buy from us, nor do we want to endanger our own standard of living by admitting their goods (in competition with our own) produced at coolie wages. On the other hand, high-standard-of-living countries, like England and Canada, have in the past provided the best markets for our goods. It seems clear to us that the best foreign policy for the U.S. is one that will, in the long run, *help to raise the standard of living of the rest of the world.*

Since war in the long run de-

stroys the standard of living, we will not coöperate with — we are against — any aggressor nation. On the other hand, since the democratic system has done more than any other political form to raise the standard of living of the people who have adopted it, we wish to coöperate with and assist genuinely democratic countries. Our gold, our financial reserves, our trade, can all be instrumental in building up the standard of living of other peoples who, like us, seek peace, progress and plenty.

THIS PLATFORM will not interest those who regard the United States as a laboratory for social experiments.

It will not interest those who regard the United States as a free-lunch counter.

It will certainly not interest those who regard the United States as a somewhat impoverished gold mine out of which they can still scrape a nugget or two for themselves.

It will interest only those who think of the United States as their land — a land that became rich through the industry, thrift and enterprise of its people, and will never regain its prosperity in any other way.



NEVER GO OUT to meet trouble. If you will just sit still, nine times out of ten someone will intercept it before it reaches you.

— Calvin Coolidge, quoted by Claude M. Fuess, *Calvin Coolidge: The Man from Vermont* (Little, Brown)

A Thousand Dollars a Day — So What?

The Most Forgetful of Characters I Ever Met

By *Channing Pollock*

Author of "The Fool,"
"The House Beautiful," etc.

ONE OF MY strongest convictions is that the ancients were right in believing we create our own destinies, and the best example I know is a man I met in the Malay Peninsula.

In the dining car of the day train to Singapore, I found myself sharing a table with the tallest and thinnest human being I've ever seen. His hair was sunburned white, and his cheekbones pushed hard against the sallow, mottled skin of his smooth-shaven face. There was something curiously repellent about this gaunt Englishman, with his dull gray-green eyes and straight unsmiling lips. I find it difficult to sit opposite anyone for any time without talking to him, and when the boy brought the papaya with which the man was finishing luncheon I asked about its flavor.

"I've just come from Siam," I said, "and the most delicious papaya I ever ate. What I've had since has proved stale, flat and unprofitable."

"God!" quoted my queer-looking vis-à-vis, "'how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world.'" Then, without smiling, he added, "The

papaya is excellent, and how did you like Siam?"

I told him, and then he began to talk. What a torrent I had released! The man I had thought taciturn and remote pushed back his plate and went on and on. Had I read Dashiell Hammett's *The Thin Man*? Had I read Craven's *Men of Ari*? He was particularly hungry for news of England — of London's theaters and restaurants and clubs.

After an hour, the Englishman said, "I must ask pardon for my loquacity, but you're the first white man to whom I've spoken in seven months."

I suppose I looked surprised.

"In 35 minutes," the man explained, "this train will stop — not because there's a station, which there isn't, but because I want to get off. A car will be waiting for me, and I'll drive 20 miles over a so-called road to a swamp in the midst of the jungle. I've got a tin mine there and a rubber plantation. Also a house with 16 rooms, in which I've lived 40 years — alone, except for the servants. They're all Chinese, and so is the labor."

"That must be pretty dreadful," I said.

"It wasn't in the beginning, when I was young, and everything was strange. Every month or so I ran down to Singapore. Once I started home, but I came down with pneumonia at Gibraltar. Two doctors told me I must never try it again; my blood's thin, and I'm soaked with malaria.

"A British physician at Singapore set my farthest North at Hong Kong. I made the trip a couple of times, but there were only tourists and youngsters from London who regarded me as a little bit crazy. Maybe I am. I know I talk to myself, but no wonder. Night after night I sit alone in that big house, until I think I'll go mad. Then I read, or listen to trash on the radio. At last I send for my ignorant Number One Boy, and talk to him until *he* nearly goes mad.

"What am I beefing about?" he interrupted himself. Then he said, "I suppose you wonder at my Americanisms. I get 'em from your magazines. I used to get 'em from your films, too, but that's all over now. I've made my last journey to Kwala-Lumpur. What's the use? At home, anyway, I can talk to the boy. He's *almost* a friend. I've got my mines to look after, and my plantation, and my investments in London and New York. Sometime, perhaps, I'll persuade one of my agents to spend a week with me. Long ago I offered one a partnership if the fellow'd stay, but he declined with thanks. Laugh if you like, but once I thought

of bringing over a troupe of English dancing girls, just for company. But I knew they wouldn't come. And I can't bear the idea of paying people to talk to me. That's human vanity, I suppose — you want someone who's interested, as you've been kind enough to appear — someone who gives a farthing whether you live or die. I'll do that last fairly soon now, of course, and *there's* another ridiculous notion: I hate the idea of dying alone, with no one at the services but a bunch of bored coolies. I hate dying alone almost as much as I hate living alone —"

There was a brief silence, while I tried to think of something to say. The train rattled and bumped, the sun blazed against windows too hot to touch. Then, suddenly, my Englishman leaned forward, his yellow teeth bared in a ghastly grin. "I'm a lucky man," he said. "A damned lucky man. In case you're interested, it's ten years since I've had the vaguest idea how much more than a million I'm worth. I own four plantations, and two tin mines, and my income's something over a thousand dollars a day — so what?"

After an instant, my companion said, "I'm sorry," and I asked, "Why? The talk's done you good. But do you mind my asking one question?"

He shook his head.

"You could do a lot of good with that money," I suggested. "It might give you an interest and friends."

"I don't want to buy friends," the man answered with a tired voice. "There was a time when I might have been interested in helping poor devils in need. Once I even thought of building a hospital out here for the study of tropical diseases. But I kept putting it off until I had more time and money. When I began in this hole, I was going to quit as soon as I had ten thousand pounds. When I got that, I decided to make it twenty. Then I went on piling up money until it was too late; the damn stuff has buried me."

"You can still dig yourself out," I said. "There are a thousand ways of plowing money back into life, and harvesting happiness."

Even before the slow, tired shake of his head I knew that it was too late. My new friend had not only lost contact with human kind; he had lost interest. He was alone, and fated forever to be alone.

As I rose to go, my friend's eyes lighted again. "You'd be interested in my place," he said. "Why not come along for a day or so?"

"I'm sailing from Singapore tomorrow," I replied. And the old

fellow nodded as one who expected the answer.

A few moments after I had returned to my compartment, the train stopped. Through the window, I saw a shining Rolls Royce with two uniformed Chinese on the front seat. My Englishman stood on the running board as if waiting a good-bye from me. I went out on the platform and waved my hand. He waved his topee in return, waved until the train pulled out of sight.

My stay at Singapore was too brief for much inquiry, but I did learn that my luncheon companion had become almost legendary. No one had seen him in years; there were only vague stories now of a very rich and eccentric old fellow who lived somewhere deep in the jungle. Back home, I've asked travelers and bankers if they knew anything of my strange friend, but in vain. As I write, he may lie buried under a banyan tree. Or he may be sitting alone in his big house still, reading our trashy fiction, or studying his investments in London and New York. They must be growing fast; "over a thousand dollars a day — *so what?*"



*A*N ELEPHANT entertains motorists who drive in to Donald McKay's service station at Hawthorne, California. Jumbo polishes the windshield, pushes stalled cars into the station; and if customers buy ten gallons of gasoline they get a free elephant ride.

-Grit

Strategy for Safety

SINCE January, when Evanston, Illinois, started its loudspeaker campaign against jay-walkers, there have been no fatal accidents involving pedestrians, though four were killed in the preceding 60 days. A cruising patrol car equipped with a loudspeaker pulls up at a busy intersection, and when someone attempts to cross the street against the lights the officer at the loudspeaker remarks, "The man with the derby hat and cane has just tried to beat the gun by stepping off the curb before the light turned green." Attention centers on the embarrassed figure. "That man has just risked his life by disobeying the state law," the loudspeaker continues. "Some day his luck will desert him."

The man with the derby disappears; the sound car drives on and spots a figure dashing across the street in the middle of the block. "The man who couldn't wait to get to the crosswalk may not live to do that stunt many more times," warns the voice.

Evanston police also issue warning tickets for pedestrian violations, and a third ticket means arrest and a fine.

THE 262,070 members of the "Not Over 50" Club, scattered throughout Canada and the United States, have pledged themselves to be their own policemen, voluntarily accepting 50 miles an hour as a maximum driving speed. This figure is based on the findings of traffic experts showing that above 50 there is one fatality in every 13 accidents, while at speeds between

40 and 49 there is only one death in every 30 accidents; and at 30 to 39 m.p.h. the fatality decreases to one in 37.

Organized in 1935 by the Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company to increase safety on the roads, a recent survey showed that the "Not Over 50" Club was 72 percent safer than the nation's drivers as a whole, that club members had averaged 2.77 additional miles for each gallon of gas.

IN DES MOINES, Iowa, posters are made of actual accident photographs, taken in the city, and these are posted at intersections where there have been two pedestrian accidents.

—Spokane (Wash.) *Spokesman Review*

DURING the first six months after Kansas City (Mo.) ruled that 25 miles per hour was the legal limit for night driving (and enforced the ruling with stop watches), only 44.1 percent of the accidents involving injury occurred at night, as compared with 57 percent during the same period of 1938. Duration of the night rule coincides with the turning on and off of the city lights, so that drivers know when to reduce speed merely by observing the street lights.

—*The American City*

EVERY SUMMER for the last three years, children from four to six years of age in Mansfield, Ohio, have learned traffic safety rules by playing in a miniature town which makes two-week stops at the city playgrounds. "Safety Town" is a 120-square-foot

village, with 8-foot streets and 4-foot sidewalks marked by tapes, a tiny traffic light at the intersection of the two main streets, "Stop," "Detour" and "Curve" signs at appropriate places, and model houses and stores. Twenty-five children drive toy automobiles, stopping and going according to signal; the rest of the youngsters act as pedestrians and learn how to cope with the traffic problem. No child who has attended Safety Town has ever been involved in an accident.

—Chicago Daily News, and Public Safety

SOME YEARS AGO the State of Connecticut began rewarding motorists with a reasonably long record of good driving by giving them license plates bearing their initials instead of the usual numbers. There are now some 5500 such plates in the state; one driver who has traveled 1,700,000 miles without accident has been awarded a license bearing only the word SAFE. Since Connecticut has permanent aluminum plates which last from six to ten years, with metal inserts for changing the year numerals, the car owner keeps his initialed plate as long as he maintains his good record.

THE WORLD'S first "Disaster Car," given to Portland, Oregon, by a local merchant, enables that city to cope at a moment's notice with almost any sort of calamity. The big red-and-white bus, capable of a speed of 60 m.p.h., is equipped with everything from a complete emergency hospital, with two operating tables and oxygen apparatus, to an outboard motorboat, a portable generating plant and flood-lighting system, a two-way radio, a

movie camera, toboggans and skis for mountain rescues, and a field kitchen. The car's six-man crew is equipped not only to give emergency treatment for all sorts of accidents, but to cut through heavy metal or wood, sever high-voltage power lines or hoist girders or other heavy objects from victims' bodies.

—William P. Gray, Jr., in *Hospital Management*

WHEN a traffic violator is arrested in LaCrosse, Wis., the policeman hands him a slip: "Write your own ticket while I write mine."

This is part of the program of the Square Deal Traffic Court, conducted by Judge George P. Ruediger, which has attracted the attention of cities throughout the country. The motorist's "ticket" gives him a chance to present his own version of the incident, and may be used in his defense.

Judge Ruediger's trials are more like consultations, where the court seeks only the facts. In 90 percent of the cases, he finds, the violation, committed unwittingly or carelessly, is nondangerous. Instead of indiscriminate fines which create resentment, the judge gives first offenders a copy of the traffic code and information on how to avoid repetition of the error. The second offense means attendance at the traffic school, with lectures on careful driving and common causes of accidents. Three warnings are usually allowed before the law cracks down. Then it does a stiff job of it.

The 10 percent who are dangerous offenders — drunken drivers, those who run traffic lights, speed past schools, or refuse to obey traffic officers — feel the jolt of punishment at once. There is no probation for them. —William F. McDermott



❧ Contending that the German people cannot dodge the blame for the lawless acts of their rulers

Irresponsible Germany

Condensed from The Forum

Lewis Galantière

Author and former head of the foreign intelligence department
of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York

NEARLY a quarter of a century ago the President of the United States declared to the world that he was at war not with the German people but with their government. The purpose of the war was, in his historic phrase, that the world be "made safe for democracy," and the assumption underlying this dictum was that, once the Imperial government had been defeated, the German people would as a matter of course institute the only regime under which a civilized people could possibly choose to live --- democracy.

Mr. Wilson's assumption was right, and wrong. The Germans did institute a democratic regime, but it was not the result of their deliberate choice. What happened in November 1918 was not revolution but anarchy. There was no revolt: there was a political breakdown at home consequent upon a military collapse at the front.

An uprising of sailors at Kiel touched off the bomb of anarchy on November 4, and the explosion was felt elsewhere several days be-

fore it was heard in Berlin. On the morning of November 9 the official gazette of the central association of trades unions was remarking that it was premature to discuss the question of Hohenzollern abdication. Yet on that very morning Scheidemann, leader of the Social-Democrat Party and chief spokesman for organized labor, stepped out on the balcony of the Reichstag and proclaimed Germany a republic.

Not choice but circumstance motivated the proclamation. Scheidemann had been afraid that if he did not act in the name of his party one of its rivals would seize power. "Republic" was the form of government announced because this was, in the prevailing chaos, the word least likely to estrange the panic-stricken bourgeoisie to whom the Social-Democrats looked for support.

In the course of the American Revolution our people knew by July 4, 1776, pretty much what they wanted and very certainly what they did not want. Before the French Revolution the representa-

tives of the middle classes brought to the States-General the celebrated *cabiers* in which each town and province had recorded its complaints and set forth its demands on the royal government. No analogous preparations had been made by any of the German parties in the years preceding 1918 — for the simple reason that no German party contemplated the overthrow of monarchical government; and no party anticipated that a collapse at the front might put on it the obligation or provide the opportunity to take over the business of government.

From the beginning, the German Republic was a foreign and unfamiliar monster to the German people, and they never took to it. It outraged the conservatives. To the middle classes it represented the inauguration of a reign of chaotic inflation which only made them regret the more the disappearance of the Empire. To the workers, who had imagined that it would take the form of a proletarian state, the Republic stood as the agency of a corrupt oligarchy. A mass of new liberties had descended on a people who were totally without political education, who had done nothing to conquer those liberties, and who did not know how to use them.

Neither the Treaty of Versailles nor the obstructionism of the French destroyed the German Republic. The German army chiefs were no less responsible than the Allied armies

of occupation. The German bureaucrats still in office, stimulated to sabotage by the flabbiness of the regime, were no less guilty than the Poincarist bureaucrats of France. The German profiteers, given every latitude by the feeble management of the Reichsbank, were quite as destructive of German economic life as the French bondholders with their insistence of reparation. Yet none of these forces could have defeated German republicanism had the Germans desired to be republicans.

Today the democratic world is again saying that the Allies' war is not against the German people but against their governors. On what authority is such an absurd distinction made? People and government are indissolubly fused. The government will change only as the people themselves first change. The German people are responsible for Hitler and his policies in the degree to which they refrain from employing their strength to protest effectively against acts of which they disapprove. They are responsible in the measure to which they participate in carrying out these policies.

Renan once wrote: "It is not the power enjoyed by absolutist governments but the low estate of the subject that maintains peoples in subjection. Do you seriously believe that if they were ripe for freedom they would not on the instant create their own liberties?"

That the German people do not show themselves "ripe for freedom" is not Hitler's fault but their own.

It is true, of course, that many Germans do feel themselves to be living under a tyranny and that thousands of Germans are individually unhappy. But to argue from this that Hitler has forced on all the Germans, against their will, the adventure on which they have embarked since 1933 is merely to say that what the average American dislikes the average German must dislike. Democracy is the result of a process of cultivation and aging, and all the kind feelings we can summon should not allow us to forget that the Germans have not passed through the process that breeds a taste for democracy.

Of course many Germans are shocked by *excessive* anti-Semitism. But to assume that the German who is shocked by a pogrom is also made miserable by the Greater Germany drive of the Nazi regime is to ignore a thousand years of German indoctrination. No less unwarranted is the notion that this great and gifted German people is, paradoxically, at the same time brutishly submissive to a fate imposed on it by its governors. It *has* a will, but it exercises that will in the direction of its own historic evolution and cannot be expected to exercise it in the direction of French or American or British historic evolution.

While many Germans may have had no taste for the ugly business in Czechoslovakia and Poland, it is not too much to believe that all of them saw in the two campaigns a glorious augmentation of the splendor and power of the German *Volk*. It would be a piece of prodigious optimism to imagine that, with Allied victory, the Germans by and large will be happy to see Bohemia, Slovakia and Posen revert into non-German hands.

The error of those who proclaim the innocence of the German people arises, I suspect, out of the confusion that exists in many minds between the conception of a military state and the conception of a tyrannical rule. I am not at all sure that the National Socialist state is viewed by most Germans as a tyranny, however it may look to men who live outside it. It is simply a military state whose people have accepted, as a matter of historic determinism, a given way of life, and are therefore no less morally responsible for their government than the peoples with representative institutions are responsible for theirs.

Clearly, the answer to the question, "What sort of Germany will be born of this war?" is not as simple as it seemed in 1917. But one thing must be impressed on the Germans: that both the Kaiser and Herr Hitler were mad to imagine that they were living in the Europe of A.D. 962-1250, when the Ger-

mans were the masters of Western Christendom. The Germans must be shown that they have misread their own past, that it is not a history of world coalitions organized to keep them from their rightful dominion over all Christendom but rather a history of their failure to bring themselves abreast of the Western nations in the art of politics. They must be made to see that the other peoples of Europe are fully as determined to remain independent of German hegemony as the Germans are to impose that hegemony. It is time the Germans

were disabused of the arrogant dream that it is somehow reserved for them alone to share in the fruits of civilization without the assumption of any duty or the fulfillment of any trust toward Western society as a whole.

But the German people will not face this responsibility in the future any more than in the past, so long as the whole democratic world continues to assure us that it is a dear, sweet people, truly better than its governors, and absolved from all responsibility for what is done in the name of the German *Volk*.



Copy of a playbill issued in 1793 by the Theatre Royal, Kilkenny, Ireland:

On Saturday, May 4th, will be performed by command of several respectable people in the learned metropolis, for the benefit of Mr. Kearns, the tragedy of HAMLET, originally written and composed by the celebrated DAN HAYES OF LIMERICK, and inserted in Shakespeare's works. HAMLET by Mr. Kearns who, between the acts, will perform several solos on the patent bagpipes, which play two tunes at the same time. OPHELIA by Mrs. Prior, who will introduce several familiar airs in character, particularly *The Lass of Richmond Hill* and *We'll All Be Happy Together*. The parts of the KING and QUEEN, by direction of the Rev. Mr. O'Callagan, will be omitted, as too immoral for any stage. POLONIUS, the comical politician, by a Young Gentleman. THE GHOST, THE GRAVEDIGGER and LAERTES, by Mr. Sampson, the great London comedian. The characters will be dressed in Roman Shapes.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Kearns at the Sign of the Goat's Beard, in Castle Street. The value of the tickets to be taken (if required) in candles, butter, cheese, soap, etc., as Mr. Kearns wishes in every particular to accommodate the public.

No person will be admitted into the boxes without shoes or stockings.

— Quoted in N. Y. Times

Now I Work in a Factory

Condensed from *Your Life*

Clifford Roberts

UNTIL I was 32 I was a pianist with a creditable record of concert work and teaching. Then came seven lean years, during which depression locusts ate up my studio, my pupils, my piano. Toward the end I couldn't even get a job pounding a tuneless crate in a beer garden. So I took my courage in my delicately nurtured hands, and came to a decision. At the age of 39 I put on overalls and went to work in an automobile accessories plant at \$25 a week.

I was reversing the ambitions and habits of a lifetime, but the experience has been a tonic and a revelation. I almost gloat over the fortune that compelled me to switch from a white-collar career to manual toil. And I have a strong conviction that thousands of others might profitably scrap their false pride and gain a new life thereby.

Before dawn one morning in early winter I joined a shadowy line of young men and girls reporting for work. Faces were friendly, self-confident, individual, interesting. Where were the featureless automations I had led myself to expect? In my first hour I saw more cheerfulness, humor and normal optimism than I had observed during three years amid a social group sup-

posed to have superior intelligence and resourcefulness.

I had heard of the monotony of factory work, but soon I found myself in friendly competition with other workers and I began to wonder if any two days in a plant were alike. I had been told that industry had no patience with blunders committed by its human machines. I didn't find it so. Once during my first week I was wheeling a hand truck loaded with thin, flawlessly polished bronze plates. The front wheel of the truck jammed, and the plates slid to the concrete floor, scarred past redemption. I expected my stupidity to cost me my job. But a sympathetic foreman simply helped me consign the plates to the scrap box. He wished me better luck next time, and pointed out that I should use a truck with end guards. I had cost my employer, in time and materials, probably \$75. That was never mentioned, nor was I fined. On the contrary, I had received my baptism of misfortune, and the good-natured raillery of fellow workers told me I now "belonged."

I had supposed that foremen frowned on conversation during working hours. Yet within a month I had mastered the life histories of

a dozen new acquaintances — including foremen — whom I never saw outside the plant. My own foreman was a young engineer from Columbia University. Having learned that I was a musician he approached me one day: "Tell me," he asked, "what do musicians mean when they call one piece *major* and another *minor*?" I explained. "And what is a sonata?" I went into that, with occasional interruptions for work. Bob came back for more. Finally it was my turn.

"Maybe you will tell *me*," I began, "what a Diesel engine is?" He beamed. It was an instructive winter for both of us.

The news that I was a pianist traveled the factory grapevine. In the cafeteria strangers greeted me with a jovial — "Hya, Paderewski?" Five or six workers asked me rather wistfully how many years it would take them to play a little. I took them on and in six months, to their own surprise, they were doing wonders and were highly grateful. I am prouder of showing Leo and Wilhelmina and Max how to play *Marie and Home on the Range* than I ever was of coaxing indifferent children through Schubert and Clementi.

Finally my fellow workers imprompted me to give a piano recital. Wilhelmina became a demon organizer. In two weeks she had sold nearly 200 tickets at 50¢ each. We rented a piano, secured a small church auditorium, also a set of

tails — Wilhelmina insisting that it had to be a *real* concert. What did I play? My best concert program: Bach, Mozart, Chopin, some modern Spanish things at the end. I never had a more absorbed or generous audience.

Inevitably, highbrow friends have challenged the heresy of my Jekyll-and-Hyde career. "But your *hands*! And think what the noise will do to your ear!"

After all, minor cuts and bruises vanish in a week. "Finger" strength really is in hand and forearm and shoulder. Manual labor is a tonic for nerves and sinews cramped by hours of keyboard routine. To invigorate his hands, Paderewski first exhausted them at dirt farming. Josef Hofmann's private machine shop claims perhaps more of his time than the piano.

"But an artist . . . punching a time clock!" Apparently, this descent from Wagner to wage-slavery meant to my white-collar friends not only esthetic but social suicide. Anyone with an ounce of pride —!

Hazel, a spraygun wizard in the lacquer room, could show such critics the distinction between professional *pride*, which is self-respect, and pride of *profession*, which often is pure snobbery. Her job was to lay a faint, even breath of lacquer on the plate used for instrument dials. One morning I found her in a profane rage over a new inspector. "What's wrong?" I jibed. "Doesn't she think you're so hot?"

"It ain't that," snarled Hazel. "*She* wouldn't know the difference if I used a paintbrush. Take a look at the junk she's okaying. If she's an inspector, I'm Barbara Hutton."

The inspector was satisfied. So, presumably, was the motoring world. But not Hazel.

One day I was put to work, at my own request, on a massive power shears, resembling an enormous guillotine. Every week or so some worker left a few fingers on the wrong side of the blade, and he was rarely a greenhorn. I thought I had spotted the cause of these accidents. The hands place the sheet metal beneath the shears, and retreat. Then the foot pedal brings down the knife. I suspected that after the operation had become mechanical, hand and foot carried through their separate motions independently.

About a week later I found out. My cuff caught a ragged spur of the metal. Despite the plight of my hand, my foot released the knife. Fortunately, I tore my cuff free. Only a pale face and a ruined sleeve marked the close shave. But now I knew that hand and foot did work automatically and independently. Newcomers, not having reached this stage, had fewer accidents. If a worker could avoid this state of

motor "autonomy" by frequent changes to other machines, accidents might be reduced. I mentioned the idea to Bob. He agreed, and tried rotating his press workers. Perhaps it was chance, but a month passed without an accident.

I found my employers willing to let me shift from one department to another. I put on an inhalator and worked in the buffing room. Everything I ate thereafter tasted like raw metal — but the wages were lovely! Buffers chew tobacco to defeat the metal taste, and soon I too was an addict.

Next I took on a night shift as foreman of a plating crew. Have you ever seen a frosty sheet of silver plate emerge from a tank of colorless fluid? A mysterious and satisfying experience. I learned to wind armatures, and to mount diaphragms in automobile horns. Instead of monotonous drudgery, I have found in my factory life both interesting variety and a daily sense of accomplishment. Last, but not least, I have conquered snobbery.

Industrial work becomes yearly less strenuous, better paid, more widely available. Perhaps other dislocated professional people, in search of a "second line of defense," may profit from my experience.



*H*ORSE-DRAWN carriages used to average 11 1/2 miles an hour in New York's midtown traffic; today the average speed of automobiles is a bare six miles an hour.

— Norman Bel Geddes in *Magic Motorways* (Random House)

Government By Screams

Condensed from "The Pursuit of Happiness"

Herbert Agar

Author of "The People's Choice," 1933 Pulitzer prize winner,
"Land of the Free," etc.

IN 1936, the Republican national convention met at Cleveland, the Democratic convention at Philadelphia. The Republican Party was supposed to be coming together to face a great challenge to American institutions. The Democratic Party was supposed to be coming together to plan the future of a successful administration. The Republicans, therefore, might have been expected to have a serious meeting, full of argument and heart-searching. The Democrats might have been sobered by the knowledge that they were approving far-reaching changes in American life.

To be sure, nobody who had ever been to a nominating convention would have expected either of these things. Both conventions were unworthy spectacles which might have been invented by a fascist satirist to illustrate the degradation of democracy.

Yet one hopeful note emerged: there was widespread disgust among the delegates themselves at what they were doing. They asked why the show dragged on for five days when everything which was ac-

complished could have been done in 24 hours — the answer being that civic organizations had put up large sums of money to bring the conventions to their respective cities, and demanded at least a four-day show in return.

The delegates even began to wonder whether the way to run a great political party is to get drunk and ride donkeys into hotel lobbies (the elephant does not lend itself to such uses), or to scream hideously for half an hour because the chairman has just announced (what everyone has known for a month) that Senator Robinson is about to make a speech.

The delegates should not be blamed for the raucous farce. They were the usual collection of local party workers, of postmasters and ex-postmasters, with a scattering of more disinterested citizens. Had they been asked to help make decisions, or to vote on serious propositions, or to do anything in keeping with the high-flown language used by the speakers, they would have tried to respond. But the position of the average delegate at a national convention has neither

dignity nor sense. Further, it involves subjecting himself to a boredom which no man can gracefully endure. This combination of indignity and pain drives him to the bottle, making him behave like a professional bad-boy at a college reunion.

All the delegate has to do, for five unspeakable days, is to sit on an uncomfortable chair, listening to hypocritical speeches, until the time comes for him to make a noise. After he has made enough noise to prove to the radio audience that the convention is on fire with enthusiasm, the chairman tells him to be quiet. And then cruel things are done to him.

For example, a glee club will sing, while at the other end of the hall, a tenth of a mile away, a band tries to accompany it. The song and the music never by any chance come together harmoniously; they fight and wrestle in the air above the delegates' dazed ears. This is likely to be followed by a 99-times amplified soprano. It is hard to suggest the punishing quality of a high female voice amplified to the volume of a battery of field pieces.

The crowning absurdity of the whole show appears when the great statesmen (whom the delegate has come all the way to Cleveland or Philadelphia to hear) finally mount the platform. For the statesmen do not even pretend to be talking to the delegates. They care only for the radio—the "unseen audience,"

which may consist solely of their nearest and dearest but which they think numbers at least twenty million.

The speaker does not look at the delegates; he looks at his manuscript, for fear he might depart too far from the written text which has been handed to all the papers 12 hours before. He does not think of the delegates; he thinks of the microphone, which will not permit him to gesticulate naturally or to show any other signs of interest in his own speech. The speaker has not even written his speech with the delegates in mind. He has written it (or he has instructed his "ghost" to write it), not as a face-to-face speech, but as a radio speech—and the two techniques are different.

The nominating convention was created in a world where a politician spoke to the audience in front of him. The first convention took place in 1832, at the end of President Jackson's first term. It provided an authoritative nomination to which no other candidate could object, preventing the recurrence of the confused situation of 1824, when Jackson, John Quincy Adams, William Crawford and Henry Clay were all nominated for President by different groups within the same party.

But the convention is now an anachronism. The time has passed when a Bryan could capture a convention and threaten to change the

direction of events with one great speech. Speeches are not delivered to the delegates, so why are the delegates there? A convention becomes a dishonest pretense the moment it is admitted that nobody cares what the delegates think.

Today the delegate is on hand simply to make a noise. A noise gauge, known as the "roar machine," stands ten feet high at one end of the hall. And if the Republican ovation scores 85 for their candidate, the Democrats feel they have to make 100 for theirs. So democracy returns to the nursery, and to a system of government by screams.

Another by-product of the insignificance of the delegates is that there is now no natural limit on speechmaking. Speeches are made for the radio, and people can turn off their radios when they choose. The result is that the speechmaking at the 1936 conventions was not only beyond reason but beyond bearing.

After Mr. Roosevelt was nominated, for example, there were 55 seconding speeches. They dragged on through nine desperate hours, ending at a quarter to one in the morning. And when, at noon that same day, I got to the convention hall again, I found them hard at it with a depressing list of seconding speeches for the Vice-President.

Meaning had long since gone out of the English language.

By this time the delegates were in a state not far from frenzy. At any given moment a third of them would be wandering around the floor — not going anywhere, just dumbly seeking relief from the steady whiplike beating of the human voice.

It is easy to joke about the conventions; but there is nothing funny in the effect of such spectacles upon the public mind. It is not healthy to bring together dozens of so-called leaders of the people, and to allow them amid scenes of carnival to make speeches in which they misuse all the noble words which belong to our political tradition.

The national convention as now conducted breeds a vicious cynicism both in the participants and in the beholders. The American people do not take their politics lightly-mindedly today. They have been sobered by the world picture of the past ten years. They want the sort of leadership which will help them to think, and to choose wisely. It is not well to deny them!

This is no moment for democracy to show itself so trivial, and it is clear that the professional politician must — and must soon — devise some new machinery for doing the necessary work of organization.



¶ The power of concentration, essential to success, is yours by nature. Do you know how to use it?

Put Your Mind on the Spot

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

William Moulton Marston

Psychologist; author of "Try Living," "The Lie Detector Test," etc.

RECENTLY I had a chance to watch a surgeon perform a difficult brain operation. A slight slip of his hand would have meant paralysis or death for the patient. What impressed me about him was not his skill but his amazing calmness. I knew that only a few moments before the operation he was nervous. But once he stood at the operating table, he worked with a machinelike surety that dumfounded me.

Such feats of concentration are, of course, routine with every outstanding man in any walk of life. At any given moment, the leader, the man of excellence, concentrates his whole being on the *one* job that he has to do. Most of us lack this power of concentration and are distracted by nervousness, preoccupations, conflicting interests.

Not infrequently, we read of men who, successful in their own field, can also paint a little, write a bit of verse, play tennis well, and bridge also, make an impromptu after-dinner speech — who are, in a word, enviably versatile. We envy them that versatility because we think it a special aptitude. It may

be so in part, but mainly these people have merely acquired facility in concentration. To each successive activity of the day they give not scattering inattention but all their faculties, smoothly and intensely.

Today, more than ever, concentration is essential to the full enjoyment of pleasures and to effective work. This is an age of distraction, with interruptions by phone, by friends, by noise, by scares, and by our own flightiness. Increasingly work must be done under conditions which are inhospitable to concentration, yet on concentration depends, more and more, a man's success in our specialized world. It is vital not only in work but also in the enrichment of the inner life: fascinating possibilities for mental enjoyment can be turned into a meaningless jumble of diversions unless we have the power to single out and enjoy to the utmost one pursuit at a time.

When the human mind is keenly concentrated it becomes an amazingly proficient instrument. Lord Macaulay, the English historian, used to walk through crowded Lon-

don streets reading a book. After perusing a page he could repeat it from memory. Performances like this seem, at first thought, super-normal. You are apt to shrug them off as the product of "genius" which you are quite certain you do not possess. But are you sure you don't? Most normal persons have the same fundamental equipment. The difference comes in the way they use it. William James, father of modern psychology, said that geniuses differ from ordinary people not in any innate quality of brain but merely in regard to the subjects and purposes upon which they concentrate, and in the degree of concentration which they manage to achieve.

The capacity for concentration is common to all of us until we let it atrophy. Note the so-called heedlessness of children. Aldous Huxley says that every child is a genius until the age of ten. Was there ever greater absorption than a child can show when he is deep in a book or engrossed with some new object? At such moments we often scold children for inattention to our words. Actually they are concentrating admirably on matters important to them, and we ought to avoid as far as possible destroying their blessed power of being genuinely interested in something.

Concentration is not an unnatural state that goes contrary to our normal bent. The absent-minded college professor, after all, is only a man who has kept the child's genius

for absorbed interest in his work. I have seen the late Professor Josiah Royce, famous Harvard philosopher, stand in the pouring rain in Harvard Yard without an umbrella or raincoat, discussing some point of metaphysics with a slicker-clad student who kept trying in vain to escape. Royce didn't even know it was raining. We laughed at such idiosyncrasies. But we also realized what the world of scholarship acknowledged — that Royce had attained supreme intellectual command of his fields. He attained it by virtue of that same intense concentration which made him temporarily oblivious to outside conditions which distract most people.

Take any successful person you know who can do something better than anybody else and try to distract his attention from it while he is doing it. The late George Grey Barnard, generally regarded as one of the greatest American sculptors, used to bewilder his friends by literally failing to see them when they dropped into his studio while he was at work. Unless you permit yourself to become thus absorbed in the thing that you want to do, there is very little chance of your doing that thing exceptionally well.

Of course the secret of this ability to rise above the distractions of life lies in having an intense interest in it. Such interest creates attention as a tree bears fruit, and you find yourself concentrating without effort.

But it happens that this matter of interest works both ways. Concentration follows interest but interest will also follow concentration. Goethe, when asked how he accomplished his great work, replied with perfect serenity, "Why, I just blow on my hands." In other words, to develop the gift of concentration you must first of all learn to throw yourself into each job, no matter how distasteful. Plunge into it, and soon it takes hold of you like a game. It is essential to recognize this truth. If you *know* that you are going to be interested once you get started, you won't hesitate to start. Yet daily most of us welcome interruption, actually ask for it, because we do not realize that the unpleasant job ahead will really absorb us if we can first of all bring ourselves to make the leap into it.

Doubtless this is why William James pointed out that the important thing is to *go through the motions*. Get into working position. Attention is best held by a unified action of body and mind working together. Your body involvement may be slight or subtle — a matter of posture or muscular tension — but it is there.

Even after we begin manfully to concentrate, a multiplicity of thoughts, half-thoughts, sounds, impressions, will assail our minds. It is not sufficient merely to try to exclude these extraneous impressions. We must always replace them

with the one thing that demands attention. You cannot just push a thought out of your mind. If you doubt this, try Walter Pitkin's little joke: "Spend the next 30 seconds not thinking about the word 'hippopotamus.'" Yet many persons seek concentration by trying to exclude other irrelevant ideas rather than by trying to fasten their minds upon the thing in hand.

As you tackle one thing, of course, you will be troubled by a dozen other things you ought to be doing — things that can't wait, you say. Or *can* they wait? Of course they can. They've *got* to wait. Worry walks along with us like a ghost visible to us alone, holding our mental gaze hopelessly fixed on itself instead of on the work we are doing. But no matter what specific form worry takes, say to your unconscious, "Yes, that's important; but it must wait until this other thing is done — then I'll give it full attention." It's amazing how easily satisfied your unconscious is if you keep faith with it — really give the problem attention in turn. That's the single-minded attitude — one-thing-at-a-time — that all of us have to learn. Without it, we get nowhere, either in work or play.

Arnold Bennett described concentration as "the power to dictate to the brain its task and insure its obedience." This power comes with practice, and practice, proverbially, requires patience. The transition from wandering attention to clear,

precise concentration is the product of persistent effort. If you keep bringing your mind back again and again, fifty, a hundred times, to some predetermined subject, your competing thoughts will eventually give way to the selected object of attention. In the end you will find yourself able to concentrate at will upon any activity you select.

It is control of concentration

power, not the power itself, which requires practice. The power is yours all along — keep nagging at it until it answers your call. When you have learned to bring all your faculties to bear without distraction on the problem in hand, you will find a two-fold reward: both the number of things you are able to do and your pleasure in doing them will be immensely increased.



Canada's Refugee Industry

MORE THAN 5000 European fugitives, and millions of fugitive dollars rescued from wrecked enterprises abroad, are finding a haven in Canada in the greatest industrial immigration the Dominion has ever known. Already an estimated \$20,000,000 has been put to work in a wide assortment of industries. The fine Bohemian glassware that was the pride of Czechoslovak artistry and was made only in that country is now being manufactured in Ottawa under supervision of the Bohemian experts who made it abroad. A group from Germany who rescued \$700,000 is establishing Manitoba's first beet sugar plant. A German manufacturer of period furniture now has a Montreal factory. The man who headed a State silk monopoly in Hungary is manufacturing fine silks in Ontario. The influx is helping Canada's war efforts against Germany: a munitions plant at Sorel, Quebec, where \$3,000,000 has already been spent, is virtually the transfer of part of the great Skoda gun

plant from Czechoslovakia; the Bata Shoe Company at Frankfort, Ont., is turning out precision gauges used in armament work.

It is estimated that at least \$500,000,000 of refugee money is seeking employment in Canada. Many of these refugees would have preferred the United States, but were barred by rigid immigration restrictions. Even if they had been able themselves to enter, it would have been next to impossible to take with them the specialized workers as important to their product as is their capital. Canada is favored because refugees see there the stability of British institutions and justice, and the protective proximity of Canada's neighbor — their biggest remaining market.

There has been nothing like this industrial immigration since France drove out the Huguenots in the 17th century and laid the foundations of British supremacy in textiles and the great watch and clock industry of Switzerland. — Frederick T. Birchall in N. Y. *Times*

Scrambled Parts of Speech

By H. L. Mencken

Author of "The American Language," "Prejudices," "Notes on Democracy," etc.

THE VERB *to contact*, which all the pedagogues were denouncing ten years ago, has now come to safe lodgment in the American language, though no dictionary, as yet, admits it save as slang. I have encountered it of late in official papers of the United States Army, the officers of which, educated at West Point, probably get a better training in prose composition than the students of any American secular college. In the same way the Navy countenances *to message*.

This process of making verbs of simple nouns is ancient in English, and there are familiar examples that go back to a remote time. Shakespeare was the father of many of them — for example, *to beauty*, *to belm*, *to bed* and *to spaniel* (to follow at heel). Ben Jonson, his friend and rival, was but little behind him, and the rest of the early dramatists followed after, for the age they adorned was one of vigorous growth in English, and there were no pedants to challenge the swarm of neologisms. In *The English Traveler* (1633) Thomas Heywood actually used *to orator*.

But toward the end of the 17th century grammarians began to flourish and soon became so power-

ful that they got the language into a strait jacket, and there it lingers yet. English official prose remains thunderously Johnsonian to this day, and though American slang has made some inroads, the divisions between the parts of speech are still pretty well maintained. But in this great republic they seem to be breaking down.

I have encountered *to demagogue* in the *Congressional Record* scores of times, and not long ago I found *to wassermann* in a leading American medical journal. *To style* is perfectly good American in the garment trade, and every American woman knows what it means. In Hollywood, *to author* has virtually displaced *to write*, just as *to ready* has displaced *to prepare*. Contrariwise, the movie semasiologists have made a noun, *release*, from the verb *to release*, and given it the sense of something set free for performance or publication. The verb came from the argot of journalism, but the noun, I believe, originated in Hollywood.

Daring exchanges of the traditional parts of speech appear constantly in such iconoclastic journals as *Variety* and *Time*, and many of them are quickly picked up by the newspapers. In the last year of

two I have found *to signature*, *to bigb-light*, *to guest*, *to show-case*, *to mastermind* and *to submarine*. *To signature* seems redundant, for certainly *to sign* is plain enough, but for some reason (at all events in Hollywood and the cultural colonies thereof) it seems to be preferred, just as *to author* is preferred to *to write*. On its heels I note *to premier* (often abbreviated to *to preem*), *to m.c.* (from *to master-of-ceremonies!*), *to canary* (meaning to sing), *to questionnaire*, *to big-talk* and *to siesta*. *To network* seems to be coming in from the radio studios, and *to gift-price* was lately launched by a New York men's furnisher. Some of the novelties of the moment have a considerable pungency, for example, *to up* in the general sense of to lift, raise or advance. But others, for example, *to decision*, are merely uncouth and silly.

I use these adjectives without much confidence, for everyone who

has given any attention to the history of languages must know that novelties are seldom responsive to conventional judgments. If they really serve a need they survive, no matter how violently the finicky may dislike them. It may be news to most Americans that the familiar verb *to belittle*, when Thomas Jefferson first used it in 1787, was denounced violently by all the English reviews. "What an expression!" exclaimed the *London Review*. "For shame, Mr. Jefferson! Freely, good sir, will we forgive all your attacks, impotent as they are illiberal, upon our national character; but for the future — O spare, we beseech you, our mother tongue!"

But *to belittle* survived, and so did *influential*, *bandy*, *mileage*, *dutiable*, *lengthy*, *to advocate*, *to legislate*, *to progress* and *to locate*, though all of them were belabored, not only by Englishmen but also by sensitive Americans. Today the English use most of them as freely as we do.



'Twas a Glorious Victory

THE FINAL BATTLE between the Tatars and the Russians in the Middle Ages was one of the most comic in history. The whole country had been urging Ivan III of Russia, a prince of little courage, to turn out the Tatars, and at long last he assembled an army. Trembling in his shoes, Ivan set forth at its head.

After marching for weeks they sighted the enemy; both armies advanced and as night fell pitched camp. At daybreak, suddenly realizing each other's proximity, the two armies sat back on their haunches, staring at one another as if mesmerized. Then, seized with unspeakable panic, they fled simultaneously in opposite directions.

—William Gerhardt, *The Romanovs* (Putnam)

¶ The columnist-principal whose pupils learn to create beauty from the drab life around them

Angelo Patri's Public School

Condensed from *Christian Herald*

Dorothy Canfield Fisher

IF WE could only find out what makes one human being so different from another! Consider the Italian-born American, who has made — and at 60 past is still zestfully at it — one of the finest contributions to civilized life in our nation.

Angelo Patri came to this country in the '80's with an almost uneducated father and mother. There were hundreds of thousands of aliens pouring in at that time. One — a pale, delicate, Italian boy — brought to our rough-and-ready life elements of beauty and joy and tenderness which through his newspaper column have uplifted family life in uncounted American homes; which through his work as a teacher in an ordinary big-city school have opened the doors of free creative life to thousands of American children. His love of life, his respect for human dignity, his willingness to be understood by the most bewildered parent or child — by what spiritual magic did this Italian-American boy develop traits which make his influence a benediction to hundreds of thousands of plain people?

Most readers of his syndicated column know nothing of him personally. They have never heard of the accolade given him years ago by President Eliot of Harvard, who said, "Whatever else Patri does, he must never stop those irreplaceable talks to teachers and parents in the newspapers."

And on the other side, the 2000-odd children in the big public school where he has been principal 27 years know nothing of his relation to an immensely larger world. To them he is only the white-haired principal of a school where they learn how to create beauty and interest from the life materials available to them — to anyone.

Although Angelo Patri arrived in New York when he was five, he really did not leave Italy till he was 12, he tells you, so completely did Italian immigrants of that period reproduce here their close-knit clannish life. At 20 he graduated from the College of the City of New York. At 21 he became a teacher in the public schools. He says that he was bewildered and ill-prepared. But when the young Italian-American teacher was introduced into the

educational test tube, a fusion took place like some of those astounding ones in chemical laboratories that produce something entirely new. This new product was an intuition in the young Patri's mind of lamentable mistakes made by America in treating its children.

Perhaps the most wasteful one is the outrageous overvaluation of bookish brains. In the early Middle Ages people overvalued physical strength. Parents were proud of the boy with broad shoulders who could best wield a sword; they injected inferiority poison into boys who had only fine brains. And with these standards, the bridges of Europe fell down because no one knew enough to repair them, schools vanished, civilization withered for lack of brains.

Just so idiotically has our period overvalued those who can learn quickly out of books, defeat others in athletic contests or handle machinery. Just as wastefully have we darkened by contemptuous undervaluation the lives of children who have other priceless gifts. Our machine world is withering for lack of what children with gifts not now in fashion could give us, if we gave them a chance. We go on scorning children who cannot make a good showing in the kind of examinations now in favor, but who have gifts of personality which would regenerate our society if they could be developed.

Angelo Patri has all these years

been opening doors to children who have those gifts. New York's Public School No. 45 is a big plain structure in a region of monotonously similar and unlovely buildings housing people who have always been at grips with insecurity and uncertainty. The families there have for the most part taken up the New World dogma that only what you pay cash for has value, and have lost the Old Country tradition of the human hand as creator of beauty and usefulness. But their children find it again as they enter Mr. Patri's school. In it are all kinds of "shops." When an American says "shop" he means a place full of cogs and wheels and cams. But in P. S. 45 only the printing shop has what a Connecticut Yankee would call machinery. The shops are full of tools for weaving, printing, carving, gardening, painting, sewing, leatherwork — all the arts of the human hand.

One cold March day, when I went to see the school, some boys were pruning and tying up rosebushes in a large garden plot in front. Across the street was a playground crowded with boys wildly celebrating the arrival of spring by baseball. What sets Mr. Patri's public school apart is that a few boys — eagerly, patiently, with calm intent eyes — were doing what they preferred to do, learning to be gardeners. As I stopped to watch them it seemed to me the spirit of the school stood by them, smiling.

When I stepped inside the building I had a surprise. Against the usual drab background of public schools was color everywhere, bold splashing paintings, posters, tapestries, above all window-paintings — transparencies through which the reds and blues and yellows fell richly on the ugly brown walls and floors. Glancing in at this and that door, always I got the same impression, so strange in that desolate utilitarian quarter of the city, of joyous, confident creativeness. The subjects of the window-paintings were often religious. Some were bold flights to the very peaks — pictures of Jesus, of God beneficent and powerful. With more emotion than I can put down on paper, I stood gazing at God as conceived by a 14-year-old boy brought up in a Bronx flat.

As I entered Mr. Patri's room, a tall boy and his father were about to leave. The Principal was turning round in his hands a wood carving of a seated old woman. "A fine piece of work!" said Mr. Patri. "You must be proud of a son who can carve like that. May I keep it on exhibition here for a while?"

The father's face was a study — uncertain, pleased, astonished. The boy was radiant. His eyes never left his father's, drinking in with the greediness of starvation the fact that his father was proud of him. As intensely as the boy was gazing at his father, Mr. Patri was gazing at the boy's illumined face. His

own shone with a quiet happiness as rare in the faces of our era as window-paintings of a beneficent God by roughneck city boys.

After they had gone, the Principal nodded for me to take the chair next his desk, and said: "That boy came in at the beginning of the year, after seven years of failure. 'I can't learn anything,' he told me doggedly. 'My father says I'm no good. *I gotta low I.Q.* The quicker you put me out of here the better.'"

"But," I exclaimed, looking closely at the wood carving, "that's really *very* good work."

"Of course it is," said Mr. Patri, patiently.

I silently wondered what kind of *I.Q.* Donatello had had.

We stepped into the library. Every book with a white paper label was one that the pupils had rebound in the school bindery. Thus they double the life of the average book. And, because they have spent so much time on it that it has become an unforgettable skill, some of them go on binding books after they leave school. Sometimes that skill is a steppingstone to wider living, as in the case of one boy who paid his way through college by re-binding the books in the college library.

Mr. Patri and the librarian, glowing in satisfaction, showed me a book just added to the shelves. It was handmade, with hand-drawn illustrations, well bound, very neat and shipshape. A book about how to

raise and market rabbits. Not having any interest in rabbits, I saw no occasion for rejoicing till the librarian told me that the I.Q. of the boy who had made it was so low as almost to indicate "need for institutional care." That boy had *really* been "no good." He was not interested in any shop. He made the most awful work of reading and writing. He was disheartened, listless, a dead weight. P. S. 45 did not despair. Marking time, they sent him in, every day, to the library to dust the books. Alert to every sign of where the hidden gold of an interest in life might be, the librarian noticed that two or three times he stopped at the same place and took down the same book. Sauntering past, she saw him looking at pictures of rabbits.

"Interested in rabbits?" she asked casually.

"I raise them," he said.

Now they knew where to dig for gold.

In order to learn more about rabbits he learned to read. In order to show his system of making hutches, he learned to draw to scale. In order to make clear statements about food and marketing, he learned to figure — enough to allow him to function in his small way in the modern world. Are you saying that all this is familiar stuff in "progressive schools"? But remember that this took place in public school, not as a matter of educational theory, but as a practical way to open a

door to life to a future citizen, apparently sealed shut in black disheartenment.

At last it came to this lad with astonished pride that he knew more about rabbits than any of the other children. Why, he would do the school a service if he set down in a book all that he knew. A book must be neat (he learned to be neat), must be complete (he patiently went over and over the ground), must be bound (he worked for months in the school bookbindery). So there it stood, a book that he had written, on the shelf with other books which no longer looked alien and formidable to him because he had written one himself.

"It's a miracle!" I exclaimed.

"No, no!" protested Mr. Patri, impatient with my overdramatizing a simple thing. "Perfectly natural."

The opportunity for continued effort, with no feeling of haste to finish a project and begin another, is one of the finest elements in the life of P. S. 45. For another dangerous mistake American education makes is to subject children to hurry, to judge by their ability to live and produce at speed. There are innumerable fine personalities who do not function well in haste. Unhurried, long-continued creative effort opens the door to almost the only kind of stability we are likely to know in the kind of world we have made.

The Italian-American teacher

felt, as we all do, that the old stability of the home is gone. With his artist instinct he has steered his charges toward a surer immaterial stability, the stability of coherent, long-continued, self-directed creative effort. There is no sense of hurry, no need to get something done before the bell rings. There will be tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow — long, shining opportunities for accomplishment.

The thought that lingers most with me as I think back over Mr. Patri's school is that all of us are capable of really great work if we but find the means and follow our bent, and that the satisfaction from this cannot be replaced by any other.

Leaving the Principal's office, I admired a head in bronze on his office table. It was superbly done, immensely real, with a quality of its own that belongs to all good art.

"Who made that?" I asked.

"A 14-year-old boy," Mr. Patri said.

"Has he done anything since he left school?"

"Oh, yes," the Principal said, his tone still casual. "He is Antonio De Filippo. You can see his work on the doors of the Nebraska state capitol and in the Louisiana state capitol."

The pupils who pass through P. S. 45 go out and take their places in the creative world. Another alumnus, John Amore, won the Prix de Rome for his sculptures two years ago. But such matters do not surprise Mr. Patri, nor do they interest him half as much as the day-to-day work of his pupils. For he has none of the patronizing air of the dull teacher, none of the pat-on-the-head of the condescending adult. He knows, through long and exciting years of contact with boys and girls, what they can do and that what they do can be great. He knows that if they make creativeness a habit, then good work becomes life to them.



The Art of Repose

☞ MANY TIMES in my life I have repeated Rodin's saying that "slowness is beauty." To read slowly, to feel slowly and deeply; what enrichment!

In the past I have been so often greedy. I have gobbled down books — I have gobbled down work — I have even gobbled down my friends! — and indeed had a kind of enjoyment of all of them. But rarely have I tasted the last flavor of anything, the final exquisite sense of personality of spirit that secretes itself in every work that merits serious attention, in every human being at all worth knowing.

— David Grayson, *Adventures in Solitude* (Doubleday, Doran)

Squeaks, Slams, Echoes and Shots

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

Lucille Fletcher

THE FIRST radio sound effect went on the air one evening in 1922 when the director of a play broadcast from Schenectady slapped pieces of two-by-four together to simulate the closing of a door. Now the Columbia Broadcasting System alone spends \$100,000 a year exploring the nuances of everyday clicks, rumbles, squeaks and plops. At the National Broadcasting Company 25 engineers and their assistants toil day and night to add to the studio's repertoire of ticks and crashes.

Radio's first sound-effect men were mostly trap drummers who had helped point up climactic scenes in silent movies with pistol shots, hoofbeats, and the noises of storms and railroad trains. In its early stages sound-effect engineering was complicated because the old-fashioned microphone magnified noise so greatly that taken-from-life sound was impossible. A real door slamming would have sounded like a building caving in, a real kiss like a rhinoceros taking a bath. The sound-effect artist was forced to deal mainly in substitutes, clashing teaspoons to simulate swordplay, crumpling tissue paper for the

crackle of flames. Nowadays microphones are more accurate, and many simple objects produce noises that sound exactly like what they are. Sound-effect men keep store-rooms filled with sewing machines, kitchen sinks, milk bottles, slot machines, dice, ping-pong sets, swords, block and tackle, bed-springs and roller skates. However, there are still many problems which push the technician to the limit of his ingenuity.

The modern school of sound-effect engineering is represented in New York by Walter Pierson at CBS and Ray Kelly at NBC. One of Kelly's first triumphs was a machine to reproduce the noise made by a zephyr — replacing the hurricanelike howl which was the best that radio had previously been able to do in the way of wind. Kelly placed an electric fan inside a box which had a number of vents, and found that by adjusting the speed of the fan and the size of the vents he could get the sound of anything from a breeze to a tornado.

Greater still was his conquest of the age-old problem of rain reproduction. Radio men had been plodding along with a rain device prob-

ably known to the Elizabethans — a few peas in a drumhead, capable of producing neither crescendo nor diminuendo. One afternoon in 1933, Kelly was eating tomato-and-lettuce salad and worrying about rain effects. He sprinkled salt on the lettuce. A gentle patter intruded upon his meditations. He sprinkled again, this time listening carefully, then he rushed to his laboratory, bearing with him saltcellar and lettuce. His ensuing experiments resulted in NBC's rain machine, which pelts sheets of paper and gelatine with birdseed, on the salt-and-lettuce principle, and affords such diversified effects as rain heard through the window or on the street, rain falling on grass, shingles, or tin roofing.

The door slam is almost an essential to radio dramatists. It establishes entrances and exits, so the characters do not need to say, "Here comes Aunt Effie" or "Now that Ronald has gone to the office." Until 1931 door slams were hit-or-miss affairs, created by dropping the lid of a grand piano, say, or clashing two music stands together. Such makeshifts were unsatisfactory, acoustically and emotionally. A nursery door closed by the mother of a sleeping child, for instance, sounded like a door slammed in the heat of passion.

Pierson and Kelly now have more than 25 doors and as many windows — all full-sized and completely equipped with hardware.

You will find screen, automobile, revolving, cell, speakeasy and French doors, not to mention a picket gate and doors that squeak.

The question of squeaky doors finds Kelly and Pierson sharply divided. Kelly goes in for realism, and keeps on the lookout for squeaky hinges. Pierson has a different philosophy. "There are door squeaks, stair squeaks, windshield-wiper squeaks, shoe squeaks and pig squeaks," he says. "The man who tries to get them from doors, stairs, windshield wipers, shoes and pigs will drive himself crazy. Even squeaky doors do not always squeak on cue." So Pierson's squeak effects are violinlike affairs of catgut, wood and leather, with tuning pegs, all filed away in individual boxes.

To produce echoes Kelly has an "echo organ," tubes varying in length from 30 to 125 feet. The sound to be repeated is piped through a tube — a short tube for a nearby echo, a long one for distance — and picked up by an auxiliary microphone at the other end. Pierson uses an echo chamber, a labyrinth of concrete passageways in one of the CBS studios. Here the time lag in the echo is controlled by moving the microphone. "Twenty feet gives you a small courtroom, 90 feet Madison Square Garden," Pierson says.

However forehanded the sound-effect crews may be in storing up noises, they cannot anticipate every demand. Orson Welles' pro-

grams called for unheard-of effects and he could be satisfied with nothing short of perfection. It was Welles who nosed through a dozen housewares stores before he found the right basket for the guillotine in *A Tale of Two Cities*. It was Welles who almost suffocated inside a wooden box in an effort to perfect the hollow laugh he wanted for Count Dracula.

Another effect required for *Dracula* was the sound of a wooden stake being driven through a vampire's heart. The CBS sound man provided a chunky cabbage and a

sharpened broomstick. "Much too leafy," Welles said at rehearsal. "Drill a hole in the cabbage and fill it with water. We need blood." This was tried. "Too leaky," Welles said. "Bring me a watermelon." Porters fetched a watermelon. Welles seized a hammer and took a crack at the melon. Even the studio audience shuddered at the sound. That night, on a coast-to-coast network, he gave millions of listeners nightmares with what was indubitably the sound of a stake piercing the heart of an undead body.



The Apt Response

¶ WHEN EDMUND BURKE was delivering his famous speech against Warren Hastings, he suddenly stopped in the very middle of an idea. Slowly and impressively he raised his hand and pointed his index finger straight at Mr. Hastings. There he stood for almost a minute with that dramatic pointing finger while the audience almost held its breath. Then he went on.

After the speech one of the opposing advocates came up to him and said, "Mr. Burke, that was one of the most effective pauses I have ever seen. We simply held our breaths, wondering what you were going to say next."

"That," responded Mr. Burke with his Irish twinkle, "is exactly the way I was feeling."

— *Better English*



¶ WILL ROGERS, invited to dinner by a friend, replied, "No, thanks, I've already et."

"You should say 'have eaten,'" his friend corrected.

"Well," drawled Rogers, "I know a lot of fellers who say 'have eaten' who ain't et!"

— P. J. O'Brien, *Will Rogers* (Winston)

Fish Can't Even Read or Write

Condensed from The American Magazine

Donald Hough

TEN MILLION PEOPLE are planning to go fishing this summer. One million of them are already spending many hours over the selection of fancy lures, lines and rods, or exhausting themselves learning how to drop a fly lightly in the water so that it won't sink.

When they actually go fishing they will probably have no luck until they get a snarl in their line. While they are unsnarling it the fly will sink and a three-pound trout will grab the fly and catch himself. This will disconcert the angler, who thinks fish ought to play according to the rules.

An additional 5,000,000 anglers are pondering over the colors of their casting plugs and arguing about the tints that fishes like best. But fishes are color-blind.

Millions of fishermen are examining flies under magnifying glasses to be sure they are exact replicas of living flies; more are testing plugs in the bathtub to find one that has the closest possible approach, in action, to the movements of the fish it is supposed to represent.

But fishes bite best on flies that have no counterpart in nature, and the deadliest casting lure ever invented is the common spoon hook,

which looks like nothing on earth — or in its waters — other than a spoon hook.

Anglers are prone to regard fishes as their mental superiors, and in this way the lives of innumerable fishes are saved. The expression in a fish's eyes is no smoke screen hiding a Harvard intellect. Anglers who are now planning a scientific campaign against the fish would do well to spend a few hours in a fish market, looking at the fishes. They are just as dumb as they look. When treated as a fish, the fish is easy prey.

A fellow I know once caught a big trout which lay in a creek directly under a bridge. My friend first drifted a dry fly under the bridge, then a wet fly. He caught a grasshopper and tried that. No luck. Then the doughty angler figured that he had been drifting his lures downstream and the trout could see the line. So he performed the difficult feat of casting beneath the bridge, the lure striking the water just in front of the trout. But the trout paid no attention. As the angler cast again, his reel dropped off and sank to the bottom. Quick as a flash the fish turned, swooped down on the reel, and grabbed it.

My friend nearly landed him before he let go.

If you really want to be a smart angler, be dumb like a fish.

In every stream there is a deep pool in which lives a legendary fish, regarded as a combination of heavyweight champion and Rhodes scholar. His name is Old One Fin, Old Spotted Tail, or Old Something Else. Every week some leading local angler tries his luck — and an infinite variety of scientific lures — with him. Sometimes the fish is hooked and lost. Sometimes he won't bite. You can see him down there reading Shakespeare, but he is too "wary," too smart to be caught.

Sometimes this grandpapa of all the fishes disappears. That is a sure sign that some kid has come along with a bunch of big angleworms or a chunk of bacon on a hook big enough to catch Moby Dick, and has hauled him out.

Old Spotted Tail has a good reason for not biting on fancy flies. It takes about as much energy for a large fish to rise to the surface of a pool and return to its depths as a single fly supplies. A six-pound fish that kept chasing No. 16 flies would soon be a four-pound fish. To put it another way, a man who walked a block every day to eat a peanut would die of exhaustion

quicker than one who sat on the curbstone and ate nothing.

The kid comes along with a hunk of bacon. Old Split Fin is lying deep in the pool because he is interested in food that is heavy enough to sink. He never saw a piece of bacon before, but it is his size and he goes for it.

Men have too much imagination to be good fishermen. They place themselves in the position of the fishes and select lures they would go for if they were fishes. It irks them to look upon fishing as a simple exercise undertaken by simple men and simpler fishes. They like to feel that when they have caught a fish they have overcome tremendous obstacles.

Try to look at the fish as he really is. He has just sufficient brain power to open his mouth when he sees something to eat, and to swallow it if it turns out all right or to wiggle his tail away from there if it does not. He does not know what a fishhook is, or a line, or a leader. He is color-blind — scientifically established — and he will bite on anything that moves and on most things that stand still. When you come home with a big string of fishes, don't swell with pride. You have not caught the fishes; they have caught themselves.



SAID James Roosevelt, addressing a meeting in Hollywood, "My father gave me these hints on speech-making: 'Be sincere . . . be brief . . . be seated.'"

— George Ross in N. Y. *World-Telegram*

Honorable Mention

BANKING ON YOUTH

IN EIGHT YEARS, T. D. Call, the town banker of Cyril, Oklahoma, has transformed his community from a region of run-down farms and dispirited farmers into a bustling, progressive district. When Call took over the bank in 1931, he found \$90,000 worth of farm loans on its books; this at a time when farms were being abandoned wholesale and the scrubby range cattle were starving. Call tried to get the farmers to borrow money to buy blooded stock and rotate crops on scientific lines, but they showed little interest. So he arranged to have the school boys and girls taught scientific agriculture, and loaned them money for stock raising. When young Bob Mosier borrowed \$45 to buy a pedigreed brood sow and sold the first pigs for considerably more than any local farmers had ever received for shoats of the same age, his father, who had refused Call's offer of a loan to improve his cattle, became interested. He went to the banker and with his help and that of his several sons put his farm on a scientific basis and was soon on the way to financial independence. That, in a nutshell, is how Cyril was rejuvenated.

Call has loaned more than \$12,000 to Cyril boys and girls, with a high of \$4175 for 62 projects last year, and has never lost a penny in his dealings with them. The livestock population of Cyril has increased 42 percent in value; milk and cream output has gone up 300 percent. At San Francisco's Golden Gate Exposition last summer, 50 of the 51 Oklahoma hogs exhibited won prizes, and 40 of the prize winners came from Banker Call's county. The \$90,000 worth of loans has shrunk to \$50,000, "every cent good," says Call. He charges interest on his loans to youngsters, but every spring he spends the interest on a banquet for them and their families.

— Don Eddy in *The Country Home Magazine*

ART AMBASSADOR

MRS. NELLIE MAY SCHLEE VANCE, widow of a Nebraska professor, had her artistic ire aroused four years ago when she saw a farmer bundle his children out of the University of Nebraska's excellent contemporary art exhibition, muttering, "Pictures, just pictures!" Taking time off from her 1400-acre wheat farm, she borrowed \$5000 worth of paintings and prints from the university's permanent collection and set out in her Ford coupé to teach art appreciation to the farm families and rural school children in her state. For a fee covering insurance and gasoline, she exhibited the pictures and lectured in schoolrooms, at county fairs and women's

clubs. She wheedled canvases from important artists, bought imported copies of the works of European masters, and hung them, if necessary, on the sides of farmhouses. No admission was charged; and she forbade teachers to require formal essays about the pictures, knowing how some youngsters are taught to hate art.

Nebraska's No. 1 art ambassador has covered some 10,000 miles with her pictures, sometimes averaging 500 miles a week and four lectures a day; she has delivered her portable culture to some 50,000 people despite snow, sand and dust storms. In January 1939, the Carnegie Corporation recognized her missionary work with a \$5000 grant, making possible 30 perambulating galleries which are exhibited for a week at a time in one-room rural schools.

—Adapted from *Nebraska* and *The Country Home Magazine*

"FIRST CITIZEN OF DES MOINES"

THE TELEPHONE RANG in a shabby office on a Des Moines, Iowa, side street. "Ike Smalls speakin'," answered a thin little man at a desk surrounded by artificial legs, crutches, nursing bottles, icebags, all kinds of equipment for the sick. "What's that? Type I? Right away quick, yes, I send him." He flipped a card from a file, dialed the telephone excitedly. "Listen, Mr. Blake," he shouted. "You should go quick to Broadlawn Hospital. In a taxi!"

In the hospital operating room a surgeon was working swiftly but without much hope. His patient needed a transfusion; and the blood was rare Type I. "Ike's donor is on the way," a nurse whispered. The doctor nodded and looked less grim. Many times he and other Des Moines doctors had turned to the Russian-Jewish grocer when they needed help, and Ike Smalls never had failed.

All day and well into the night Ike Smalls' telephone rings with messages of trouble. Forty-five years old, he has lived in Des Moines since he came to America in 1913. Last year an automobile accident sent him to a hospital for five months. He had long been finding ways to help the sick, and when he got well he sold his little grocery business to devote full time to his self-made task.

"When I was in the grocery business," Ike will tell you, "every day I hear people tell their troubles. They got sickness at home and no money. It's just small things they need: a baby's nursing bottle, a kid's crutch, or a hot-water bottle. So I get 'em. When people need 'em no longer, I store 'em away. After a while I have quite a stock. But always more people are asking for help."

Five years ago Ike Smalls heard that a man had died in Des Moines because no blood donor was available. He began to hunt donors who could be summoned day or night at small cost, offering \$5 a transfusion out of his own thin purse: soon Ike had the names of scores,

all tested and classified at the state university. He became an institution as indispensable as ambulance service, his telephone was listed as an emergency number among those for police and fire departments. "It's a double job we do," Ike explains. "Most of these donors are on relief. The \$5 helps them and their blood saves lives."

When the little grocer heard two doctors complain that a city hospital was using an obsolete obstetrical table, he gave two modern ones. He distributed white canes to the needy blind, and fought through an ordinance requiring motorists to halt as a man with a white cane approaches a crossing. From canes he went to toothbrushes for pupils in the neighborhood school; from toothbrushes to wooden legs for cripples.

Distinguished citizens — including two physicians, a Catholic priest, and a lawyer — now act as Ike's sponsoring committee. His "Medical Aid Fund, Non-Sectarian" is incorporated, supervised and licensed by the state. Last year his donors gave 100 blood transfusions; 73 distressed families borrowed his wheel chairs (he now has 20); 67 patients used hospital beds he donated; the Medical Aid Fund expended \$1500, all from donations.

In a newspaper poll, the people of Des Moines named Ike "First Citizen of Des Moines."

— Karl Detzer



How to Break into Print

MY FIRST literary burglary was committed at the tender age of 14. The *Boston Transcript* has a page of Notes and Queries — a sort of literary quiz. One day I sat down and wrote the Editor. "Sir: Will you please give me the name of the author of the poem beginning: 'The dismal day, with dreary pace, hath dragged its tortuous length along.'" I signed it "Maxfield Newman."

The letter was duly published. The following week I again wrote the Editor. "Sir: The author of the poem beginning, 'The dismal day,' is Gelett Burgess. The whole poem is as follows:

The dismal day, with dreary pace,
Hath dragged its tortuous length along;
The gravestones black, and funeral vase
Cast horrid shadows long —"

But I guess that's enough of it — it had three stanzas. That was my first appearance in print. — Gelett Burgess in *Cleveland News*

Cordell Hull: The Vanishing American

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Benjamin Stolberg

Author, editor and sociologist

CORDELL HULL, who hails from the land of Daniel Boone and Chickamauga, the land of coon hunts and river boats, is one of that rapidly vanishing clan known as traditional Americans. In that historic trans-Appalachian borderland which produced our great frontier leaders — Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln — the frontier tradition lasted long enough to integrate a social order which gave us our characteristic national outlook. None of these border leaders came from the old slaveholding aristocracy or the rising merchant class. They all came from the frontier yeomanry; they represented the only social phenomenon which is distinctly American: the rise of the Common Man.

It is this tradition which gives Hull the characteristic personal traits of the frontier. Without intimating an analogy with the genius of Lincoln, one may say that Hull's similarity to him as a social type is amazing. Hull was a circuit judge in a backwoods community. Both were young state legislators. Both were volunteer captains in wars with which they had no great sympathy — Lincoln in the Black Hawk War, Hull against Spain. Both went into "lawin'" without much success,

being politicians at heart. And neither of them had to learn politics any more than a duckling learns swimming. They were born to it — the politics of interminable discussions of the county courthouse and the country store. Politically Hull is especially Lincolnesque: crafty, devious, infinitely patient, always principled, courageous only when necessary but then fearless.

The best of the border statesmen based their democracy not on the sentimental belief that all men are equally good but on the shrewd perception that most men's motives are equally ulterior and that they have to be protected from one another by the democratic process. Perhaps it is this insight which gives Hull that look of infinite sadness and long-suffering patience which screens his astuteness. Hull always looks at you as though he were ready to forgive the shenanigans you have no intention of pulling. "Hull," said his closest friend during the Spanish-American War, "had one great advantage in a poker game. He could look sad and beautiful and humble while he had four of a kind, timidly betting against other people's weaker hands." Captain Hull returned from Cuba with \$6300, three fourths

of all the money in the Fourth Tennessee Regiment. Thirty-five years later Dr. Raymond Moley ran up against the same deceptive meekness in a political poker game with the Secretary of State.

Cordell Hull was born in 1871 in middle Tennessee, of Scotch-Irish stock, into which had crept a strain of Cherokee. His father, William Hull, was a colorful, hard-working little fellow with a hair-trigger temper, who cut logs and rafted them down the river to Nashville. Of five sons, Cordell was the steadiest. He would raft logs or work on the farm from sunrise to sundown.

Cordell went for 10 months to the Cumberland University Law School and was admitted to the bar before he was 20. In short, Hull is a self-taught man. Like most self-taught men, he is not widely cultivated. But his native intelligence and tireless industry have made him an authority on taxation and the tariff, and learned in his chosen field of economics. He has the self-taught man's advantage of not being overawed by authority. He is one of the few real scholars in this administration.

After practicing law for two years, Hull was elected to the Tennessee legislature, where he remained until the Spanish-American War. His fame as a military man rested primarily on "a command of expletives which was the envy of all the sergeants in Cuba."

In 1903 Hull became Circuit

Judge, with headquarters in Carthage, Tennessee. His administration of justice was impartial, full of common sense. Once he fined his "pappy" \$5 for sitting in court with his hat on. He still likes to be called "Judge" by his friends.

In 1907 Hull began one of the most distinguished Congressional careers in American history. He served in the lower House, except for one term, until 1930, when he went to the Senate. For 18 years he was a member of the powerful Ways and Means Committee; and he was really the leader in the House of President Wilson's progressive economic program. He first came to national attention as the author of the Federal Income Tax Bill of 1913 and the Revised Act of 1916. Above all, Hull became the leading foe of the protective tariff.

Five hours after his inauguration, President Roosevelt swore in Cordell Hull as Secretary of State. The brain-trusters were already riding high. Many of them were consciously "brilliant," irresponsibly "experimental," excited amateurs in politics and arrogant dilettantes in economics. To them the new Secretary of State was an old Congressional dodo, slightly daffy on the matter of international trade agreements, a backwoodsman who had belatedly discovered the *laissez faire* capitalism of Adam Smith in a world of "social planning." They had lots of fun at the expense of the "good gray Secretary," who "didn't

know what it was all about." In retrospect this evaluation of Hull by the political playboys is exceedingly funny. Today Hull is the most respected figure in Washington — for his staying power, his simple dignity, his strength of character and his intellectual integrity.

Hull is in the New Deal but not of it. When a friend once tried to draw him out on it he said, "I'tend to mah int'national affairs." At his press conferences he has developed to a fine point the art of saying nothing elaborately. Harlan Miller thus renders Hull's reply to one ticklish question: "That situation is complicated by the interplay of many phases which are receiving our most careful analysis. However, each phase is made up of many individual circumstances. These we are attempting to investigate so that we will have a true comprehension of the entire development." Then, to the confusion he has created, the Secretary is likely to add: "We always want to be helpful to you gentl'men."

Formerly an advocate of gradual international disarmament, today Hull believes in the strongest possible national defense. But his main interest is the extension of his trade agreements. He claims that the rise of the national income from 40 billions in 1932 to 68.5 billions in 1939 was partly, but very significantly, due to this program.

Close to Hull's heart also is the bettering of inter-American rela-

tions. In 1933 he headed the American delegation to the Pan-American Conference in Montevideo. One hour after he landed he started making the rounds of the Latin-American delegates, surprising some of them at breakfast, others shaving. "I'm Hull from the United States," he introduced himself. On leaving he told each, "Just give me a ring if you want to take anythin' up with me, and I'll be right ovah."

That afternoon the American press representative arranged for a press conference with the Secretary. All the big-shot newsmen showed up. But Mr. Hull was nowhere to be found. Finally he came trudging in. "Where in the world have you been, Mr. Secretary?" asked the press representative rather irritably. "Why, I've been to see the local President," Hull explained.

At first the Latin-Americans looked at all this homespun stuff with suspicion. But it was not a pose, and Montevideo was a great personal triumph for Hull.

If Mr. Roosevelt should decide not to run again, Hull appears to be his candidate. As a candidate, Hull has certain disadvantages. He is 68. Rightly or wrongly, some sections of small industry and many farm organizations are against his trade policy. As an executive he is slow, at times overcautious. And his views on domestic issues — relief, unemployment, social security — are practically unknown beyond

the fact that, on the whole, he is a progressive.

On the other hand, Hull is the perfect compromise candidate. The Southern conservatives cannot openly object to him. The New Dealers would have to be for him. Jim Farley — who means the delegates to the convention — is strong for him. Labor, too. Above all, the state of the public mind is for him.

The American people today have a nostalgia for his type of Vanishing American: the backwoods politician, the common-man, reared in the folkways of frontier democracy, who has risen to great heights of simplicity, dignity and moral prestige.

In these days of danger to our institutions, Hull's traditional Americanism has an enormous appeal.



Red Cross Town

Robert J. Casey in *Chicago Daily News*

ONLY A FEW MILES from the Maginot Line, in the midst of a congested military zone, lies Phalsbourg, France, the most unmilitary town in the world. There isn't a machine gun or rifle or cap-pistol in the place; no anti-aircraft batteries protect its little bridges; there isn't an air-raid shelter sign or sandbag, and at night its lights blaze against the sky more brilliantly than in peacetime. The traffic of war that rolls by all day long — tanks and caissons, soldiers, horses and trucks — is detoured by unarmed sentries. The only way an active warrior can get into town is to be carried in on a stretcher.

For Phalsbourg is the Red Cross capital, the first town in a humanitarian experiment suggested by General Schikele of France in an effort to spare wounded men the horror of bombard-

ment as they lie helpless. At an International Red Cross Congress in 1932 the General recommended that in case of future war small towns of no military value be declared out of bounds, turned over to the Red Cross and guaranteed security by all combatants. Several countries, including Germany, France and England, subscribed to the idea; and although the pact, which was to have been ratified in 1939, was never signed, France went ahead according to plans already worked out.

Markers have been placed on the roofs of all hospitals in the town; a vast red cross outlined in white covers most of the central square. The town's character and location have been widely advertised. To what extent the experiment succeeds depends upon how seriously Germany takes the agreement; so far, all's well.

All About a Dog

By

Henry H. Curran

Chief Magistrate, City of New York

THE SUMMONS said "unlawfully withholding property." That can mean anything, but it usually means a dog.

A girl in white came forward to press her claim for the dog. She was slender, beautiful, with blue eyes and dark hair, but very pale.

With her mother alongside, the girl told her story. A police dog, Danny, he was. Two years old. Her dog, since he came into the home a puppy, her own dog, and now for six months he had been lost. She had searched and watched, but never yet had she seen him.

Her mother finished the story. "My husband found the dog, led on a leash by the young man there." She pointed to the defendant. "He is sure it's the same dog. He found out who the young man was, got the summons for him."

"Where is the dog?" I asked.

"Downstairs in the complaint room," put in the young man, an honest-looking fellow with indignation in his voice. "He's my dog, Judge. I bought him fair and square, and I like him a lot and I want to keep him. He likes me too."

"Have you the license?" I asked.

"Yes, here it is." It was all in order.

I dug out the young man's story, piece by piece, and it was convincing. Once or twice I had to tell him to look at me as he answered, for he kept looking at the girl.

"I've got to do it in the old way," I said in despair. "We'll leave it to the dog. Now you must all do very carefully what I say."

I bade the mother and the girl go to another room, out of sight. As the door closed behind them, I noticed the defendant still looking at the girl.

Then, as the crowded courtroom waited in silence, the dog was led in — a gentle, intelligent police dog. When the attendant unleashed him at the door, he bounded up the aisle straight to the defendant, leaped up at him, then stood beside him in dumb affection. It was pretty clear. The young man even put him through tricks.

"Oh, Judge, he's my dog," he said. "I'm sorry for those people, but it's some other dog they've lost. He's my dog. I bought him."

"All right. Now for the rest," I said.

The attendant took the dog away again. The young man went to a far room, and the girl and her mother came back, the girl standing near me against a wall, the mother sitting by direction on a bench near the door, with others. "You must not make a sign," I said to them both, "not a sign, no matter what happens."

Then the dog appeared, at the door, unleashed by the attendant. I glanced at the girl, her eyes suddenly shining, but staying quiet. The dog bounded up the aisle again, saw his master was not there, stood hesitating a moment, looking this way and that, then with a waggish look ran back to the door. So it was to be a game!

Without prompting he ran back and forth between the benches, nose in air, looking one by one at the people sitting there in silent excitement.

When the dog came to the mother he stopped, then leaped up at her, putting his forepaws in her lap. There was a murmur through the courtroom. I looked at the girl. She was breathing quickly, but she gave no sign. Nor did the mother.

• Well? Wrong again? The dog seemed to wonder, then took up again his indefatigable hunt. In and out he bounded carefully, missing no one.

And now it was finished. He had been to every bench and stood looking at me, irresolute. And so — had

he lost the game? The silence in the courtroom became uncomfortable.

Suddenly he turned his fine head straight toward the girl standing against the wall, looked long and incredulously. Before it could be seen, it was so quick, he took one great leap across the space, bounded high up toward the girl, licked her cheek, fell back, leaped up again.

The girl was game. She kept her eyes on me, giving no sign to the dog.

The leaping went on. Some day? Some day she would be as she had been? The dog had no doubt. He kept on leaping.

I gave a sign to the girl. Then she bent, and as the dog leaped up again, she took him into her arms and held him there, close.

"Danny," she said.

The case was over. When the young man came out, and took the leash that the attendant handed back to him, he looked long at the girl, at the dog, at the peculiar grin on the dog's face that meant ecstasy and nothing else. The girl still held the dog in her arms. For the first time I thought I saw a rosy hint of color in her cheeks. The young man walked toward her.

"Here is the leash," he said. "I thought you'd like it." He gulped.

"Thanks," said the girl. She let the dog down, took the leash. And then for the first time she smiled, a radiant smile full of sympathy, straight at the defendant. "I'm sorry," she said.

As they all filed out, I heard the young fellow say to the girl, "I'd like to show you how to have him do the tricks I taught him — could I come along?"

"Yes, please come," said the girl. They went together, the dog between them, leaping up first at one and then at the other. .
I wonder.



New Shoe News

❖ **WOMEN** are trying out shoes with "illuminated" plastic heels, the creation of two St. Louis inventors. The heels are hollow, and either transparent or opaque; when clear and glittering in gay jewel tones, the heels look as if illuminated from within. — *AP*

❖ **NEW PLASTIC HEELS** for women's shoes are removable, and come in a variety of colors so that the same pair of shoes may be alternately adorned with heels of different shades. The heels lock on firmly and won't scuff. — *Peta Warner in Cue*

❖ **A SHOELACE** that "will not untie" is on the market. Six inches at each end of the lace have tiny bulges about an inch apart, small enough to pass through the eyelets but just big enough to keep the knot from slipping. — *Business Week*

❖ **"WALK in your own footprints"** is the slogan of a company, introducing shoes with plastic intersoles that can be molded in ten minutes to the conformation of the sole of the foot. The customer is fitted as usual, then the shoes are placed on an electric machine that heats the plastic to the consistency of a thick fluid. As it is cooling, the customer puts on the shoes and takes about 70 steps in them. When hardened the plastic retains the form it has been forced into, relieving, it is claimed, ailments such as flat feet, fallen arches and metatarsal trouble. — *Barron's*

❖ **SHOES** with fibrous insulation packed under the rim of the insole have proved cooler in summer and warmer in winter than ordinary shoes. And they keep the feet dry. — *New Orleans Item-Tribune*

Mrs. Benson Helps Run Her Town

Condensed from *The Commonweal*

Karl Detzer

MRS. BENSON didn't wait to do her supper dishes. With notes from last night's neighborhood meeting stuffed into her handbag, she hurried down to the city hall.

The eight members of the Berkeley, California, city council already sat around the big table. Mayor Frank Stewart Gaines, retired manufacturer, was presiding. On his right was the city manager; on the left were chairs for Mrs. Benson and nine fellow citizens. Here, for one night, they might correct, inspire, advise or condemn their elected officials.

Each week this city of 100,000 on San Francisco Bay asks ten of its plain people, from its ten distinct neighborhoods, to sit with its council. At the end of the year 520 citizens of Berkeley thus have had opportunity to say their say about their own local government.

At the meeting Mrs. Benson attended, the council had to decide whether to permit the erection of an ice-skating rink in the middle of the town's proposed new civic center. Real estate men, property owners' associations, the chamber

of commerce, the newspapers, were noisily divided on the plan. The council wanted to hear what the quiet voters thought.

Mrs. Benson herself approved of the ice rink. So did most of her neighbors. The night before in her living room a score of them had discussed the problem for two hours. She told the council all about it. The other nine members of this associate council spoke for nine other neighborhoods. The majority approved of the plan, and the council voted for it.

"If we can find out just what our citizens think, instead of what their politicians want, we'll be getting somewhere in democracy," Mayor Gaines explains. "For our citizens' panels we pick voters from the city's ten natural social and economic regions. We divide evenly between men and women; rich, middle class and poor; home owners and renters; liberals and conservatives; professions, business and labor. We purposely avoid those who have some selfish axe to grind. We really are getting a cross section of what average people think."

The mayor is now making up a

list whose members will include the leaders of all local organizations — luncheon clubs, labor unions, churches, parent-teacher groups, lodges, professional societies.

Mrs. Benson received her invitation to the council meeting two weeks in advance. Accompanying it was a copy of the city charter, and the suggestion that she familiarize herself with it. She did so conscientiously, and showed it to her neighbors, most of whom hadn't paid much attention to Berkeley's charter before. But they know all about it now.

To catch future citizens young, the city fathers have organized the grade schools into small municipi-

palities. In each schoolroom is an elected governing "council" and "mayor" who conduct meetings. Classes go to city hall to sit among the other spectators and listen to Mrs. Benson and her nine associates.

For more than a decade, experts have rated Berkeley among the six best-governed American cities. Its police department is famous for progressive policies. Other municipal services have always been excellent. The voters' panel is not an effort to reform a poorly governed city but to keep an already excellent government responsive to a vigilant citizenry.



Bottled News

SCATTERED AROUND the shores of the Pacific Ocean — from Chile to Alaska, from Siberia to Australia — are members of the International Bottle Club, a group of geographically-minded men and women of many nationalities whose hobby is the exchange of correspondence carried in bottles by wind, waves and ocean currents. The club was started in 1926 by Col. Edward P. Bailey, an Australian now living in San Marino, California, after he had prepared hundreds of messages in a dozen languages, placed them in bottles, and scattered a few each day from the deck of a ship en route from Vancouver to Sydney, Australia. Months, sometimes years, later these messages were answered from points all around the Pacific.

Now Bottle Club members collect thousands of old bottles, put messages in them and send them to sea with crew members or passengers who agree to drop them overboard as far as possible from land. The travel records of some of the messages sound like the tales of Marco Polo or Magellan. A message launched by a Japanese member near Kamchatka was reported three years later from Chile, and Chilean messages have been found in Alaskan waters; Alaskan messages have turned up in Australia. In a few more years the International Bottle Club may be able to furnish valuable information concerning world wind drifts and ocean currents. — *Christian Science Monitor*

BOOK SECTION

NEMESIS?

THE STORY OF OTTO STRASSER



A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

DOUGLAS REED

Former correspondent of the London Times in Berlin; author of "Insanity Fair" and "Disgrace Abounding"

*W*HAT secret organization, within and without Germany, opposes the Hitler regime? Who is the German patriot directing this organization, and what are his hopes of success?

"*Nemesis*," says the London *Tablet*, "informs us about Otto Strasser, an obviously possible future ruler of Germany. . . . A remarkable story of the Black Front, and of Strasser's hidden helpers in Germany and in the Nazi Party."

Copyright and published in England at 10s. 6d. by Jonathan Cape, 30 Bedford Square, London, W.C. 1. This book will be published in the United States in June by Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass., under the title of "The Black Front: Otto Strasser and the Fourth Reich."

NEMESIS?

THIS IS the story of the German patriot, Otto Strasser, once high in the councils of the German Reich, now an exile in Paris. For years he has been the spearhead of an attack against the Hitler regime. He may — as will appear — become the leader of a new Germany, after Hitler's fall. But even if he fails in this high ambition, his story is so full of courage and significance that it commands respect and deserves its record.

Consider this man, as he goes today with a quick stride through obscure Paris streets. Average height; stocky; a bow-at-the-back, German-looking hat. You would hardly notice him, yet he may force himself on your notice. In the marionette theater that is our world, the unseen hand of Destiny has of late been tugging gently at the strings of this figure, testing them to feel if they are in good condition.

OTTO STRASSER's life really began, like those of most male Europeans born around the turn of the century, with the outbreak of war in 1914. Since its adjournment, in 1918, he has had, as the little boy said, two minutes' peace each year.

Although Otto was not yet 17, he volunteered and was accepted in the Fourth Artillery Regiment. Though the war only steeled his love of Germany, and his feeling for the German army, he thinks today with horror of his experiences as a recruit in Imperial Germany. His description of them deepens the eternal perplexity of the foreigner at the duality of the German character, at the Jekyll-and-Hyde nature of a people in which the highest military and civic qualities are seen side by side with a bestial brutality.

Strasser was passionately a soldier at heart, but regards the non-commissioned officers of that day as the most repulsive beings he has known. Among the 300 men in his unit were some 180 students, and the noncommissioned officers vented their especial spleen on these in ways which left him with an ineradicable loathing of a class of man now best represented among Hitler's Brown Army commanders.

At every opportunity the students were publicly humiliated. One such instance recalled by Strasser is typical. "One Saturday afternoon in October 1914, when we were all dressed in our best uniforms for

leave in the town, an enormously corpulent sergeant-major had us all on parade and asked anyone who spoke English or French to step forward. A few of us, supposing that men with these attainments were needed for some special military service, hastened to volunteer. Then the sergeant-major, regarding us malevolently, said, 'So, these conceited intellectuals may now spend the afternoon cleaning the closets. The rest can go out. Dismiss!'

During the training period, such calculated degradations were almost a daily occurrence. "Since that time," Strasser concludes, "I have an undying hatred of militarism, as opposed to the calling of a soldier, which is something quite different."

As a soldier, Strasser's career was distinguished. He fought through the entire war, was seriously wounded, won the Iron Cross, First Class, for the capture of a British battery, and was promoted to a lieutenancy. For a time he experienced the glories of fighting with a victorious army; but then came the bitter tide of defeat. "I shall never forget," he says, "my first view of American troops. On August 25, 1918, my battery was defending a canal-crossing near Soissons. We had been falling back for days before an urgent and superior enemy. We were without proper supplies of munitions or food, we could not get our wounded and sick away.

"I was in an advanced outpost when I saw the Americans — a

marching column of cheerful, singing troops, brand-new equipment from their boots to their steel helmets. Four years earlier, in the summer of 1914, we had marched off to war looking like that!

"For the first time, as I watched them, fear rose in me — fear that we should lose the war. What did it avail us that our shells and machine-gun fire mowed down these incautious lads in swaths, just as we were mown down by the British in Flanders in 1914? This human torrent was so mighty, so relentless, that we were bound to drown in it.

"No German soldier who had that experience, who with his own eyes saw the contrast between the starved, ragged and exhausted figures of our diminishing army and the well-nourished, splendidly-equipped, well-trained and well-rested lads of the innumerable American armies, can ever believe in the stupid and venomous fairy tale of the 'Stab-in-the-back.'" This is important, because Hitler has convinced his people that the German army was never beaten in the field, but only lost the war through the "Stab-in-the-back" of strikers and mutineers at home.

FOLLOWING the armistice came that frenzied, tempestuous, post-war period in Germany, when middle-aged men found their lives in ruins about them, when young men back from the army sought to find a way through chaos to an ordered existence.

Under the tide of disillusionment, all conventions and moral standards were swept aside, and discipline gave way to a license that was far too libertine.

"Glamour" then had its home in Berlin; its victims, girls and lads in their early teens, were openly bought and sold in the temples of sexual perversion which flourished beneath blazing electric signs in the cities. In the dizzy whirl of inflation, the savings of hard-working people vanished overnight, while the manipulators, the money vultures, grew fat. One great financial scandal followed another, as swindler after swindler decided that the time for bankruptcy was ripe. Political life was disordered: communists revolted here, reactionaries there, and precarious coalitions of all-good-men maintained a crazy equilibrium in the land.

Amid this turmoil, Otto Strasser, sick and crippled by sciatica after his war service, began to grope his way toward the future. He began, once more, to strive after a degree at Munich University.

His great problem was his daily bread. And now he showed his enormous energy and capacity for work. He studied from eight o'clock in the morning until midday at the university, and then went to the Reichstag, where he had found a post as stenographer.

This work lasted until six or seven o'clock in the evening, which left him an hour for a simple meal. After

that, from eight till ten o'clock, he took unpaid evening classes for workmen, whom he taught German history and stenography; and after that, again, he had to prepare his next morning's work at the university.

During all these months he was so crippled that he could walk only with the aid of two sticks.

In political beliefs Strasser was — and still is — a socialist, and his sympathy for the masses eventually led him to join a new political party then arising in chaotic Germany — the National Socialist Party of Adolf Hitler. Otto had an older brother, Gregor, who had also served with high distinction in the war. Gregor had the greatest faith in the sincerity of Hitler's promises of social betterment within Germany, and had given himself whole-heartedly to Hitler's cause. In 1925, when Otto joined the National Socialist Party, Gregor was already a Regional Leader, and one of Hitler's most trusted aides.

FIVE YEARS passed from this day when Otto Strasser joined the Heil-Hitlerists to the day when he bade Hitler farewell, telling him to his face that he was a windbag, fraud and humbug. He had seen through Hitler's duplicity, and knew that his promises of socialism had been sold out to the great industrialists and landowners who were secretly providing him with money.

His brother Gregor seems never

quite to have discerned this truth. His loyalty to Hitler survived all tests. He was at this time the real head of the party in the vital and largest area of the Reich — North Germany. His was a position of enormous influence, and many party leaders who had come to question the sincerity of Hitler's motives were ready to group themselves about him. But Gregor had an easy-going streak in his pugnacious nature which always led him, in the decisive moment, to give way to Hitler, and this affected the course of European history.

If he had broken away from Hitler with his brother, the Young National Socialist Party would certainly have split, and Germany and Europe would have been spared the militarist nightmare in which they now live. Later, Gregor knew that he had been deceived, but that disillusionment came too late to save even his own life, as will appear. Otto, clearer-sighted and more resolute, cut the hawser in time.

Seeing that there was neither political honesty nor socialism of any kind to be hoped for from Hitler and his party, Otto set out to corrode that party from within. Already a recognized leader, he now secretly gathered about him the true socialists of the party, and formed his "Black Front"—his men within Hitler's army, his party within the Nazi party, his secret police within the Gestapo. Thus he began his war against Hitler. It is

still going on. Indeed, it is only just approaching its decisive stage.

From the beginning, the Black Front* worked for a distant day — the day when Hitler, having come to power, should betray his promised socialism, bring Germany into war, and — be overthrown. All those men who were to rule Germany through terror now had to look over their own shoulders, to look suspiciously at their own shadows.

Otto Strasser's Black Front *exists* in Germany today, as no other organization exists, ready to spring into action, like an engine at the touch of the starter.

IN THE EVENING of February 27, 1933, Otto Strasser was on his way to the Anhalter Station to take the train for his home outside Berlin, when he saw a glow in the sky, asked a taxi driver what it was, and received the answer, "The Nazis have fired the Reichstag." Guessing that a reign of violence was beginning, and that his home and Berlin headquarters would be watched, Strasser fled at once to a little Thuringian holiday resort already chosen as the first secret headquarters in such an event as this. There he was unknown, and by means of simple telephone calls he was able to keep all the threads of his organization in his hand, to issue orders and receive reports. He

* The word "Black" simply indicates "secret" or "clandestine."

soon learned that his Berlin office had been ransacked and demolished, but the Gestapo took some time completely to clamp down the hatches of their terror, and in these early days local telephone calls were not eavesdropped.

After one week, however, he received an urgent code message telling him that one of his helpers had broken under manhandling in a concentration camp and had revealed the approximate locality of Strasser's hiding place. At this moment, the hand of the Gestapo first touched Otto Strasser's coat-tails. He fled at once to the second secret headquarters, also chosen long in advance, at a village in Bavaria; the next day, as he subsequently learned, the Gestapo arrived at the Thuringian inn to arrest him.

Now began a period of melodramatic pursuit and escape, with Nazi agents always close at his heels. Once, on a wild night drive he escaped by slipping his car through the open gates of a farmyard while the pursuing police car raced past. Again, on the green slopes of the Bavarian Alps near the Austrian border, he persuaded suspicious Nazi guards who were looking for him that he was only a vacationer carrying on an indiscreet romance with a girl in a nearby inn. A few nights later he crossed the frontier into Austria, led by a mountain guide along the precipitous paths made by the hooves of the chamois.

Otto Strasser's probable fate, if he had been caught by the Gestapo, is indicated by what happened to his brother Gregor, who made no attempt to flee. After Hitler came to power Gregor left the party and abandoned politics entirely. He devoted himself to a chemical business in Berlin, and for a time was allowed to feel secure. But Hitler still saw in him a dangerous rival, particularly in the stormy first half of 1934, when dissatisfaction with the achievements, or lack of achievements, of the Hitler party was rife. For that reason, Gregor Strasser was one day dragged away from his midday meal with his family and taken to the Secret Police headquarters.

Otto Strasser has never succeeded in obtaining an account of his brother's death which he could completely verify. The version he believes to be true was given to him by a man who was at the Secret Police headquarters at the same time. He says that Gregor Strasser was lying on a bench in his cell when Heydrich, chief assistant to Heinrich Himmler, head of the Gestapo, and another man thrust aside the grating in the door and fired through it with revolvers. At first they missed Gregor, who jumped up and ran into a corner. They fired again, and he sank down, still alive but badly hurt. Then Heydrich entered the cell and dispatched him with a bullet in the neck.

IN VIENNA, Otto thought he would be safe from Nazi agents, and he resumed his one-man war. Only three months after Hitler's advent to power and the descent of the Gestapo terror on Germany, Strasser began publication of an anti-Hitlerist paper which was smuggled in thousands of copies into the Reich.

This was relatively simple because The Black Front covered not only Germany, but also Austria, and its organization there was still intact. Strasser's followers in Austria helped in the printing of the paper and in smuggling it across the frontier. It was called, in anticipation of something that afterwards came true, *Der Schwarze Sender* (The Black or Secret Broadcaster).

In addition to the paper itself, small-type pamphlets on thin paper were prepared, things which could be screwed into a tiny ball and swallowed, and these were sent across the frontier, 50,000 at a time. They caused more annoyance to the Nazis there than any other form of attack upon their rule, because the author was a man who had played a leading part in their own movement, and because he could be called neither a Communist nor a Jew.

Very soon the arm of the Gestapo reached out across the frontier into Austria and again Otto Strasser's coat-tails slithered through its fingers. His flat was raided one night

by agents seeking to kidnap him. But on that particular night he happened to be in Czechoslovakia, where he had prudently gone to survey the ground in case Austria should fall to Hitler. He was told of the raid, on his return to Vienna, by the friendly porter of the building. Not daring to confide his safety to the Viennese police — among whom were many Nazi sympathizers — he fled to Prague.

In Czechoslovakia the one-man war had to be begun again at the beginning. Strasser had one great advantage — good friends, in and outside Germany, who helped with money. He felt perfectly safe in Prague, for among the Czechs there were no admirers of Hitler, and it was impossible even to imagine Nazi spies among them.

So the production of miniature anti-Hitlerist newspapers and pamphlets began again. From Czechoslovakia, as from Austria, they were smuggled in large quantities into the Reich by reckless men who used the most audacious methods, who continually risked and frequently lost their lives, for no other payment than the hope of contributing to the end of Hitler.

Germans, Sudeten-Germans, and even Czechs helped in the work. They crossed the frontiers by secret paths at midnight with knapsacks on their backs containing thousands of these anti-Hitlerist flimsies in envelopes stamped with German stamps, ready for posting.

Otto Strasser had an envelope of the German Medical Association sent to him in Prague and had it copied in 50,000 facsimiles there. These he filled with his leaflets, leaving the flap unstuck, and they were posted in Germany as printed matter! On another occasion, he had the letterheads of the German Jurists Association similarly copied; what a shock that piously Hitlerist body must have had when it learned of the literature that was being distributed in Germany on paper bearing its imprint.

Another device used by Otto Strasser in his one-man war was the distribution of millions of stick-on labels, rather bigger than an ordinary postage stamp. These bore the sword-and-hammer badge of the Black Front and some such legend as "The Black Front will oust Hitler." These were pasted all over Germany — on doors, walls, windows, trains, military barracks and the like. *It was so simple to hold one in the palm of the hand and swiftly stick it on in passing that it was almost impossible to catch the distributors of these stamps; they sometimes appeared in the most unexpected places — on the desks of Nazi leaders and the like.*

IN 1934 came the most dramatic of all Strasser's acts in his vendetta against a nation. The story has all the elements of a detective thriller: the lonely inn, the beauti-

ful blonde decoy, the revolver shots, the getaway in the fast car. Listen to the story of Zahori, and the secret broadcasting station known as "The Secret Sender."

This amazing feat was not Strasser's achievement alone; it was made possible by the skill of another brave man, Rudolf Formis, his close friend and one of the best radio engineers Germany ever had. Formis's exceptional skill had brought him to high office in the German radio organization, but his anti-Nazi feelings became known, and he had to flee for his life. Eventually he joined Strasser in Prague, proposed the idea of a "radio war" against Hitler and found Strasser heartily in favor. The main obstacle was the lack of money. But somehow these two men managed to smuggle funds from their friends in Germany, in spite of the stringent German supervision, and the work began.

The most important thing was the choice of a site for the Sender. It had to be technically suitable for transmissions, and yet secret — secret from the Czech authorities, secret from the Gestapo. About 40 miles southwest of Prague, Strasser and Formis found a lonely week-end inn bearing the lovely name of Zahori: "Behind the hills." It was ideal. There were almost no guests in the autumn, and the innkeeper was willing to wink at what was going on.

In this secluded spot, Rudolf

Formis built his Secret Sender. It was, as experts tell me, a technical marvel, and is — or at any rate was, until Hitler invaded Prague — one of the chief exhibits of the Czechoslovak Postal Museum. From this Sender, the news-and-views of the Black Front was delivered three times daily, in three transmissions of an hour each, into the heart of Hitlerist Germany. The Sender was cunningly built into the rafters of the loft of the little inn; in Formis's bedroom, only the microphone was to be seen. He could lie abed and open his heart to his fellow Germans.

Neither Strasser nor Formis could have forgotten the danger they were in. They knew that their lives were at stake. And yet — the Gestapo found them and struck. The real culprit, as Otto Strasser says, was their chronic need of money: they could not afford to keep a guard for Formis, and Strasser often had to be in Prague.

On January 16, 1935, Strasser was at Zahori, and saw Formis for the last time. He brought him new gramophone records of recorded speeches to the German people; these were changed every month. Formis mentioned that on the previous day a German couple, a pair of lovers, had been there: one Hans Müller, a businessman from Kiel, and one Edith Kersbach, an exceptionally beautiful girl with golden hair. Strasser was immediately suspicious, but Formis said

they were "nice, harmless people."

Formis did not tell Strasser — perhaps because he did not want Strasser to think that he had looked upon the blonde and lo, she was good — that she had pretended to be cross with her lover, and had snuggled up to Formis, saying, "Let's be photographed together and make this grumpy fellow jealous." Whereon Formis and the blonde were photographed together, arm-in-arm, by the waiter. Next day the couple left the inn and, as was later ascertained, the "grumpy" Hans Müller flew to Berlin with the photograph to make sure that Formis was the right man.

On January 23, Edith and her Hans Müller returned to Zahori. Müller was *terribly* tired and had a *terrible* headache, and went immediately to bed. Formis and Edith remained together in the sitting room for an hour and a half. She did not know she was about to die, *this strumpet, and must have played a marvelous part. The artless pat on the hand, the accidental touch, the lingering glance.*

I think Formis may have distrusted the whole pantomime, but perhaps he was one of those men who simply cannot bring themselves to box such a woman's ears. Anyway, at 10 o'clock they went upstairs, along the corridor, where Edith and her lover had room Number Three, and Formis the room two doors farther on, Number Seven.

Only Hans Müller and a Gestapo

gunman named Gerhard Schubert know exactly what happened then; they were inside Room Number Three. But the trick can be very clearly deduced from details discovered later: Edith, who held one of Formis's hands in hers, opened the door of her room, as if to say good night to him, and then tried to pull him in with her. His latent suspicions awoke and he drew back. She drove her claws into him and tried to drag him in; the lacerations of the she-cat were found carved deep in his wrist.

And then — did he draw his revolver and shoot her, or did she get one of the bullets that were meant for him? That we shall never know, unless Hans Müller or Gerhard Schubert speak, and this is not likely.

Just after 10 o'clock the waiter, who slept in the basement, was awakened by the noise of many revolver shots. As he rushed upstairs, he was confronted by an unknown man with a revolver in each hand. He fell back, down the stairs, but first he saw Hans Müller dragging the body of Formis along the corridor to Room Number Seven, heard Edith herself screaming in mortal anguish. The unknown man (Schubert) drove the waiter and a chambermaid down into the basement, where he locked the door on them. There, shut in, they heard further bangs and noises, but were too frightened to move.

Later, they broke out through

the window and rushed to the place of the tragedy. In Room Number Seven they found the petrol-soaked body of Formis, with two incendiary bombs, which had only smoldered instead of bursting into flame. The microphone had been smashed by the murderers, but the Secret Sender itself, concealed in the loft, was not discovered.

The police found, the next day, a rope ladder hanging from the window of Edith's room. That was how Gerhard Schubert got in. There was blood on the rope ladder. The two gunmen had lowered Edith that way.

The racing Mercedes in which they escaped was stopped in the township of Lobositz at one o'clock in the morning, because of its excessive speed. The driver's papers were in order, and it was allowed to go. The policeman Boehm says that it had only two occupants, the two men who sat in the front seats. In the back seat was "a mound of rugs and coats." This was Edith.

Müller and Schubert received the award of 10,000 marks which the Gestapo had put on Formis's head (as Otto Strasser's informants in Germany reported to him) and have a high place on the list of people with whom he hopes to settle scores when Hitler's regime is overthrown.

When the Czechoslovak government formally demanded of Berlin that the perpetrators of this mur-

der within Czechoslovakian territory be surrendered, the Nazi reply was that no trace whatever of the Mercedes car or of its passengers could be found.

But four and a half years later, when the present war had begun and the Munich bomb explosion startled the world, the *Völkischer Beobachter*, in accusing Otto Strasser and the British Intelligence Service of causing the explosion, stated that his Secret Sender "was destroyed on January 26, 1935, by two SS leaders in execution of their orders."

FOR TWO YEARS after the murder of Formis, Strasser was able to carry on his newspaper and leaflet war from Prague. Then came Munich and the British ultimatum to the Czechoslovaks to surrender to the German demands. While Hitler's armies were grabbing their first slice of Czechoslovakia — the Sudetenland — Strasser took an airplane and flew over their heads to Switzerland.

On November 8, 1939, a few weeks after the outbreak of the war, came the bomb explosion in the beer hall at Munich. Within a few hours of that explosion the German police informed the Swiss authorities that Otto Strasser was the organizer of the plot. To date, no light whatever has been cast on this dark affair. Strasser is convinced that the bomb was planted by the Nazis themselves, from the

same motive that led them to fire the Reichstag — to give the German people visible proof of the implacable hatred of that malignant foe whom they accused of beginning the war, Britain.

Strasser was no longer safe in neutral Switzerland. The Nazis demanded his extradition, and a kidnaping by Gestapo agents would have been easy to arrange. So he fled once more, to Paris. There he now lives, in a modest lodging. There I met him and learned the story here set forth.

AS AN EXILE in Paris, Strasser continues to work and plan for the Germany that will emerge from the present war. He feels that the future holds one great hope: that if Germany is checkmated in war, she may repudiate Hitlerism and be led into the ways of peace by the patriots of his Black Front. The alternative is a mortal danger: the continuation of a militarist dictatorship under Göring.

Why is Göring's figure so ominous? Because he is popular not only at home, but abroad, and because he stands for militarism. Even in England certain influential men, though disillusioned about Hitler, seem to regard Göring with favor. What a pity, they seem to think, that he was not the *Führer*! Perhaps, if he were to become so, a basis for understanding might be reached!

So the Marquess of Londonderry

said on January 14, 1940: "Göring is loyal and dependable in a crisis. He is a real German; he could be cruel and ruthless and unscrupulous, but I would sooner deal with him than any German I have met."

Sir Nevile Henderson, too, is toying with the Göring card. "Göring may be a blackguard," he said, in January 1940, "but not a dirty blackguard." Yes, Göring has friends at court, at many courts. He has been Mussolini's friend since his exile days in Italy in 1924. The former Kaiser liked him and invited him to Doorn. The former Crown Prince pinned on his coat the Iron Cross he wears. Wales-Edward-Windsor played trains with him on the marvelous model railway in the loft at Karinhall. And Hitler has publicly named him his successor.

England and France are fighting to end Hitlerism. But the great danger is that, dazzled by the prospect of Hitler's *personal* disappearance, they should make peace while the militarist system survives in Germany under Göring.

Strasser sees three alternative endings to this war, and thinks the fate of Europe rests upon the choice that is made between them:

(1) A fight-to-a-finish which would after a long, long time lead to a revolution *from below* in Germany; that is a violent eruption among the exhausted and tormented masses and — Soviet Germany. He does not think this likely, because

revolt of the masses would have little chance of success unless the army supported it.

(2) A deal behind-the-scenes between monarchists, leading financiers, and the old ruling classes generally, led by such people as Göring and Schacht and men of the same kind in other countries, for the abdication of Hitler, the enthronement of Göring or another of his kind, or possibly the recall of the Hohenzollerns. This he thinks more likely and fears greatly; in it, he sees nothing more than a temporary respite followed by a new period of great wars, and a continuation of the Gadarene gallop in Europe.

(3) The overthrow of Hitler by men of civic and social conscience *inside* Germany. These men he sees in a part of the army, a part of the National Socialist Party, and a part of the workers; in other words, all those who have distrusted and opposed Hitlerism — the men of his own Black Front. He hopes for this ending to the war, in which he sees the promise of a permanent peace.

Quite frankly, Strasser does not consider that his Black Front has a chance of success until Germany suffers military setbacks, until she feels the pinch of hunger and the rigors of war. But that time, he thinks, is inevitably coming. Therefore his present task is to form a German National Council among the German exiles. Among those whom Strasser is working to enlist

for this council are such men as Heinrich Brüning, the former Chancellor of the German Republic; Dr. Hermann Rauschning,* Hitler's former President of the Senate in Danzig, who, like Strasser, turned away from Hitler; Wilhelm Sollmann, one of the few clear heads in the old Reich German Socialist Party; Lieutenant Commander Treviranus, a Conservative politician who was one of Dr. Brüning's chief collaborators. All these are men who have proved three things: their common humanity, their hatred of Hitlerism, and their German patriotism.

The fact that these men are now

* Author of "The Revolution of Nihilism," The Reader's Digest, November, '39.

exiles from Germany, living in comparative obscurity, does not diminish their importance. Remember what happened in the last war: in many countries men returned from obscure exile to direct the destiny of their homelands; Lenin and Trotsky in Russia, Beneš and Masaryk in Czechoslovakia, Pilsudski in Poland.

While German arms are successful, the militaristic dictatorship in Germany will continue. But if the pinch of war begins to be felt, and if the German people begin to show signs of simmering and boiling over, the exiles will return — and foremost among them will be Otto Strasser.

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Among Those Present

Herbert Agar (p. 92), winner of the Pulitzer prize for American history in 1933 with his book *The People's Choice*, is now editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*. He was born in New Rochelle, N. Y., in 1897, and educated at Columbia and Princeton. He has written verse, collaborated with his wife, Eleanor Carroll Chilton, on novels, but his best-known work is in the nonfiction field, in such books as *Land of the Free* and *The Pursuit of Happiness* and in his syndicated column, "Time and Tide."

Henry H. Curran (p. 118) has had an unusually varied experience. He has been an attorney, a N. Y. *Tribune* reporter, alderman, president of the Borough of Manhattan, Major in the U. S. Army, U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, Deputy Mayor, and is now Chief Magistrate of New York City. Mr. Curran is thoroughly Irish, and in court his whimsical humor and wit brighten many a dull day. His concern for the "little man" has made him loved by the city's masses. Mr. Curran has written two books, *Van Tassel* and *Big Bill* and *John Citizen's Job*.

Col. William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan (p. 30), now a leading New York lawyer, was commander of the famous "Fighting 69th" Infantry in the World War. He was wounded three times, and earned numerous decorations for bravery, including the Croix de Guerre with palm and silver star and the Congressional Medal of Honor. In public service after the war, he was Assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, 1925-29, and Republican candidate for Governor of New York in 1932.

Earl P. Hanson (p. 42) accompanied Vilhjalmur Stefansson to Iceland in 1927 to study water-power development there and to appraise the Greenland-Iceland aviation route to Europe. He has also explored extensively in the tropics and was director of the Carnegie Institution expedition of 1931-33 studying the earth's magnetism in South America. In 1934, he served as research technician for the National Resources Committee in Washington, and in 1936 was planning consultant with the Puerto Rico Reconstruction Administration.

Ernest O. Hauser (p. 68) got his first training as a correspondent in Shanghai and has traveled widely in China, India and Japan. In 1935 he joined the staff of the Institute of Pacific Relations. He wrote a report on Anglo-Japanese rivalry for the Foreign Policy Association and has published numerous articles. He returned to the Orient in 1938 and again in 1939. His recent book, *Shanghai: City for Sale*, is a best seller.

Alexander Laing (p. 64) grew up in Great Neck, L. I., with "one foot ashore, one in the Sound," sailing in such small fore-and-afters as he could persuade friends to buy. After graduating from Dartmouth College he made several voyages as an Ordinary Seaman. Seafaring enters into his first novel, *End of Roaming*, dominates *The Sea Witch*, a fictional biography of the great clipper so named, and is the theme of several of his mystery novels. Now assistant librarian at Dartmouth, Laing is building up for the college a collection of marine source books.

Ollie Stewart (p. 22) was born in Louisiana 33 years ago, grew up under the care of an uncle in East Orange, N. J., and went to college in Tennessee. He worked as publicity director at Tuskegee Institute, and later as sports and feature writer on the Baltimore *Afro-American*, incidentally traveling to Haiti, Santo Domingo and Venezuela. His articles have appeared in various magazines. He is now working on *Biography of Harlem*, a history of the Negro capital of the United States.

E. B. White (p. 33) was born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., 41 years ago. After graduation from Cornell, where he edited the *Cornell Sun*, he drove an old Model T to Seattle, worked there as a cub reporter, then shipped as mess boy on a boat bound for Alaska. Later he joined the staff of *The New Yorker*, writing paragraphs for that magazine's "Talk of the Town" department and other contributions which brought him fame as a metropolitan wit. In 1937 he resigned his post and went to farming in Maine, where between chores he writes a regular department for *Harper's* and occasional poems and essays.

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Readers all over the country are adding substantially to their incomes through the pleasant, stimulating activity of introducing The Reader's Digest to others. Perhaps you would like to join them. If so, write today for complete details and helpful suggestions. Allan Scott, Pleasantville, N. Y.

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